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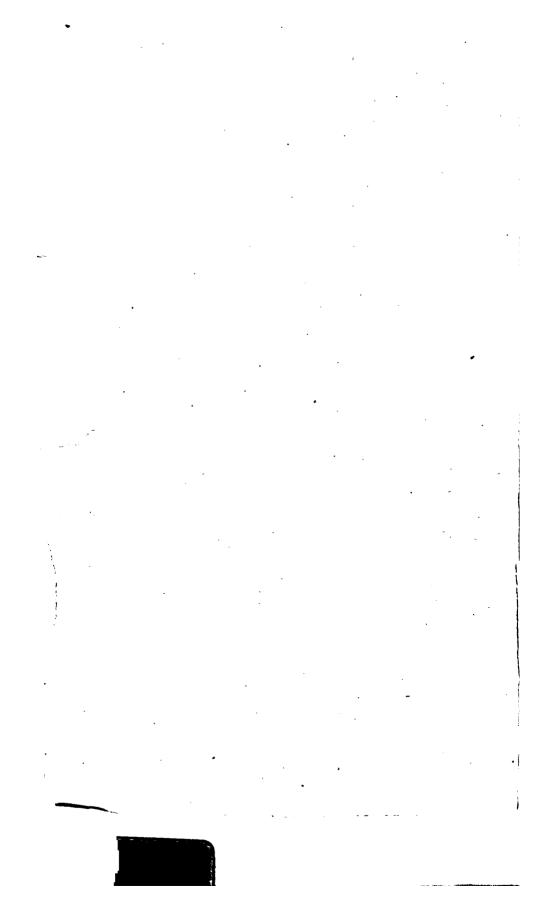
THE BICKNELLS.

A Memorial.

JOSHUA BICKNELL'S GENEALOGY.

1635. 1880.

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MEMORIAL

OF A

RESPECTABLE AND RESPECTED FAMILY

AND ESPECIALLY OF

JOSHUA BICKNELL,

FARMER, REPRESENTATIVE, SENATOR, JUDGE, AND EMINENT CHRISTIAN CITIZEN:

"THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL."

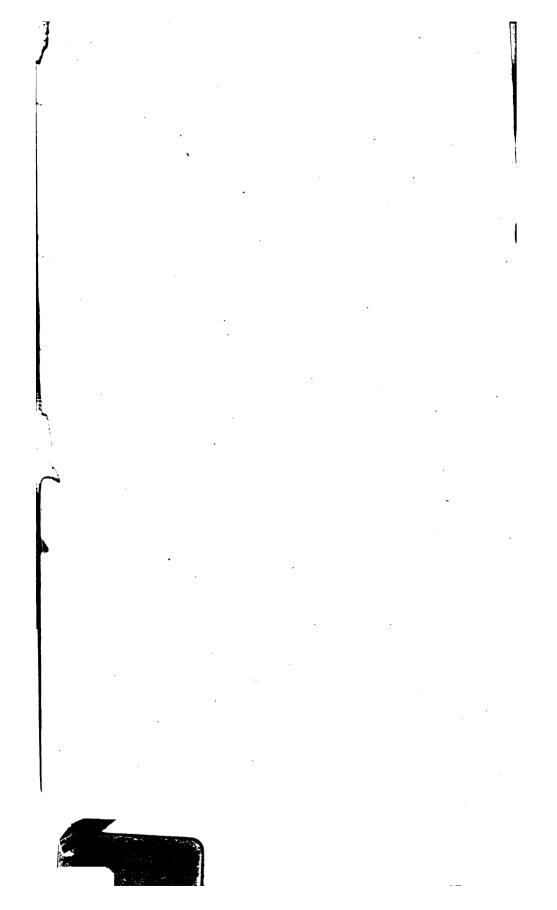
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PREFACE.

To know one's ancestry is both a duty and a pleasure. Especially is this true when the line of descent is marked by men and women of integrity, virtue, manly self-reliance, and Christian deeds. Of the Bicknell family, it is quite remarkable that, while few of its members have amassed great wealth, or have achieved great names among the world's greater lights, there have been but few, if any, instances where persons have erred from the paths of honest toil and the principles of honest living before God and men. To say thus much is to confer on one's kinship a title to nobility which is essentially valuable and worthy of transmission from sire to son. I have taken great pleasure in studying my lineage to find so clear a record for all, and this little memorial of my grandfather's descent, and of his offspring, is a tribute to the labors and memories of good men and pure women.

A word or two of explanation should go out with this memorial. The first relates to the spelling of the name, Bicknell. Two spellings appear on the tombstones in Barrington, Bicknell and Bicknall, and the latter form is still in use by a few members of the family now living. That the name is Bicknell there can be no doubt: (1) It is the English spelling, by all of our family, past and present. (2) It was so spelled on the records of the ship Assurance. (3) It was so spelled by Zachary and John, and in the Plymouth Colony records. (4) It is so spelled invariably on the Weymouth tombstones. (5) It is so spelled by all the Weymouth Bicknells and their descendants, except in Barrington. (6) It is so spelled in the deeds and wills of most of the Barrington Bicknells. (7) It is so spelled on several of the tombstones

in Barrington. (8) There are no *Bicknalls* in America that we know, except those in Barrington. (9) It is spelled Bicknall and Bicknell by the same persons. Our conclusion s that *Bicknall* is a corruption of *Bicknell*, which has crept in by inadvertence, and has become lithographed on the tombstones by persons who were not aware of the correct spelling, or who attached no real importance to its correctness.

The Barrington Bicknells came from Weymouth between 1703 and 1706, Zachary² being the pioneer in the Westward migration. He settled in Swanzey, Mass. That portion of the old town in which he settled became Barrington, Mass., in 1717, and so remained until 1747, when it was joined with Warren, and was styled Warren, R. I., as the territory was then ceded by Massachusetts to Rhode Island. In 1770, Barrington became a separate township, and so remains until this day as Barrington, R. I.

OUR DESCENT.

Generation.

k 10-7 6

- I. ZACHARY and AGNES, Weymouth, Mass., 1635.
- II. JOHN and MARY (PORTER), Weymouth, Mass.
- III. ZACHARY and HANNAH (SMITH), Weymouth, Swanzey, and Barrington, Mass.
- IV. JOSHUA and HANNAH (LYON), Barrington, R. I.
- V. JOSHUA and JERUSHA (PECK) (HEATH), Warren, R.I., and Barrington.
- VI. JOSHUA and AMY (BROWN), Barrington, R. I.
- VII. MARY, ALLEN, JOSHUA, JAMES, ELIZABETH, JOSEPH PECK.
- VIII. Their children.
 - IX. Their children.
 - X. Mabel W. Shaw, of Attleboro, Mass. The only person of the 10th generation from Zachary, in the Barrington line of Bicknells.

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THE BICKNELLS.

JOSHUA BICKNELL'S GENEALOGY.

The ship "Assurance de Lo." (i. e., of London), sailed for America in the spring of 1635, from Gravesend, Kent, England, with 106 emigrants, mostly from the counties of Dorset and Somerset, in the S. W. part of England. Among these passengers were,—

- 1. "ZACHARY BICKNELL aged 45 yeare.
- 2. Agnis Bicknell his wife aged 37 yeare.
- 3. JN BICKNELL his sonne aged 11 yeare.
 Ino Kitchin his servaunt 23 yeare."

This company, under the ministerial care of Rev. Joseph Hull, settled at Weymouth, Mass., in the summer of 1635. It is probable that Mr. Bicknell died in 1636, as the General Court on the 9th of March, 1637, ordered that "William Reade, haveing bought the house & 20 acres of land at Weymouthe, vnfenced, for £7 135 4\$\rho\$, wch. was Zachary Bicknels (after Bicknels death) of Richtd Rocket & his wife, is to have the same sale confirmed by the child when hee cometh to age, or else the child to alow all such costs as the Court shall think meet."

Agnes Bicknell, the widow of Zachary, married Richard Rocket (now Rockwood), of Braintree, by whom she had one child, also named John, born Dec. 1, 1641, and the ancestor of a large portion of the Rockwood family in New England. Agnes died in Braintree, July 9, 1643, aged 45 years.

- 3. John, the only son of Zachary and Agnes, became an important and useful man in the town of Weymouth. He was a selectman for many years, a deputy in the General Court for 1677 and 1678, and died in 1679. In 1661 he was appointed one of a committee to repair the meeting-house (the Old North). The town record reads thus: "Bro Bicknell for making the meeting house tite, 3 pounds." He married Mary ——. They had three children:
- 4. John, b. 165²/₄, the first male Bicknell born in America; d. Aug. 4, 1737, aged 83.
 - 5. Mary, b. —; m. John Dyer; d. 167%.
 - 6. Naomi, b. June 21, 1657.

His first wife, Mary, died Mar. 25, 1658. Dec. 2, 1658, he married, for his second wife, Mary Porter, dau. of Richard Porter, of Weymouth. She gave birth to eight children.

- 7. Ruth, b. Oct. 26, 1660; m. James Richards; d. Feb. 12, 1728.
 - 8. Joanna, b. March 2, 1663.
 - 9. Experience, b. Oct. 20, 1665.
 - 10. ZACHARY, b. Feb. 7, 1668.
- 11. Thomas, b. Aug. 27, 1670; m. Ann Turner, at Hingham, Feb. 16, 1696; removed to Middleboro; d. Feb. 17, 1718.
 - 12. Elizabeth, b. Apr. 29, 1673.
 - 13. Hannah, b. Nov. 15, 1675.
- 14. Mary, b. Mar. 15, 1678; m. Maurice Truphant, of Weymouth; she died Oct. 13, 1764.
- 10. Zechariah (Zachary), son of John and Mary was born Feb. 7, 1668, and married Hannah Smith, sister of Joshua Smith, of Swanzey, Nov. 24, 1692. They lived at Weymouth, and removed to Swanzey,

Mass. (now Barrington, R. I.), about 1705, where he died. Their children were.—

- 15. Zechariah, b. Jan. 9, 1695, in Weymouth; went to Ashford, Conn.
 - 16. Joshua, b. 1696, in Weymouth.
 - 17. Hannah, b. Mar. 16, 1698, in Weymouth.
 - 18. James, b. May 13, 1702, in Weymouth.
 - 19. Mary, b. Aug. 21, 1703, in Weymouth.
- 20. Peter, b. ———, 1706, in Barrington; died in B. Dec. 21, 1768.

"Zachary" was a leading man in the old town of Swanzey. In the year 1711 he, with twenty-eight others, petitioned the General Court to make a new town "on the westward end of Swansea"; and in November, 1717, upon the petition of Josiah Torrey, Z. Bicknell, and Samuel Humphrey, agents, Phebe's Neck and New Meadow Neck "were erected into a township by the name of Barrington." Mr. Bicknell's house stood near the location of the Remington tavern, north of the Congregational church and fronting on the Barrington river. Town meetings were held at his house, and the town records show him to have been a valuable citizen in civil and in religious affairs.

- 16. Joshua, son of Zechariah and Hannah, b. 1696; married ¹ Hannah Lyon, March 29, 1721. Hannah died Jan 25, 1737, aged 40. Children:
 - 21. Joshua, b. 1723; d. Nov. 23, 1781, in 59th year.
- 22. Hannah, b. 1724; m. May 26, 1743, Jonathan Padelford, of Taunton, Mass.
 - 23. Olive, -----.
 - 24. Molly, bap. Jan. 11, 1736.
- 16. Joshua married ² Abigail, dau. of Thomas and Anne Allen, Aug. 29, 1709. Child:
 - 25. Allin, born July 19, 1743; d. Oct. 1, 1743.

JOSHUA died Feb. 6, 1752, in his 57th year, and his wife Abigail, Nov. 26, 1772, in her 64th year. Joshua probably lived in the house occupied by his father, with his large estate on the west and south of his residence He gave to the Congregational Church in Barrington the land on which the church now stands, and was instrumental in the erection of the new meeting-house about 1735-40. A few graves of the Bicknell family are on the farm once owned by Zechariah and Joshua, but the mounds are now entirely effaced. It is quite probable that Zechariah and some of his family were buried in this family burial-lot. Joshua and his wives were buried at Prince's Hill. His will, made Jan. 23, 1750, mentions his wife Abigail and the above-named children (except The inventory of his goods and chattels amounted to £6324, 14s. 8p., a large personal estate.

JOSHUA BICKNELL'S WILL.

JANUARY 23, 1750.

In the name of God, Amen.

I Joshua Bicknell of Warren, in the County of Bristol, in the Colony of Rhode Island in New England, being in a comfortable measure of health and memory, thanks be given to God for it; calling to mind my frailty and mortality, and that it is appointed for men once to die, do make and ordain this my Last Will and Testament; that is to say principally and first of all I give and recommend my soul into the hands of God who gave it, hoping for the pardon of all my sins and a resurrection to eternal life for the merits sake of my only Saviour Jesus Christ; and my body I commit to the earth to be decently buried at the discretion of my executrix hereinafter named; and as touching my wordly estate wherewith it hath pleased God to bless me, I give and bequeath in the manner following:

Imprimis; my will is that my just debts and funeral

charges be seasonably paid by my executrix hereinafter named.

Item. I give and bequeath to my beloved wife Abigail one third part of my real estate during her natural life, and after the payment of the legacy to my daughter Hannah hereinafter to be mentioned, I give to my said wife one third of my personal estate: And my will is that my negro man Dick and female negro child Rose in case their lives shall be spared, they shall serve my said wife during the term of her natural life, and at her decease the said two negroes shall be made free, and my said wife for this their said service shall take effectual care that they be not a charge to my children. And my will is that the other two thirds of my personal or moveable estate shall be equally divided between my son Joshua Bicknell and my two daughters, viz: Olive Bicknell and Molly Bicknell at my decease.

Item. I give and bequeath to my son Joshua Bicknell a third part of my lands adjoining to that I have already given him in Warren and one third part of my salt meadow and one hundred acres of land in Ashford.

Item. I give and bequeath to my daughter Olive Bicknell one half third part of my lands and buildings in the town of Warren.

Item. I give and bequeath to my daughter Molly Bicknell one half third part of my lands and buildings in the town of Warren.

Item. I give to my daughter Hannah, the wife of Jonathan Padelford, seven hundred pounds old tenor to be paid by my executrix in one year after my decease.

Item. My will is in case the two negroes above mentioned should survive their mistress my said wife, that my daughter Olive shall pay the sum of one hundred pounds to the one, and my daughter Molly shall pay one hundred pounds to the other; and in case one of these negroes shall die before their mistress, then the hundred pounds to be paid by the two daughters.

Item. I give and bequeath to my son Joshua Bicknell and to my two daughters, viz: Olive Bicknell and Molly Bick-

nell after my wife's decease equally one third part of my real estate, and in case either or both these daughters, viz: Olive or Molly shall die without issue, my will is that all that is given to them in this my last will and testament shall be equally divided among my other surviving children. And I do nominate, constitute and appoint my wife Abigail the sole executrix of this my last Will and Testament.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this twenty-third day of January, in the twenty-third year of his majesty's reign, George the Second, &c., King, &c., Anno Domino, 1749/50.

JOSHUA BICKNELL. SEAL.

Signed, Sealed, Published, & Declared by the said Joshua Bicknell to be his Last Will and Testament, in presence of us witnesses.

JOHN BRAYLEY, EUNICE TORREY, SOLOMON TOWNSEND.

Bristol ss. Warren, March ye 2d, A.D. 1752. Then before the Honrble Town Council of s'd Warren came Solomon Townsend and John Brayley, two of the witnesses to the Last Will and Testament of Joshua Bicknell above named, late of said Warren, deceased, and made oath that they were present and did see and hear the s'd deceased, sign, seal, publish, and declare the same to be his Last Will and Testament and that he was of a sound disposing mind when he so did, and they together with Eunice Torrey signed in the presence of the testator.

JOHN KINNICUT, Council Clerk.

INVENTORY.

The Inventory of goods and chattels of Mr. Joshua Bicknell, Mar. ye 2d, 1752, was taken by Matthew Allen and Peter Bicknal, and amounted to £6324 .. 14 .. 8 deducting

Charges and Legacy £1100. Remaining to be divided, £5224...14...8,

whereof the widow's thirds is £1741 .. 11 .. 6. The other two thirds we divided as followeth

To Joshua Bicknal, # 1161 .. 1 .. 2

" Olive Bicknal, 1161 .. 1 .. 0

" Molly Bicknal, 1161 .. 1 .. 0

IOHN ADAMS, JOHN KINNICUT, SOLOMON PECK.

- 21. Joshua Bicknell, son of Joshua and Hannah, b. in Barrington, 1723; married, in 1745, Ruth Bicknell, probably the dau. of James and Ruth Bicknell. She was b. 1728, and baptized July 20, 1729. The "intention of marriage" was filed Feb. 16, 1745. Ruth, his wife, d. Sept. 18, 1756, in her 29th year. Children, by first marriage:
 - 26. Thomas, b. Feb. 11, 1747.
 - 27. James, b. Feb. 2, 1749.
 - 28. Hannah, b, Sept. 4, 1750.
 - 29. Ruth, b. Oct. 29, 1752.
 - 30. Olive, b. Nov. 11, 1754; m. Joseph C. Mauran.
- 21. Joshua married in 1758, Mrs. Jerusha Heath, widow of Rev. Peleg Heath. Jerusha was the dau. of Joseph and Rebecca (Brown) Peck, b. Nov. 18, 1724, and married Rev. Peleg Heath; she died Apr. 9, 1763, in her 39th year. Children by second marriage:
 - 31. Joshua, b. Jan. 14, 1759; d. Dec. 16, 1837,
- 32. Winchester, b. Mar. 31, 1761; d. July 20, 1782, aged 21.
 - 33. Jerusha) twins, b. (d. Mar. 13, 1763.
 - 34. Joseph Jan. 20, 1763. (d Jan 19, 1848, aged 85.
- Joshua married,³ in 1764, Hannah ———, b. 1727.
- 35. Hannah,3 with her infant child, died Aug. 11, 1765, in her 39th year.

21. Joshua married 4 in 1767, Freeborn ———, b. 1728. Children by fourth marriage:

36. Freeborn, b. Jan. 9, 1768; m. Aug. 16, 1787, Thomas Baker.

37. Wait, b. Nov. 9, 1771; d. Apr. 9, 1773.

JOSHUA died suddenly, Nov. 30, 1781, in his 59th year. On the 3d of Dec. of that year his son. Joshua appeared before the Town Council of Barrington and requested letters of administration on the estate of his father, who died intestate. The widow, Mrs. Freeborn Bicknell, was allowed such furniture out of her husband's inventory as was necessary for the term of her natural life. She married again, at the age of 72, Feb. 24, 1799, Mr. Barnard Miller, of Warren, then aged 79, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Samuel Watson. She died, as may be seen by the tombstone near her husband's grave, on the 1st of Feb., 1820, aged 93.

33. WINCHESTER BICKNELL, son of Joshua, entered the Revolutionary Marine service, and was on board the privateer "Chance," Captain Dring, when she was captured by a British cruiser off Long Island, May 11, 1782. Captain Dring, in his narrative of the capture and imprisonment, speaks of young Bicknell as follows:

"The prisoners were put on board the Jersey, May 19, and were released after a close imprisonment of two months, during which time seventeen had died, and nearly all the others were dangerously sick of disease contracted on that loathsome prison-ship. One of our number who was thus seized by the fever was a young man named Bicknell, of Barrington, R. I. He was unwell when we left the Jersey, and his symptoms indicated the approaching fever; and when we entered Narragansett Bay, he was apparently dying. Being informed that we were in the Bay, he begged to

be taken on deck, or at least to the hatchway, that he might look once more upon his native land. He said that he was sensible of his condition; that the hand of death was upon him: but that he was consoled by the thought that his remains would be decently interred and be suffered to rest among those of his friends and kindred. I was astonished at the degree of resignation and composure with which he spoke. He pointed to his father's house as we approached it, and said that it contained all that was dear to him on earth. He requested to be put on shore. Our captain was intimately acquainted with the family of the sufferer, and as the wind was light, we dropped our anchor and complied with his request. He was placed in the boat, where I took a seat by his side in order to support him, and with two boys at the oars we left the sloop. In a few minutes his strength began rapidly to fail. He laid his fainting head upon my shoulder, and said he was going to the shore to be buried with his ancestors; that this had long been his ardent desire, and that God had heard his prayers. No sooner had we touched the shore, than one of the boys was sent to inform his family of the event. They hastened to the boat to receive their long-lost son and brother; but we could only give them,-his yet warm but lifeless corpse."

In the poem, "An Hundred Golden Years," read at the Barrington Centennial, June 17, 1870, Mr. Butterworth refers to Winchester Bicknell as follows:

"I need not tell you that they fought
The Jerseys' hills among,
I need not speak of him they brought,
When life was fresh and young,
From strife upon the periled seas
To die upon the bay
Hard by the shade of native trees,
Some fourscore years to-day."

31. Joshua Bicknell b. Jan. 14, 1759; m. Amy

Brown, Apr. 19, 1782; d. Dec. 16, 1837, in his 79th year. CHILDREN.

- 38. Jerusha Bicknell, b. Mar. 5, 1783; d. Sept. 25, 1857.
- 39. MARY BICKNELL, b. Nov. 19, 1784; d. July 19, 1866.
- 40. ALLIN BICKNELL, b. Apr. 13, 1787; d. Aug. 22, 1870.
- 41. Amy Bicknell, b. Aug. 15, 1789; d. July 26, 1877.
- 42. Freeborn Bicknell, b. Nov. 5, 1791; d. Nov. 22, 1791.
- 43. JOSHUA BICKNELL, b. Nov. 19, 1792; d. Feb. 19, 1821.
 - 44. JAMES BICKNELL, b. Nov. 4, 1795.
 - 45. ELIZABETH BICKNELL, b. Feb. 22, 1799.
 - 46. JOSEPH PECK BICKNELL, b. Apr. 19, 1801.
- 31.. Joshua Bicknell 6 (Zachary, I John, Zechariah,3 Joshua,4 Joshua,5) was born at the house known as The Kinnicutt Tavern, in Barrington, Jan. 14, 1759. His education was limited to the district school instruction of the olden time, and comprehended the rudiments of arithmetic, reading, spelling, and writing. Amy Brown, his wife, was born at "The Ferry House," then owned by Col. Nathaniel Martin, opposite Warren, Aug. 1, 1762. They were married April 18, 1782, by Rev. Solomon Townsend, the venerable minister of Barrington, and went to house-keeping in his father's house, on the spot where The Remington Tavern stood. Here Jerusha was born, after which they moved into the Conet house, afterwards owned by Martin Brown, which stood on the site of the residence of Royal D. Horton. Here Mary and Allin were born, after which Joshua built the house in which he afterwards lived, and now

owned and occupied by his son, Joseph Peck Bicknell. Here the other children were born.

Born and bred to a farmer's life, JOSHUA BICKNELL made a good use of the limited educational privileges of his day, and by reason of fine natural abilities, energy, and integrity, became a useful man and an honored citizen. He entered public life when but a youth. and throughout his career served the town, county, and State, in various official positions. He was a senator or a representative in the General Assembly of Rhode Island in 1787, '88, '89, '90, '91, '92, '93, '94, '96, '97 and '98; 1802, '03, and '04; 1807, and '08; 1823, '24, and '25. He served as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island from 1794 to 1837. The purity of his life, the integrity of his motives, and the justice of his opinions and decisions gave him the merited soubriquet of "Old Aristides." He was plain in his domestic habits, and while unoccupied with public affairs, devoted himself to his farm, and especially to fruit-culture, in which he took great pleasure. He united with the Congregational Church in Barrington, Nov. 5, 1805, and held the office of Deacon for many years. He was also Treasurer of the United Congregational Society from its formation in 1797, till his death in 1837, a period of forty years. The following obituary appeared in the Providence Fournal at his death:

OBITUARY.

Died at Barrington on Saturday last, Hon. Joshua Bicknell, aged 79, for many years a distinguished Justice of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island. He was early and repeatedly a member of the General Assembly, and survived all who were members with him when he first took his seat, excepting two. He has also filled various other public offices by special appointment, with distinguished ability.

But very few men have been better known through the State, and perhaps none survived him who possess more historical and statistical knowledge of the State from the commencement of the Revolution to the present time. Of no man may it be more justly said, he has lived devoted to the best interests of Rhode Island. No man more ardently loved his country. Respecting his talents and acquirements. -he read much, meditated much; but perhaps the most wonderful trait in his character was his extraordinary power of discrimination. In these particulars he has left few superiors, even among those more fortunate in opportunities for improvement. But that which adds the brightest luster to his character is that his latter days have especially adorned the Christian character. The church of which he was a member, and in which he had long sustained an important office, have great reason to mourn that a good and distinguished man in Israel has fallen.

39. MARY BICKNELL m. to Rev. Seth Chapin, of Mendon, Mass., a graduate of Brown University, and at that time a student at Andover Theological Seminary, on the 27th of May, 1810, by Rev. Samuel Watson, of Barrington.

CHILDREN.

- 47. Joshua Bicknell Chapin, b. Aug. 19, 1812, Hillsboro, N. H.
- 48. Moses Thompson Chapin, b. April, 1814, Hillsboro, N. H.; d. Irvington, Ala., Sept. 11, 1836.

Moses T. Chapin was a young man of great promise, and, on leaving Williams College, studied law for one year with Samuel Ames, since Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island. He then went to Savannah, Ga., and thence to Columbus, where he commenced the practise of law. He then took up his residence at Irvington, Ala., where he died of bilious

fever, September 11, 1836. His remains rest in that place.

40. ALLIN BICKNELL married ¹ Harriet Byron Kinnicutt, of Barrington, Dec. 23, 1817; b. Sept. 1, 1791; d. Dec. 15, 1837. Married ² Elizabeth W. Allen, of Barrington; she died in Barrington, Oct. 16, 1868, aged 81 years. He died Aug. 16, 1870, aged 83 years.

CHILDREN.

49. Joshua, b. Oct. 29, 1818.

50. George Augustus, b. June 30, 1822; d. July 21,

51. Daniel Kinnicutt, b. Sept 24, 1829; d. August 26, 1851.

52. Thomas Williams, b. Sept. 6, 1834.

ALLIN BICKNELL, son of Joshua and Amy, born April 13, 1787, was brought up in, and devoted himself to a farmer's life. He joined the Congregational Church in Barrington, with about seventy others, following the great revival, in June, 1820, and maintained a consistent Christian character for more than fifty years. He succeeded his honored father, Judge Bicknell, as a deacon of the Congregational Church, and held the office till his death. He held various offices in the town, was a member of the town council for several years, was a representative of the town in the General Assembly for the years 1842, '46, '49, and a senator for the years 1850, '51, '52, '53. He married, for his first wife, Harriet Byron Kinnicutt, daughter of Josiah and Rebecca Kinnicutt, and lived during her life on the farm which was Joseph Bicknell's (now owned by the Tiffanys), near the Congregational church. After his marriage with Elizabeth W. Allen, daughter of Gen. Thomas and Amy Allen, he moved to her farm at Drownville, and lived in the General Allen house. He was industrious

in habit, generous, hospitable, entertaining many ministerial as well as other guests. He died triumphing in the true faith, Monday, Aug. 22, 1870, aged 83 years, 4 months, and 7 days, and was buried with his fathers at Prince's Hill Cemetery. The following obituary notice, written by Rev. Rufus Babcock, D.D., his early and life-long friend, appeared in the *Providence Journal*, soon after his death:

THE LATE ALLEN BICKNELL, OF BARRINGTON.

This venerable man, this good and honored citizen, who has just fallen asleep at the ripe age of four score and three years,—the oldest man in town,—is eminently deserving of some special notice. The son of Judge Joshua and Amy Bicknell, he was born in Barrington, April 13, 1787, and married to Harriet Byron Kinnicutt, December 23, 1817, by Rev. Luther Wright. Four sons were born to them between 1818 and 1834,-Joshua, George, Daniel, and Thomas. Harriet, his first wife, died Dec. 15, 1837, of consumption, aged 46 years. He married Elizabeth Walden Allen, April 13, 1839, who died without issue, Oct. 16, 1868, aged 81 years. Allen Bicknell experienced renewing grace during the "Great Revival" in Barrington, in the winter of 1819-20, and with about seventy others, united with the Congregational Church in June, 1820. For more than fifty years he maintained a consistent Christian walk and conversation, and in many trying periods in the history of the church he helped to defend the Ark of the Lord. The truths of the Bible were his comfort, strength, and delight, and in its precepts he meditated day and night. His prayers were gifted and importunate; his exhortations earnest and Scriptural; and the accurate, apt quotations of Scripture, with his frequent reference to Scripture history, showed him to be a good Bible student.

The church and the town both honored him with many tokens of their confidence. He succeeded his honored father, Judge Bicknell, in 1839, as deacon of the church, an

office which he held until his death. Various offices in the town were also confided to him. For several years he was chosen to represent the people in both branches of the Legislature, and performed these duties in a manner highly acceptable and useful. But public life was by no means his choice. His honest integrity, and his quiet, unobtrusive, healthy tone of life rendered him the admiration and delight of the private circle, where, without ostentatious parade or pretentiousness of any kind, he won the full confidence and esteem of those most intimate with him. His prudent and temperate care, in the exercise of godly virtues, bore him on the even tenor of his way, and carried him beyond the bounds of four-score years. Delightful was the privilege of those admitted to intimate intercourse with him, on his death-bed. It seemed like the days of heaven upon earth, so full of blessed resignation to his Heavenly Father's will, so buoyed up with hopes of soon being reunited with the many he had loved on earth; and, above all, so filled with joyous anticipation of meeting his adored Saviour. Like the morning star, which goes not down, nor hides beyond the darkening west, but melts away into the light of heaven,so bright, pure, peaceful was his departure, August 22, 1870. Devout men carried him to the grave, after impressive and interesting services in the church, where the pastor. Rev. Mr. Horton, and a former pastor, Rev. Mr. Wood, and his venerable, early friend, Rev. Dr. Shepard, of Bristol, officiated.

43. Joshua Bicknell married Elizabeth Marchant Sessions (b. at Newport, R. I., Aug. 5, 1792), May 21 1817.

CHILDREN (all born at Providence).

- 53. Zechariah, b. May 4, 1818; d. in infancy.
- 54. Edward Joshua, b. Oct. 13, 1819.
- 55. Amy Elizabeth, b. Mar. 30, 1821; d. Jan. 12, 1841.

On the family burial-lot at the North Burial-ground, Providence, R. I., is a monument with this inscription:

"Joshua Bicknall, Jr.,

Born in

Barrington, R. I.,

Nov. 19, 1792.

Died at Balize,

Mexico,

Feby. 19th, 1821."

JOSHUA BICKNELL, son of Joshua and Amy, was born at Barrington, R. I., Nov. 19, 1792. He left home at the age of 16 years, and engaged with Deacon Walter Paine, of Providence, R. I., as clerk. Having served his time, he was received as partner at the age of 21 years. He remained with Mr. Paine some two years, when he left the business and went to Savannah, Ga., on his own account. After a short sojourn he returned to Providence, and formed a business connection with Darius Sessions, under the firm name of Bicknell & Sessions, which continued with a fair share of success until his death. A portion of the business of the house was trading between Providence and the Spanish Main, which at times required the presence of Joshua at the other end of the line; and it was on one of these trips,—having gone out in one of their trading vessels,—that he was seized with fever at Balize, Mexico, from which he died. His widow, now in her 80th year, is in very fair health, and her mental faculties are wonderfully preserved. Her paternal grandfather was the last Colonial Governor of Rhode Island, and her maternal grandfather was Henry Marchant, of Newport, an eminent lawyer of his day,

and the first district judge appointed under General Washington.

- 44. James Bicknell, born Nov. 4, 1795, seafarer, in which he rose to the position of mate, and sailed between American, European, and Asiatic ports; afterward farmer. He married, Dec. 21, 1829, Elizabeth Scott Short, b. Jan. 25, 1808. Children by first marriage:
 - 56. Olive Humphrey, b. July 27, 1831.
 - 57. Harriet Atwood, b. Jan. 11, 1836.

James married ² April 15, 1858, Miss Fanny Maria Daggett, b. Oct. 16, 1815, and both are now living on their farm in East Providence, R. I.

- 45. ELIZABETH BICKNELL, born Feb. 22, 1799; married Anson Viall, March 29, 1832. Anson Viall, born April 9, 1795; occupation, farmer; died Nov. 3, 1866.

 CHILDREN.
 - 58. Mary, b. Feb. 13, 1833.
 - 59. Richmond, b. Dec. 16, 1834.
 - 60. Amy Brown, b. March 12, 1836.
 - 61. Nathaniel, b. April 1, 1838; d. June 10, 1856.
 - 62. Elizabeth Bicknell, b. Sept. 29, 1842.
- 46. JOSEPH PECK BICKNELL, b. Apr. 19, 1801; farmer, and lives in the house built and occupied by his father, Joshua; married Louisa Allen (b. Aug. 15, 1801), dau. of Capt. Samuel Allen, of Seekonk (now East Providence), Dec. 5, 1827.

CHILDREN.

- 63. Henry, b. Aug. 29, 1828.
- 64. George Freeman, b. May 4, 1830.
- 65. Louisa, A. b. March 2, 1836; m. Otis Harris.

49. JOSHUA BICKNELL, b. Oct. 29, 1818; carpenter and marketman; m. Esther Peck Viall (b. March 29, 1819), Nov. 28, 1844; residence, Providence, R. I.

CHILDREN.

- 66. Harriet Kinnicutt, b. May 2, 1846.
- 67. Walter Joshua, b. Jan. 27, 1848.
- 68. Daniel Bicknell, b. Aug. 10, 1851; d. Sept. 24, 1853.
- 50. GEORGE AUGUSTUS BICKNELL, b. June 30, 1822; farmer, drover, and marketman; residence, Springfield, Mass.; m.¹ Margaret Jane Thompson (born at Wales, Mass., July 15, 1829), Sept. 24, 1848; she d. Oct. 5, 1856.

CHILDREN.

- 69. George A. Bicknell, Jr., b. Oct. 11, 1851; d. Dec. 3, 1853.
 - 70. George Henry Bicknell, b. Feb. 1, 1853.
 - 71. Emma Elizabeth Bicknell, b. May 14, 1855.
- GEORGE A. BICKNELL, m.² Elizabeth Oliver (b. May 16, 1827), Aug. 26, 1857.

CHILDREN.

- 72. Harriet Jane, b. May 26, 1858; d. Nov. 16, 1879.
- 73. Annetta Louisa, b. May 13, 1859; d. Aug. 6, 1859.
 - 74. Ella Amy, b. Oct. 26, 1860.
 - 75. Frederick Augustus, b. Feb. 27, 1862.
 - George A. Bicknell died, at Springfield, July 21, 1861.
- 52. THOMAS WILLIAMS, named for Rev. Thomas Williams (b. Sept. 6, 1834); m. Sept. 5, 1860, Amelia Davie Blanding, dau. of Christopher and Chloe Blanding, Rehoboth, Mass.

CHILD.

76. Martha Elizabeth, b. Oct. 10, 1862; d. Sept. 17, 1867; age 4 yrs. 11 mos. 7 days.

THOMAS W. received his early education in district and private schools in Barrington until sixteen years of age, when he left home to attend school at Thetford Academy, Vt., living in the family and working the farm of Enoch Slade, Esq. While at the Academy, under the very efficient principalship and instruction of Hiram Orcutt, he decided to take the studies preparatory for college, and in 1853 graduated from the Academy, delivering the Greek oration on Grecian Mythology. his first school at Seekonk, Mass., 1853-4. Admitted by examination to Dartmouth and Amherst Colleges, and entered the Freshman class of Amherst, Sept. 1853. the close of Freshman year he was elected by his class as a prize-debater, and became a member of the A. Δ . Φ . fraternity. Left college in 1854, to recruit in health and Taught school as principal of the public school and high school, Rehoboth, Mass., 1854-5. Went West in 1855, and taught as principal of the academy at Elgin Ill. In the summer of 1856 joined a Chicago emigration company to settle in Kansas. Taken prisoner by border ruffians on Missouri River, and sent back to St. Louis under escort of Colonel Bufford's South Carolina and Virginia Sharpshooters.

Came East and conducted Rehoboth High School from Sept., 1856, to Dec., 1857. Entered Sophomore class of Brown University, Feb., 1858. Graduated with degree of A.M., 1860. Was principal of Bristol High School, from May, 1860, to Feb., 1863; principal of Arnold Street Grammar School, Providence, 1863 to 1867, till the school was closed; returned to principalship of Bristol High School, and resigned May, 1869. Ap-

pointed Commissioner of Public Schools of Rhode Island, by Governor Padelford, June, 1869, and continued in office till Ian. 1, 1875. While Commissioner. secured a State Board of Education, of which he was Secretary: the reëstablishment of the State Normal School; the reëstablishment of The Rhode Island Schoolmaster, of which he was EDITOR for nearly ten vears: secured town school superintendents in each town in the State; dedicated over fifty new schoolhouses: advanced the school-year from 27 to 35 weeks average throughout the State; and school appropriations were nearly trebled during his administration. Aided in the revival of the American Institute of Instruction, and in the establishment of the New-England IOURNAL OF EDUCATION, and as joint proprietor and publisher with C. C. Chatfield, edited THE JOURNAL. which united the several monthly magazines of New England in one paper, issued weekly at Boston, Mass. Established and edited THE PRIMARY TEACHER. a monthly magazine, in 1876. In 1880 established and became conductor of EDUCATION, a bimonthly Review on the Science, the Art, the Philosophy, and the History of Education; at the same time continuing the editorship of THE JOURNAL and Presidency of the New-England Publishing Company, formed in 1875. His present business is that of editing and publishing educational papers, books, and magazines.

He was a member of the School Board and Superintendent of Schools, and a member of the Town Council of Barrington, R. I., for several years; president of the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction for the years 1867-8; president of the American Institute of Instruction 1877 and 1878, with meetings at Montpelier, Vt., and at Fabyans, White Mountains, N. H. As a result of

the latter meeting, a fund of one thousand dollars was created, called THE BICKNELL FUND, and money was raised to build the mountain-path up Mt. Carrigan, N. H.; was partly instrumental in the formation of the National Council of Education, and was elected its first president at Chautauqua, July, 1880.

He engaged in religious work in 1851 at Thetford, and joined the Congregational Church while at the Academy. Was superintendent of the Sunday-school at Bristol, R. I., 1861 to 1864; of the Sunday-school at Barrington, from 1864 to 1875; and of the Second Church Sunday-school, Dorchester, Boston, 1876 to 1880. Aided in the formation of the Boston Congregational Sunday-school Superintendents Union, and was elected its president May, 1880. Was a delegate to and attended the Raikes Sunday-school Centenary at London: 1880. He has lectured, and given addresses in various parts of the country. Delivered the oration at the centennial of his native town, Barrington, June 17, 1870. His published works are. A Memorial of William Lord Noves, 1868; A History of Barrington, 1870: Reports as Commissioner of Public Schools, 1870, '71, '72, '73, '74; an Address on School Supervision, 1876; with editorial and other articles in Rhode Island Schoolmaster, JOURNAL OF EDUCATION, and other publications.

He is a member of the Massachusetts Historic Genealogical Society, of the Rhode Island Historical Society, of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, of the American Social Science Association, and an honorary member of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. The Bicknell Family Association was formed in Boston in December, 1879, and Mr. Bicknell was elected its president. He is also a member of va-

rious other social, historic, and religious organizations. In 1872 he was elected an honorary member of the Φ . B. K., and received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Amherst College in 1880.

Mr. Bicknell was President of the R. I. Sunday-school Union from 1872 to 1875; was a delegate from the Rhode Island Conference to form the National Congregational Council, and was a delegate from the Suffolk South Conference to the Triennial Council, held in Detroit, Mich., Oct., 1877; was Commissioner from R. I. to the Universal Exposition at Vienna, Austria, in 1873, and a member of the Postal Congress held in New York, 1878, in forming the Postal Code, adopted by Congress in 1879.

In political life Mr. Bicknell has held several prominent positions, the chief of which was Representative to the General Assembly of Rhode Island, to which he was elected by the citizens of Barrington while he was a Junior in Brown University. In that legislature he made an elaborate speech in favor of the union of colored and white schools in the State.

Mr. Bicknell has traveled extensively through the United States, and has made three European trips. In 1873 he traveled through Scotland, England, France, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Austria, and Bavaria. In 1879 he revisited England, and in 1880, with his wife, visited Scotland, England, France, Belgium, and Holland. Cast his first Presidential vote for John C. Fremont, in 1856, and still holds fast to the Republican party.

54. EDWARD JOSHUA was born Oct. 13, 1819; merchant and cotton broker, Providence, R. I.; was mar-

ried to Eleanor Proctor Najac, Oct. 18, 1840. She was born at Providence, R. I., Apr. 25, 1821.

CHILDREN.

- 77. Edward, b. Mar. 18, 1842; merchant.
- 78. Frank Joshua, b. Feb. 14, 1845; merchant.
- 54. EDWARD JOSHUA, after the death of his father. was reared by his grandfather Bicknell, at Barrington. At the age of 15 years, he left home for Providence, serving his time with the late Seth Adams, Ir., where he ob-After leaving Mr. tained his business education. Adams, he was for several years in the employment of the late Charles C. Mowry, who was largely engaged in mercantile and shipping business, as clerk and general manager. He left Mr. Mowry in 1851, and formed a business connection with Darius S. Skinner, under the firm name of Bicknell & Skinner, and did a very heavy and successful southern and eastern trade until reverses, caused by the memorable panic of 1857, swept away in a few days the results of all their efforts. Since then, his time has been devoted to various mercantile enterprises and real-estate transactions.
- 56. OLIVE HUMPHREY BICKNELL, b. July 27, 1831; m. Lyman Hayward (b. Oct. 23, 1825), Oct. 13, 1849; residence, Providence, R. I.
- 57. HARRIET ATWOOD, b. Jan. 11, 1836; m. Thompson Murdock (b. Aug. 10, 1826) April 11, 1861; residence, Providence, R. I.

CHILDREN.

- 79. Infant son, b. July 26, 1867; d. July 29, 1867.
- 80. Willard Chase, b. April 11, 1873.
- 58. MARY VIALL, b. Feb. 13, 1833; m. Edward Rob-

inson Wheeler (b. Jan. 10, 1827), June 3, 1858; residence, Providence, R. I.

CHILDREN.

- 81. Edward Bicknell, b. April 16, 1859.
- 82. Annie Maria, b. Oct. 8, 1860.
- 83. Mary Chapin, b, Sept. 30, 1861.
- 84. Frances Mason, b. Feb. 13, 1863.
- 85. Marion Elizabeth, b. June 6. 1868.
- 86. Horace Viall, b. May 11, 1872; d. June 25, 1874.
- 87. Emma Louise, b. May 9, 1873.
- 59. RICHMOND VIALL; occupation, machinist; married June 1, 1859, Eliza Nelson Cole, born Jan. 14, 1842.

CHILDREN.

- 88. William Angell, b. Oct. 26, 1861.
- 89. Richmond Irwin, b. Nov. 6, 1863; d. June 10, 1875.
- 90. Abert Anson Viall, b. Sept. 5, 1871.
- 63. HENRY BICKNELL, mechanic and jeweller, married Louisa Oliver (b. July 12, 1839, Troy, N. Y.), at Springfield, Mass., Nov. 29, 1860. Residence, Barrington, R. I.

CHILD.

- 91. Mary Eleanor, b. in Springfield, Mass., Jan. 4, 1862.
- 64. GEORGE FREEMAN BICKNELL b. May 4, 1830, married Angenett Wilmarth, of Attleboro, Mass., Dec, 31, 1854; business, gold-plater; residence, Attleboro. Mass. Enlisted as a private, was commissioned first-lieutenant in the 12th R. I. Infantry, Oct. 13, 1862; afterwards commissioned first-lieutenant, and was promoted to captaincy in the 3d R. I. Cavalry; was mus-

tered out of service June 29, 1865; has been junior and senior warden and master of Ezekiel Bates Lodge of F. and A. M.

CHILD.

92. Emily, b. July 18, 1859. Emily married Joseph B. Shaw, of Attleboro.

CHILD.

- 93. Mabel W. Shaw, b. Oct. 24, 1878.
- 66. HARRIET K. BICKNELL, b. May 2, 1846; m. Asher Huntington Young, Nov. 17, 1868; business, commercial traveler; residence, Providence, R. I.

CHILD

94. Walter Huntington Young, b. Aug. 16, 1869; d. May 8, 1870.

Asher H. Young died in Providence, Jan. 11, 1880.

67. WALTER J., b. Jan. 27, 1848; salesman and commercial traveler; m. Mary E. Blackburn (b. March 17, 1848), June 5, 1872; residence, Providence, R. I.

CHILDREN.

- 95. Annie Isabella, b. March 25, 1874.
- 96. Edith May, b. June 27, 1876.
- 97. Grace Louise, b. March 29, 1878.

OLD INSCRIPTIONS ON TOMBSTONES,

AT WEYMOUTH, MASS.

[Head-stone.]

HER LYETHE BODY OF IOSEPH BICKNELL DYED IN THE 22 YER OF HIS AGE. 1719

[Foot-stone.]

В

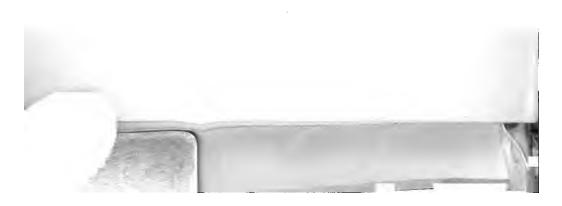
[Head-stone.]

HERE LYES YE BODY OF M! IOHN BICKNELL SEN! DECD AUGUST 4th

> 1 7 3 7 IN Ye 84th OF HIS AGE.

[Head-stone.]

HERE LIES THE
BODY OF
MARY BICKNELL
DAU! OF M!
EBENEZER & M!S
MARY BICKNELL
DIED OCT! 12th
1751 IN Ye 16th
YEAR OF HER AGE.



THE

BICKNELLS.

INSCRIPTIONS ON TOMBSTONES,

IN BARRINGTON, R. I.

AND JACOB SET A PILLAR UPON HER GRAVE: THAT IS THE PILLAR OF RACHEL'S GRAVE UNTO THIS DAY.

GEN. XXXV. : 20.

Inscriptions on Tombstones.

The following record is intended to be a correct copy of the inscriptions on the tombstones in Barrington, of all the members of the Bicknell family-name, to whose memories stones have been erected. All but two of the graves with tombstones are at Prince's Hill. The record of Allin Bicknall, 1743, was taken from a stone in a family yard on land once owned by Joshua Bicknell and his heirs, afterwards by Enoch Remington, and now by the heirs of Mr. Charles Miller. There were several mounds in that yard which have been obliterated by the cultivation of the land. The record of Abigail Bicknall, who died 1772, was taken from a stone in the Allen burial ground at Drownville, south of the road leading to Bullock's Cove.

In Memory of
Allen Bicknall, Son
of Mr Joshua Bicknall
& Abigail his Wife
Decd. Octor. y
1743, Aged 10
Weeks.

(Foot-stone.)

A. B.

In Memory of

Mr Joshua Bicknall who

Departed this Life on y

6th day of February Anno

Dom. 1 7 5 2

in y 57th Year of

his Age.

Blessed are y Dead who Die in y Lord.

(Foot stone.)

Joshua Bicknall.

Here lies y Body of

Hannah Bicknall
y wife of Joshua

Bicknall, who depart^d
this Life June y 25th
1737, in y 40th Year
of her Age.

(Foot-stone.)

Hannah Bicknall,

INSCRIPTIONS ON TOMBSTONES.

Here lieth all
that was mortal
of JOSHUA
BICKNALL Elq
who died fuddenly
Nov. 23^d 1781 in the
59 Year of his Age.

Foot-stone)

JOSHUA BICKNALL Eig: 1781,

In Memory of

Mrs. RUTH BICKNALL

y wife of Mr. Joshua Bicknall who Departed this

Life Sept. 18. 1756.

in y 29th Year of her Age.

Christian Reader cast an Eye, As you are now so once was I, As I am now so must you be, Prepare your heart to follow me.

(Fout .stone)

RUTH BICKNALL 1756 In Memory of
Mrs JERUSHA
BICKNALL
late Wife of
Joshua Bicknall Esqr.
She Died April 9th.
1763 in the 39th
Year of her Age.

(Foot-stone.)

Mrs Jerusha Bicknall 1763

In Memory of
Mrs HANNAH
BICKNALL
and her Infant
Child, late Wife
of Joshua Bicknall
Efq'r, Dec d August
11th 1765 in the
39 Year of her
Age.

In Memory of
Mr. WINCHESTER
BICKNALL, Son of
Joshua Bicknall, Esq &.
Mrs. Jerusha his Wife
He died July 20th,
1782, aged 21 Years
3 Months & 20 Days.

Alas dear Friend no sooner came, Thy earthly usefulness to Bloom, But Death has cropt thy tender Bud, And laid the in this mournful Tomb.

(Foot stone.)

Mr.

Winchester Bicknall, 1782.

In Memory of
ABIGAIL
BICKNALL
Relict of Mr JOSHUA
BICKNALL who
departed this Life
November 26 1772
Aged 63 Years 2
Months and 26 days.

Here lieth all that
was Mortal of
Peter Bicknell Esq^r.
whose Soul quitted this
earthly Tabernacle on the
21^{ft.} Day of December AD.
1768 in y 63 Year
of his Age.

Nor Wealth nor Strength, nor Friends nor Parts, Can rescue from Deaths piercing Darts, Then mind thy Doom and passing by, Be Wise by times prepare to die.

(Foot-stone.)

PETER BICKNELL Efqr. 1 7 6 8.

Here lieth
all that was mortal of Mrs Rachel
Bicknall widow
of Peter Bicknall
Esq: who Died
December 10th, 1786
in ye 75th Year
of her age.

Thrice happy change, it is for me, From Earth to Heaven, Remov.d to be. In memory

of Rachel Bicknall

Daugh^{tr} of Peter Bick
nall Efq. & Mrs Rachel his

Wife, Decd. March y 5th

1752 in y 15... Year of

her Age.

In Memory of
Wait Bicknall
Daught. of Mr.
Jofhua Bicknall
& Mrs. Freeborn
his Wife who
died April 9th 1773
aged I Year & 5 Months.

(Foot-stone.)

w * B

1773

OF
ASA BICKNALL, Esq,
who departed this life
June 14, A.D 1799
aged 52 years.

(Foot-stone.)

Asa Bicknall, Esq. 1799.

Here lieth
all that was mortal of ASA a fon
of Mr Afa & Mrs.
Elizabeth Bicknal
who Died
September 20th 1787 in § 17 Year
of his age.

Betimes his Virtuous race began, But to our grief, too soon twas done.

(Foot-stone.)

Asa Bicknall

1787

In Memory of
Deacon

JOSHUA BICKNELL,
Born Jan. 14, 1759:
Died Dec. 16, 1837.
Aged 78.

(Foot-stone.)

J. B.

In Memory
of
MRS AMY BICKNELL,
Wife of
DEA. JOSHUA BICKNELL.
Born Aug. 1, 1762.
Died Oct. 15, 1846.
Aged 84.

(Foot-stone.)

A. B.

JERUSHA,

DAU. OF

JOSHUA & AMY

BICKNELL,

DIED SEPT. 25, 1857,

IN THE 75TH YEAR

OF HER AGE.

(Foot-stone.)

J. B.

AMY,
DAU. OF
JOSHUA & AMY
BICKNELL,
DIED JULY 26, 1877,
IN THE 887 YEAR
OF HER AGE.

(Foot stone.)

A. B.



DEA. ALLIN BICKNELL.

Son of

DEA. JOSHUA & AMEY
BICKNELL.

Born April 13, 1787. Died Aug. 22, 1870. Aged 83 years.

With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

- Ps. XCI, 16.

HARRIET B. KINNICUT,
Wife of
ALLIN BICKNELL,
died Dec. 15, 1837,
Aged 46 Years.

"Precious in the sight of the LORD, is the death of his saints."

ELIZABETH W. BICKNELL,
Wife of
Allin Bicknell,
and daughter of
THOMAS & AMEY Allen.
Born June 9, 1787.
Died Oct. 16, 1868,
Aged 81 years.

Rest.

Daniel K. Bicknell,
Son of
Allin & Harriet B.
Bicknell,
Born Sept. 24, 1829.
Died Aug. 26, 1851,
in the 22d year
of his age.

(Foot-stone.)

D. K. B.

JOSEPH BICKNELL.

Born Jan. 20,

1763.

Died Jan. 19,

1848.

aged 85 years.

(Foot stone.)

J. B.

ALATHEA BICKNELL,
Wife of
Joseph Bicknell.
Born April 16, 1765.
Died April 5, 1833.
aged 68 years.

(Foot-stone.)

A. B.

DANIEL,
Son of
Joshua & Esther P.
Bicknell,
died Sept. 24, 1853,
aged 2 years, 1 mo.
& 14 days.

We would not call thee back to earth But love thee still the more, Since thou art not lost to us But only gone before.

(Foot stone.)

D. B.

(On the face.

MATTIE.

He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.

Isaiah XL, 11.

(On the back.)

MATTIE E.

Daughter of

THOMAS W. AND AMELIA D.

BICKNELL.

Died Sept. 17, 1867.

Age 4 years, 11 mos,

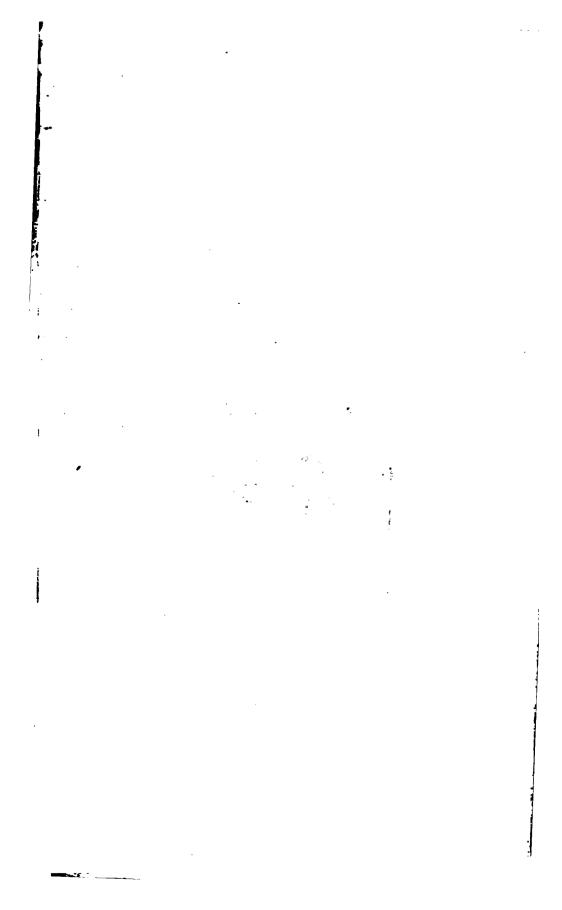
& 7 days.

End.

1635.

THE BICKNELLS.

1880.





THE BICKNELLS

AND THE

MILY RE-UNION,

HE A TELLUTION DASSACHUSETTS.

CEPTEMBER 22, 1850.

j 🛴 - 13 - 200 - 10 - 200 - 20

Company of the Compan

DOT. BILL FAMILY.

ALCOMO . . . PRINTERS.



THE BICKNELLS

AND THE

FAMILY RE-UNION,

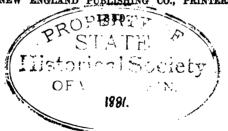
AT WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS.

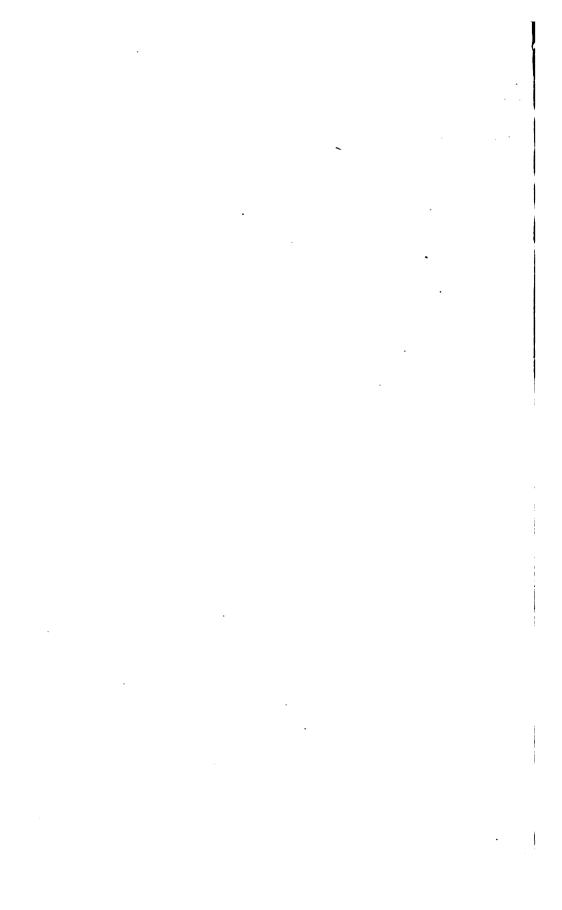
SEPTEMBER 22, 1880.

ADDRESSES, POEMS AND SPEECHES.

BY THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE,

FOR THE FAMILY.





c s 7.1 B59 1990

PREFACE.

This little volume contains a brief statement of the formation and organization of the Bicknell Family Association, with an account of the family re-union at Weymouth, and the speeches. poem, and addresses of that occasion. We are indebted to Albion H. Bicknell, Esq., of Malden, Mass., for the beautiful family coatof-arms, which faces the title page. This design belongs to the Bicknells of Spring Garden Terrace, London, and may properly be claimed as ours. The adoption of this particular crest and shield does not preclude the possible or the probable existence of other emblems in the possession of members of our own family. both in England and America. Its beauty and characteristics are worthy of special note. It is also proper to state that the poem is the joint product of Mrs. Ames and Alfred Bicknell, a proof that the poetical talent of the family is not confined by sex lines. Sharp critics may be able to discriminate between the products of the masculine and feminine mind.

It is earnestly desired that every person, who claims descent from Zachary Bicknell, or who has Bicknell blood of any kind in his veins, will join our Association. We also solicit names and facts, such as will help us in the future publication of a volume, which shall contain a complete and interesting history as well as genealogy of our whole family. To this end, every scrap of information, history, story and tradition should be written out at once, and sent to our family historian, Quincy Bicknell, Esq., Hingham, Mass. What is quickly done, is well done.

With fraternal greetings,

THOMAS W. BICKNELL,

Pres't B. F. A.

v. . . . •

THE BICKNELLS.

HE Bicknell family is one of the oldest in America. So far as is now known, all of the name now living in this country, are traceable to Zachary and Agnes Bicknell, who, with their son John, and servant John Kitchin, sailed from England, in the spring of 1635, and landed at Wessaguscus, now Weymouth, within the limits of Massachusetts Bay Colony, in the summer of that year, with the Rev. Joseph Hull and one hundred and one others, mostly from the coun-

ties of Somerset and Dorset in the southwest part of England.

The ship's record is as follows:

"Zachary Bicknell aged 45 yeare.

Agnis Bicknell his wife aged 27 yeare.*

Jno. Bicknell his sonne aged 11 yeare.

Jno. Kitchin his servaunt 23 yeare."

From this little family has sprung a numerous progeny, scattered over all parts of the country. In correspondence with a number of the family it was suggested that an Association be formed for social and genealogical purposes. The plan was promptly responded to by those of the family in and near the old home town, and as the result of the consultation, the following circular was prepared and sent to as many of the Bicknells and their descent as were then known to the subscribers.

^{*}There is probably an error in the transcription of Agnes' age from the London records. The record of deaths in Braintree states that Agnes died in 1643, aged forty-eight years. If this be correct, she was thirty-seven years of age instead of twenty-seven in 1635, eight years prior to her death.

The Bicknells.

The BICKNELLS in the United States are all supposed to be descendants of

ZACHARY BICKNELL.

an English naval officer, who came to this country in 1635, and died in Wevmouth in 1636, leaving a son JOHN, the ancestor of a large and very respectable posterity. As the BICKNELL name and family is a worthy and honored one, it seems very desirable that those who have a common ancestry should meet together for the purpose of comparing notes of the history of each branch of the family, and of forming an Association for personal acquaintance; and also to gather up such material, historical facts, and records as will be of general interest, hoping that they may then be put in permanent form for preservation. To this end a preliminary meeting is called to be held at the residence of WILLIAM E. BICKNELL, No. 43 Somerset Street, Boston, on Thursday Evening, December 11, 1879. You are cordially invited to be present, and are also requested to extend the invitation to all others of the BICKNELL name and descent who are interested in the objects herein stated. Please to signify to either of the undersigned, on the receipt of this circular. your willingness to co-operate in the movement and the probabilities as to your attendance. If you cannot be present, please communicate such facts concerning your own family history on the BICKNELL side as may be of interest and service in the proposed work. As soon as an organization is effected, a record of all the branches and members of the family, so far as may be received, will be made, and you will be advised from time to time touching the progress of the work, which we hope may result in a complete genealogy of our family in which so many are interested. Please address your reply to either of the undersigned as early as is practicable.

THOMAS W. BICKNELL,

16 Hawley Street.

WILLIAM E. BICKNELL,
43 Somerset Street.

ALFRED BICKNELL,

33 Milk Street.

BOSTON, Dec. 1, 1879.

In answer to the call for a meeting of the family to form an Association, the following persons assembled at the house of W. E. Bicknell, 43 Somerset street, Boston.

THOMAS W. BICKNELL,	Boston,	Massachusetts.
WILLIAM EMERY BICKNELL,	"	44
REBECCA J. BICKNELL,	66	66
GEORGE WATERS BICKNELL,	Lowell,	46
EDWIN A. WYMAN,	Leominster,	66
George F. Bicknell,	Attleboro',	66
Francis Adams Bicknell,	North Weymout	h, "
AUGUSTUS M. BICKNELL,	"	"
QUINCY BICKNELL,	Hingham,	"
CLARA BICKNELL WALKER,	Lynn,	66
ELLERY BICKNELL CRANE,	Worcester,	66
Alfred Bicknell,	Melrose,	66
SARAH J. BICKNELL,	"	66
MAUDE MARGARET BICKNELL,	66	46
EMILY RICHARDS BICKNELL,	Charlestown,	66
ROBERT T. BICKNELL,	East Weymouth	, "
Anna M. Bicknell Holland,	Concord,	"

The meeting was called to order by Thomas W. Bicknell, who read letters received from the following persons (who were unable to be present), in answer to the call issued:

James Bicknell (age eighty-four), Stanwix, Oneida Co., New York.

WILLIAM BICKNELL (age seventy-six), Buckfield, Maine.

Brownell Mann Bicknell, Sidney, Maine.

WILLIAM BICKNELL, No. 367 Dorchester street, South Boston, Mass.

HARRIET BICKNELL, Canton, Maine.

STEPHEN BICKNELL, North Weymouth, Mass.

WILLIAM S. BICKNELL, Bicknell, Indiana.

JAMES W. BICKNELL, Canton, Maine.

JOSEPH L. BICKNELL, 32 Green Street, Boston, Mass.

HOLLAND W. NOYES, Brockton, Mass.

WILLIAM H. BICKNELL, Providence, R. I.

GEORGE A. BICKNELL, Washington, D. C.

William E. Bicknell then offered the following plan of Association, which, after some discussion of the various articles, was adopted.

PLAN OF ASSOCIATION.

- ARTICLE I. Our Society shall be known as "The Bicknell Family Association."
- ARTICLE II. Its objects are, to promote social relations and larger acquaintanceship among the lineal descendants of Zachary Bicknell of Weymouth, Mass. (1635), and all other lines of the same name; to collect material for a complete genealogy and history of the Bicknell family; and to make such plans for family re-unions, publication of historic matter and other similar purposes as may be decided upon by the Association.
- ARTICLE III. Any person of the Bicknell name or descent may become a member of the Association by signing the articles of Association.
- ARTICLE IV. The officers shall be a President, a Vice-President from each State represented, a Recording Secretary, who shall also be Treasurer, a Corresponding Secretary, an Historian, and an Executive Committee which shall consist of five members in addition to the President and the two Secretaries, to be elected at the first meeting for organization and thereafter annually in the month of December of each year.
- ARTICLE V. Meetings shall be held annually on the second Thursday in December and at other times at the call of the Executive Committee or on request of any three members presented in writing to the Secretary. Five persons shall constitute a quorum.
- Arricle VI. Such By-Laws may be made and amended, as may be deemed necessary, at any regular meeting of the Association, and the Plan of Association may be changed at any regular meeting by a two-thirds vote of the members present, previous notice of the change to be made having been given to each member in writing.

After the adoption of the Articles of Association the following Officers were elected for the ensuing year:

PRESIDENT.

THOMAS W. BICKNELL, Boston.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

WILLIAM BICKNELL,
REV. D. H. BICKNELL,
MRS. ANNA M. B. HOLLAND,
EDWARD J. BICKNELL,
JAMES BICKNELL,
CHARLES P. BICKNELL,

Buckfield, Maine. Underhill, Vermont. Concord, Mass. Providence, R. I. Stanwix, N. Y. Philadelphia, Penn.

HON. GEORGE A. BICKNELL, HENRY G. BICKNELL, Dr. CHARLES H. BICKNELL. ANSON D. BICKNELL. CHARLES F. BICKNELL. DAVID BICKNELL, A. J. BICKNELL. CHARLES T. BICKNELL. MRS. EMMA BICKNELL LOVE. GEORGE R. BICKNELL, Mrs. Olive B. Hayford, HENRY A. BICKNELL, LUKE H. BICKNELL. Mrs. Ella C. Morrison. ZEB. MEAD. OTIS P. BICKNELL, PETER BICKNELL. C. C. BICKNELL.

New Albany, Ind. Chicago, Ill. Beloit. Wis. Humboldt, Iowa. Carson City, Nevada. East Orange, N. J. New York, N. Y. Massillon, O. Hopewell, N. B., Can. St. Louis, Mo. Austin, Texas. Big Oak Flat, Cal. Gallatin, Tenn. Minneapolis, Minn. Parkersburg, W. Va. Brookville, Kansas. New Orleans, La. Cedar Springs, Mich.

RECORDING SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

ROBERT T. BICKNELL, East Weymouth.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY.
ALFRED BICKNELL, Boston.

HISTORIAN.

QUINCY BICKNELL, Hingham.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

THE PRESIDENT.

THE SECRETARIES.

WILLIAM E. BICKNELL, GEORGE F. BICKNELL, ELLERY BICKNELL CRANE, GEORGE W. BICKNELL, CLARA B. WALKER, Boston.
Attleboro'.
Worcester.
Lowell.
Lynn.

At this meeting, the subject of a family re-union at Weymouth, was discussed, in a social way, and it was unanimously agreed that such a meeting was most desirable. Later the following circular was mailed to a large number of our family, in various parts of the country, to which responses were received, favoring the purposes of the Association, and a meeting of the different branches of the family at Weymouth.

The Bicknell Samily Association

Was formed at Boston, Mass., in December, 1879. Its object is to promote acquaintanceship and social relations among the different members of the family; also to collect material, with the endeavor to complete the genealogy of the family from the first ancestor, ZACHARY BICKNELL, who came from England, in 1635, and settled at Weymouth, Mass.

By the articles of Association, any of the Bicknell name or descent may become members by signing the articles or by requesting the Secretary to do so for them. The Annual Meeting for choice of officers is to be held at Boston, each year, in December.

It is proposed to hold a re-union of the family at Weymouth during the coming summer.

At present there are no membership fees; but to meet the expenses of Stationery, Printing and Postage, any sums the members may see fit to send the Treasurer will be thankfully received and judiciously expended.

We should be pleased to receive your name for membership; and also to have you send us the names of others of the family.

For the Executive Committee.

ALFRED BICKNELL, Corresponding Sec'y.

ROBERT T. BICKNELL, Treasurer.

Boston, Feb. 2, 1880.

At a later meeting, held at Mr. Bicknell's, 43 Somerset street, Boston, Jan. 26, at which fourteen of the family were present, it was proposed that the meeting of the family be held at Weymouth, in June, 1880, and the whole matter was referred to the Executive Committee for their decision. At that meeting, Mr. E. B. Crane, of Worcester, read a paper on "The Coat-of-Arms" of the Bicknell Family, and presented a colored drawing of the emblems of the Bicknells of Spring Garden Terrace, London, as those to be

recommended for adoption. Mr. T. W. Bicknell gave an account of "The Bicknell Name and its Corruptions." At a meeting of the Association May 27, the Executive Committee proposed that the family gathering be held at Weymouth, on Wednesday, September 22, 1880, and the following committees were chosen:

On Entertainment — The Executive Committee.
On Finance — Alfred Bicknell, Ellery B. Crane and R. T. Bicknell.

The following persons were named to perform parts at the re-union:

The Address of Welcome — The President, Boston.

A Brief Family Story — Quincy Bicknell, Hingham.

The Historical Address — George A. Bicknell, M. C., Indiana.

The Poem — Mrs. A. H. Ames, Columbia, Penn.

Toast-Master — Zachariah L. Bicknell, Weymouth.

The following circular, setting forth the main features of the proposed re-union, was afterwards widely circulated.

Bicknell Family Association.

(Organized December, 1879.)

Thos. W. Bicknell, President, 16 Hawley Street. R. T. Bicknell, Sec'y and Treas. 200 Devonshire Street.

Alfred Bicknell, Corresponding Sec'y.

33 Milk St., Boston, July 1, 1880.

To all persons of the "Bichnell" name or descent, Greeting:

A Re-union of the members of our family will be held under the auspices of this Association, at

Weymouth, Mass., Wednesday, September 22, 1880.

It has been thought by the members of our Association that it would be eminently pleasant and profitable to hold a general meeting of our Family,—one of the oldest and most respectable in our country,—in this town, where nearly two hundred and fifty years ago our common ancestor,

ZACHARY BICKNELL.

(the first settler of our name in America) planted the family from which has sprung the numerous progeny now scattered from Ocean to Ocean, and from the Lakes to the Gulf.

Suitable arrangements are being made to interest and entertain our friends and we hope and expect that representatives will be present from many States. It is proposed to spend the day on this historic ground, visiting the several points of particular interest, and making and renewing acquaintanceship with each other. The meeting of welcome will take place at the Church, at which, the President of our Association (now in Europe) will be present and give us an historical address, including such information as he is able to gather while abroad touching our English Ancestry. The Hon. George A. Bicknell, M. C., from Indiana, is expected to be present, and will address the meeting, and there will be other exercises, including music, toasts, addresses and a poem, by members of our family. A dinner will be served, which we intend to make a very enjoyable feature of the occasion.

The expenses of the day will be very moderate, being simply for carfare from Boston and return, and dinner. In order to know how many to provide for, it is very desirable to know, approximately, how many will attend, and you are therefore requested to advise either of the undersigned of your intentions. The place of meeting is on the South Shore Branch of the Old Colony Railroad, about twelve miles from Boston, and a part of the day will be spent on an eminence commanding an extensive view of Massachusetts Bay and surroundings. As there are no hotels near the place of meeting, it will be necessary to return to Boston at night. In case you cannot attend we shall be pleased to receive any communication you may choose to make, to be read if time permits.

As we have the addresses of only a small portion of the members of our family, we hope each one receiving this notice will circulate the same as fully as possible. Any inquiries or suggestions may be addressed to either of the undersigned.

Thos. W. Bicknell, 16 Hawley Street, B	oston.)
Wm. E. Bicknell, 43 Somerset Street,	"	Committee
Robt. T. Bicknell, 200 Devonshire St.,	"	} of
Z. L. Bicknell, East Weymouth, or		Arrangements.
Alfred Bicknell, 33 Milk Street,	"	J

As the time of the meeting drew near, the Committee of Arrangements prepared the following programme of the proceedings at Weymouth.

BICKNELL FAMILY ASSOCIATION.

ORGANIZED, DECEMBER, 1879.

Thos. W. Bicknell, Pres't, 16 Hawley Street. Robt. T. Bicknell, Sec'y and Treas., 200 Devonshire Street.

Alfred Bicknell, Corresponding Secretary,

33 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

1635.



1880.



To all persons of the "Bicknell" name or descent, Greeting:



OF THE MEMBERS OF OUR FAMILY

Will be held, under the auspices of our Association,

-AT-

Weymouth, Mass., Wednesday, Sept. 22, 1880.

It has been thought that it would be both pleasant and profitable to hold a general meeting of our family—one of the oldest and most respectable in the country—in the old town, where nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, our common ancestor,

ZACHARY BICKNELL,

(the first settler of our name in America) planted the family from which has sprung the numerous progeny now scattered from Ocean to Ocean, and from the Lakes to the Gulf.

That the day may be made most valuable, in its social and historical aspects, to all who shall assemble, the Committee have adopted the following as the general Programme.



MEETING OF WELCOME.

The Members of the Family and Invited Guests will meet at the Methodist Episcopal Church, East Weymouth, at 11 o'clock, A. M.

Order of Exercises.



VOLUNTARY ON THE ORGAN.

MUSIC.

(Kindly furnished by a Volunteer Choir.)

READING OF THE SCRIPTURES AND PRAYER.

By Rev. Geo. W. BICKNELL, of Lowell, Mass., Chaplain of the day.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

By THOMAS W. BICKNELL, of Boston, President of the Family Association.

BRIEF HISTORY OF OUR FAMILY,

By QUINCY BICKNELL, of Hingham, Historian of the Association.

MUSIC.

ADDRESS,

By Hon. GEO. A. BICKNELL, M. C., of Indiana.

POEM,

By Mrs. A. H. (BICKNELL) AMES, of Columbia, Penn.

ORIGINAL HYMN.

(Written expressly for the occasion.)

BENEDICTION.

DINNER, TOASTS, AND SPEECHES.

At the conclusion of the preceding exercises, there will be an opportunity for personal introductions and social intercourse. At One o'clock precisely, DINNER will be served in the Vestry (the use of which for this purpose has been most kindly granted by the Trustees of the Church), by a well-known Boston Caterer. Toasts and after-dinner Speeches will follow this entertainment, in which it is expected that a large number of the Family will take part,—Z. L. BICKNELL, Esq., of East Weymouth, acting as Toast Master for the occasion.



Visits.

At three o'clock, visits will be made to the site of ZACHARY BICKNELL'S House in 1636; to "King Oak Hill," where a fine land and sea view can be obtained; and to the Ancient Church and Cemetery, where the first BICKNELLS worshipped and were buried; and to other points of interest made DEAR to the HEARTS of RIGHT LOYAL DESCENDANTS.

To this social family gathering are invited all of the BICKNELL name and descent, and those connected by marriage, or otherwise, who desire to participate in these festivities. All members of the family receiving this notice are requested to act on the Committee of Invitation, and to extend this notice to all interested within their circles of acquaintance. We hope to enjoy a large gathering of our name and kin, and letters already received point to new and extended social relations of which all may be proud.

IMPORTANT ITEMS.

In order to meet the expenses of the occasion, including Dinner, Printing, etc., the price of Tickets for the Dinner is fixed at \$1.00 each; and, that proper provision may be made to meet the wants of all in attendance, the Committee must know as early as Sept. 15 how many expect to attend. We therefore enclose a card, on which you will please write the names of those expecting to be present from your family and neighborhood, and also for how many dinner-tickets you and they will be responsible.

TRAINS TO AND FROM BOSTON.

Trains leave the Old Colony Depot, on Kneeland Street, at 7.35 and 11 A.M., stopping at both the North and East Weymouth Stations; and at 9.35, stopping at Braintree only, where carriages will connect for East Weymouth in time for the exercises at the Church.

Return trains leave North and East Weymouth at 4.25 and 6.15 p.m.

Free Return Tickets will be given by the Railroad Company, from Weymouth to Boston, to all paying the regular fare from Boston.

Friends who may be unable to attend, but who desire to contribute towards the expenses of the gathering, may send funds to Robt. T. Bicknell, *Treas.*, No. 200 Devonshire St., Boston. All are invited to send autograph letters and photographs, to be preserved as a memorial of this first meeting.

It is hoped that a complete genealogy of the family will be eventually prepared, and an expression of your interest in this matter is solicited.

In case you cannot attend, we shall be pleased to receive any communication you may choose to make, to be read if time permits.

As we have the addresses of only a small portion of the members of our family, we hope each one receiving this notice will gather the names and post-office addresses of those known to him, and mail the same to our *Historian* or *Corresponding Secretary*.

Any inquiries or suggestions may be addressed to either of the undersigned.

Thos. W. Bicknell, 16 Hawley Street, Boston.

Wm. E. Bicknell, 43 Somerset Street, "Committee

Robt. T. Bicknell, 200 Devonshire St., "

Z. L. Bicknell, East Weymouth, or

Alfred Bicknell, 33 Milk Street, "

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

BY THOMAS W. BICKNELL, PRESIDENT OF THE BICKNELL FAMILY

ASSOCIATION.

ADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BRETHREN OF THE BICKNELL NAME AND DESCENT:

It is my happy duty and privilege to welcome you all home to this glad family re-union. Two hundred and forty-five years have passed since Zachary Bicknell, his wife Agnes, their son John, and servant John Kitchin landed on the soil of Weymouth, then called by the name of Wessaguscus. Not far from the spot where we now are, they planted their home and set up

their household gods, fifteen years after the settlement of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and five after the founding of Boston by the Puritans. The sifted seed wheat of Old England found congenial soil on these Eastern shores of Massachusetts Bay, and from that first planting in 1635 a single seed corn has multiplied till it fills the whole earth.

That Zachary and Agnes were a devoted pair, is seen in the fact that they came together, with their all, to share the joys and trials of pioneer life, two and a half centuries ago. That they were courageous souls, is shown by their readiness to face the perils of a rough sea voyage, and the rougher hardships of a life in the wilderness, not yet redeemed from the savages. That they came to stay, is manifest from the fact that they brought their only son and servant, and built their house on their arrival. That they were of religious stuff, is evidenced by the fact that with their pastor, Joseph Hull, they helped to form the Old North Church of Weymouth. That our ancestors labored and suffered to build this ancient heritage, is certain when we remember that toil and sickness brought our grandfather Zachary to his dying bed within a year after his arrival; and that our grandmother, Agnes, was a woman of strong character and personal attractions is manifest, since she became the wife of Richard Rocket, within a twelvementh after her husband's death.

Now it is a matter of some pride to belong to the human family, but far greater to be a member of the Bicknell family, and as this is BICKNELL DAY, the red letter day of our calendar, we propose to do a little family boasting among ourselves, and let the outside world wag along one day without our special help. Of one thing we are sure, it will see and appreciate our value by to-morrow.

Eight cities vied with each other in claiming Homer as theirs. More than eight cities have sought and claimed the Bicknell name, and to-day, we have come hither from Maine, whither our Noah with his ark of souls floated on the tide of Northern Emigration, till his feet found dry land among the hills of the Pine Tree State: from Rhode Island, whither Zachary the second, his wife Hannah, their six sons and daughters pitched their tents on "The westward end of Swansea" in the first emigration toward the great West: from Connecticut, whither Zachary the third and James found their home and made their graves; from Central Massachusetts whither JAPHET and his godly company sought the Golden Fleece in well tilled farms and growing herds; from Vermont and New Hampshire, where Peter and his descendants sought Fortune's service in his removal from Barrington to the fertile valleys of the Green Mountain State; from New York, whither a branch of our Connecticut Yankees immigrated more than a century ago, with their goods packed on a single wagon, and the whole company and load drawn by oxen; from Pennsylvania, where Maine sent her sons to make their fortune of coal and iron; from Ohio and Indiana, where great men grow and where politicians have a lively occupation; from Illinois and Wisconsin, from Iowa and Utah and California and from - everywhere - we have come home to see the old homestead, to shake the warm hands of each other, and of the girls and

boys, who have with loving hearts and faithful service kept the household goods unharmed, the household name untarnished, and the ancestral graves crowned with honors.

OLD WEYMOUTH, clad in her beautiful autumn array, greets us. Her three hundred and fifty Bicknells and their children, in whose veins flows good Bicknell blood, interlaced with that of the Dyers, Richards, Turners, Truphants, Bates', Merchants, Tirrells, Salisburys, Goodspeeds, Frenchs, Mardens, Pratts, Reeds, Torreys, Newtons, Rices, Raymonds, Spilsteds, Orcutts and others, greet us to-day, and as face answers to face in water, so the Bicknell recognition is manifest, even though the visage bears not the well recognized Roman beak, the eye has not the touch of the pencilled blue, and the frame has not reached the regulation height of six feet.

Brothers and sisters from far and near, do you realize the fact that you are at home to-day? You have long desired to see the sites which this day greet you, to see the men and women of our blood who have joined in this joyful assemblage. Imagination has often travelled the spaces which separate us from these sacred family scenes and has pictured the homestead of old Zachary and Agnes, the house they built, the land they cultivated, the church in which they worshipped and the graves where they sleep. It is a precious privilege that as pilgrims we may now gather at the shrine of our fathers, and in the spirit of devout worshippers gather something of the inspiration which led them to build here an edifice, better than their fancies dreamed. For look where you will, the Bicknell blood has nowhere done dishonor to the Bicknell ancestry, and bating the common frailties, which prove us genuine descendants of an earlier common stock, we have whereof to boast.

Of Goodman Zachary and Goodwife Agnes, we must read their history between the lines of the few historic facts which have come to us. Of good English, and if we may credit the tradition, of Scandinavian blood, we find the Bicknells in 1635 as to-day, dwellers in the County of Somerset in the southwest of England. Most probably from the old town of Taunton came our ancestors to join the Weymouth Company, under the pastoral care of Rev. Joseph Hull. Dissenters by faith, feeling at home the heavy hand of social and political persecution, they looked to the new world as a quiet resting place for faith, if not for fortune. Troublous times were behind them, but do you not count them brave to face

the hardships which beset their onward way? To-day it is a march from want to luxury, from political inequality to equal rights, to emigrate from European to American shores, but we should never forget to admire the real heroism which brought the early families of New England from circumstances of comparative comfort at home, to endure the sad and trying experiences of a new civilization. Nought but good blood and good names came out into this pioneer life on the eastern shores of our rugged New England, and so when an ancestry dates back as does ours, nearly two and one-half centuries, we have occasion for just pride in that sublime purpose which inspired to a better future, an unbending will which yielded to no obstacles, a love stronger than adamant, which bound husband to wife, parent to child, friend to friend.

Mrs. Hemans may have had our own ancestry in mind, when she wrote these imperishable lines:—

"There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

"What sought they thus afar, Bright jewels of the mine? The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? They sought a Faith's pure shrine!

"Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found
Freedom to worship God."

We often speak of a child as a chip of the old block. As we have not the ancestral block at hand, we must look at the family chips to get a fair likeness, and of some of these specimens, and their characteristics I may speak to-day. In general, however, I may say that the American Bicknells have been a busy set of fellows. "No drones in our hive!" says one of our name in the West, and so say we all of us. I don't believe that Zachary or Agnes had a lazy bone in their bodies; if so, that blood ceased to perpetuate itself. We have been a hard working people. Toilers in agricultural and mechanical life in the main, we have earned our bread by the warm sweat of sunburned faces and hard-handed toil; and there the honor lies. Look up and down the land and find me if you can a

Bicknell name, dependent save through personal infirmities or sad misfortune. David said, "Once I was young, now I am old, vet I have never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread." Substitute Bicknell for righteous and the quotation is apt Agur's golden mean of neither poverty nor for our family. riches seems to have been the ambition of most of our name, probably remembering the proverb that a good name is better than great riches. With honest industry has been coupled temperance and virtue. Look through our annals and see how few, if any, have yielded to the seductions of vice and intemperance. In my own inquiries, I have never found a name dishonored by habitual drunkenness or by criminal intent. This is our proudest boast to-day, that for two hundred and forty-five years we have no family name, whose record we could not willingly hear without a blush, at this our glad anniversary. Great names, as the world counts greatness, have often descended through base deeds, but the highest honor of our title is that its fine gold has not become tarnished by low characters and dishonorable lives. A characteristic letter from an Indiana Bicknell, one of the lost tribe through North Carolina, says, "I never heard of a Bicknell being arrested, put in jail or in prison in my life. I never knew a Bicknell that was an infidel and I hope I never may." And adds still further, "they all vote the Republican ticket." the returns were not all in at that writing. And this suggests the characteristic of high moral and religious sentiments as a golden thread running through our whole family history. Zachary and Agnes were religious people, Puritans, if you please.—God bless the name. John was a brother in the Old North Church, and looked after its outward as well as spiritual welfare. In 1661, so say the town records, "Brother Bicknell was allowed three pounds for making the Meeting House t-i-t-e." If Bro. Bicknell was as faithful in his spiritual services in keeping the Meeting House tight, he certainly was worthy of a royal reward. So far as I know, a practical Christian life has characterized the family from John through all his descendants till this very hour, and wherever the name exists, it stands as the synonym of godly living and doing. Of one town settled by Bicknells of the third generation, namely, Barrington, R. I., it was set off from Old Swansea to enable the people "to settle and maintain a pious, learned and orthodox ministry, for the good of us and our posterity," and Zachariah

the 2nd, not only signed but probably wrote the petition to the General Court for the separation.

Of the church membership of our family I have now no means of knowing, nor do I know how large a number have held the honorable offices of deacon, Sabbath-school superintendent, etc. we have, and have had a pious and learned ministry is evidenced in this as well as in past generations. The oldest now living is Rev. James Bicknell, of Oneida county, N. Y., a Baptist clergyman, eighty-five years of age. He is a man of remarkable talents. and it is said that his influence in his denomination in New York is still powerful. Rev. L. W. Bicknell, of Indiana, is also a Baptist preacher. Rev. Dennis H. Bicknell, of Vermont, and Rev. I. J. Bicknell, of Indiana, represent us among Methodists. Rev. Wm. M. Bicknell, of Rowe, Mass., is a talented Unitarian clergyman. Rev. E. A. Wyman, Ph. D., is a preacher and author. Rev. Geo. W. Bicknell, of Lowell, our chaplain, is a prominent and esteemed Universalist pastor and teacher. Rev. J. R. Bicknell, son of our distinguished guest and statesman, Hon. Geo. A. Bicknell, is an Episcopal rector in Indiana. several others, clergymen in the Congregational, Presbyterian and other denominations. More might be said of those who are doing good preaching, but what shall we say of the legion who are doing good practising?

It is quite a remarkable fact, that, while some of our New England Bicknells held slaves, they were at a very early date given their freedom, and some of the family name have been noted abolitionists, when it cost something to stand on that side of the question of human rights.

My own great-grandfather, dying in 1750, gave to his wife, his negro man Dick, and female negro child Rose, to serve her during her natural life, and at her death to receive, each one hundred pounds and their freedom papers. If you find anywhere the Bicknell name under a black skin, do not refer it to a remote pre-adamic ancestry, or to a change of skin under climatic influence, but to the choice of the Bicknell name as its patronymic when liberated from slavery. Of the North Carolina Bicknells, Samuel was a large slave-owner.

Though the Bicknells have been unambitious in the line of public life and honors, the family has had its full share in the important trusts of civil society. They have not rudely sought, nor lightly

declined their share of duty and responsibility. The records of every town where our name has existed, show the various positions of official service filled by members of our family. ancestor John was a deputy from Weymouth in the General Court of Massachusetts Bay in 1677-8 and his descendants, among whom is our honored toast-master, have often represented this town in the State legislation. The same honors have been borne by our name in other States. Joshua Bicknell, my grandfather, was a member of the Rhode Island Legislature in both branches for several years, and won the sobriquet, "Old Aristides," He was also a judge of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island for many years before and until his death. One son was Senator and Representative for several years, and two of his grandsons have held the office of Commissioner of Public Schools of Rhode Island. in my hand the fine face of a Bicknell who represents us and his constituency in the Iowa Legislature.

The Bicknell name has been enrolled twice on the Congressional Records. Bennet Bicknell, of New York, represented his district in an early Congress, and we have the honor of having present with us, as orator of the day, one of the leaders of the present House of Representatives at Washington, in the person of Judge and Hon. George Augustus Bicknell, of New Albany, Ind., who represented his district in the last and present Congresses, and we trust will continue to hold the place so honorably filled, for years to come. We will promise him a large Bicknell vote, though holding different politic creeds.

Of lawyers we have had several honest names: Hon. Geo. A., of Indiana, Emory O. and Edward E., of Boston, Anson D., of Iowa, John, of California, Leonard, of Vermont, and several others, not of the Bicknell name, are fair specimens of the legal limb of the family. Of medicine we have had little need; a healthy stock, we have "thrown physic to the dogs and after it the doctor." We have raised a few medicine men to look out for other poor sick sinners, among whom we will name Dr. George Bicknell, of Wisconsin, Dr. Joshua Bicknell Chapin, of Rhode Island, and a few others. So you see we are little given to quackery.

In art we have a distinguished name whose health detains from this joyful union. I refer to Albion H. Bicknell, of Malden, Mass. His historic painting of Lincoln at Gettysburg has made for him a fame more than national, and he has on his canvas a painting of rare merit, which when finished, will be classed among the gems of American art. Of the great English art patron, Elhanan Bicknell, of London, I would speak, were we not favored by the presence of one of our English cousins of the Bicknell name to speak of him

In microscopy, Science has just lost a bright name in the death of Edwin Bicknell, of Lowell.

But in business life and in the pursuits which add to the sum of human happiness our names are found in distinguished retirement and comfortable independence. Z. L. Bicknell is the man of all work in Weymouth; Alfred and William and Joseph represent our Boston men of affairs; A. J., Joseph George and David are our representatives in New York; Edward and Joshua in Providence; E. B. Crane and others in Worcester; Joseph Y., in Buffalo as Superintendent of the Buffalo General Hospital; Henry E. and others in Chicago, and here and there, up and down the country are men and women of our name and descent, industrious, prudent, good natured, hospitable, temperate, truthful, independent, morally courageous, generous, man-loving, God-fearing people.

In the teaching profession, we have had a host of names both of men and women. One of our Vermont families alone has had nineteen teachers, among whom was Simeon, a noted man in his day, and that recent. Two of our family have filled the office of State Commissioners of public schools in Rhode Island, with some degree of credit to the name. In literary life, we have in England and America, a few names as authors and poets. In fact, the poetic vein is a strong Bicknell trait. The 'poems and poets of the day will attest my assertion.

But who is equal to the task of speaking of those of us not bearing the Bicknell name? I fear the world itself would not contain the books that might be written. Their name is legion, for they are many. The roll call would waste the swift hours of this grand day. We'll talk of these to each other, and be proud that such a progeny has sprung from so pure and noble a stock. We come from many homes where peace, comfort and sweet hospitality abound, to behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. Would that we could, by some magic voice, summon Zachary and Agnes and John, that first little

family of Weymouth in 1635, to our social re-union. Not in form, but in fact, they still live in you and in me. Their dust is on yonder hillside, but their lives projected into the centuries, reappear in an intelligent, an industrious, and a happy offspring. grave of Moses on Nebo, no stone marks their sepulchre, but a living monument rises day after day, without the sound of hammer or chisel, wrought by noble resolve, by steadfast purpose or heroic It is fashioned by many artists and artisans here and there under "The Great Taskmaster's eye," and will appear when he who sees the perfect pattern, shall declare the work finished and complete, fit for the Master's eve. Brothers and sisters of all names, one to-day by a common family bond, we greet you in the name of our Association; we welcome you to the festivities of the hour, to the large family outlook you will take to-day, and to the events which will soon pass into pleasant memories. Draw faith, courage and inspiration from our re-union, and return refreshed and blessed. Bicknells by name and blood, proud in your origin and in your family history, welcome, thrice welcome to the feast! May the day be one of happy experiences and of blessed memories to you all.

A BRIEF FAMILY STORY.

BY QUINCY BICKNELL, FAMILY HISTORIAN.

ERHAPS at no period of time has there been greater interest manifested in New England to learn something of the history and genealogy of the men and the families who commenced and continued the settlement of the country.

From time to time this awakened interest has found expression in gathering together the widely scattered descendants, upon or near the ancestral homes and in published genealogies of many of

these families. These gatherings are valuable in their social aspects, and the publications important as they become a part of our history.

Whether we look at the results which have attended the settlement of New England or to the causes which impelled the men and women who made the settlement to leave their homes of comfort and civilization to encounter the perils of the ocean passage and the wilderness, and to endure all the privations attendant upon the work of subduing it, we have ample reason to warrant the interest we feel in the retrospection.

The immediate cause of this settlement was the development upon English soil of the man and the character we call Puritan, who though subjected to harsh criticism and much censure, for imperfections, belonging to humanity in its best estate, yet when we contemplate the fulness of the character, stands out like the pyramids among the sands of the desert, dwarfing every surrounding object.

The commercial interests of England had been stirred into an unwonted degree of activity and enterprise by the discovery of America, and the maritime enterprise engendered thereby,—wealth from this source had given learning and culture to a class of people, who for years had been immersed in ignorance, and had caused a general spread of knowledge among the common people.

For a generation previous to the settlement of New England, this increase of knowledge among the people had taken the direction of inquiry and agitation, into the relation of the individual to the higher concerns affecting his relation to his Maker and the more subordinate but still highly important one to the State.

He lived among the observances of a religious ritual, guarded by the flaming sword of the law, and so encumbered with material observances as to hinder rather than to help the soul to find its approach to the throne of divine mercy.

He essayed to strip from the temples of worship all these gorgeous emblems and dared to come into the immediate presence of his Maker, humbled in dust in view of his own unworthiness, but strong in his appreciation of the worth of the individual soul, in view of the sacrifice made for its atonement and redemption.

In the severity of his logic he carried his ideas of the worth of the human soul to matters of State and claimed that human institutions of government had the sanction of divine authority only as they were made to subserve the best and highest interest of man, and from this thought he developed the idea of a Commonwealth.

The attempt to make practical the Puritan idea of church and state in England, raised an issue that culminated in the civil war, led to the beheading of Charles the First, the destruction of the attempted Commonwealth, the imperialism of Cromwell and the restoration of the monarchy.

Before these issues were brought to the stern arbitrament of war, some of the more intelligent and adventuresome of these men sought another means for the solution of the problem, and that was by emigration, and establishing elsewhere a Commonwealth.

To obtain chartered privileges for this especial purpose was impossible, and the ingenuity and daring by which the purpose was

accomplished stand among the highest acts of moral heroism the world has witnessed.

A company chartered for the purpose of forming plantations in New England, was the instrument by which they proposed and through which they did enter upon their great work. The plantations which these companies were supposed to establish were the usual ones attendant upon commercial and fishing pursuits, and made for purposes of commercial gain. They were authorized to choose their officers for the proper management of their affairs and to make suitable laws for their government not repugnant to the laws of England.

The act of daring was the transfer of the whole government of this company and its charter to New England, and out of this small beginning has grown up the Commonwealth, under whose broad shield of government we now assemble and to the very name of which we cling with venerated affection, leaving to our sister communities the appellation of States.

The character of this emigration induced others holding similar sentiments in England to join them, especially as the power of the mother country was directed with increased severity and vigilance to suppress them. This vigilance was directed to the enrolment of all those proposing to leave England, and to requiring the oath of supremacy.

To this act of enrolment we are indebted for the record which gives the time and place of departure of Zachary Bicknell, from England, with the members of his family and their respective ages, Weymouth being the point of embarkation, with wife Agnes twenty-seven years old, he being forty-five, son John eleven, and servant John Kitchin, twenty-three. They came in 1635.

He came with the Rev. Mr. Hull and his company, and here they made their home. Others had been here before them, and soon after a considerable number left, among them the Rev. Mr. Newman and many with him, and went to Rehoboth. Some remained and, with those who joined them, commenced the settlement of this town of Weymouth. Soon after the church was formed and then with the organization of church and town, the people entered upon the work they had before them.

They built themselves houses of rude construction, barely sheltering them from the inclemencies of the seasons, felled the forests that they might have food and raiment, built their meeting-house, and by its side the humbler school-house, that knowledge might not die out among them, and freed from the impediments to their spiritual comforts, they entered upon a career of progress, with such success that to-day if we are asked for the results, we answer in the language of Sir Christopher Wren, "Look around."

Among these early immigrants, was Zachary Bicknell, but who and what he was we have at present limited means of determining, but it is fair to infer that he was in sympathy with the spirit that led the emigration, and that he was a man of substance as were many of his associates; and more particularly so as he was accompanied by a young man as a servant.

Many of the young men bound themselves to a period of service to defray the expenses of their emigration, and from this class have sprung some of the best families of New England, and of this class this young man was not an exception; for we find that John Kitchin was in Salem in 1640, freeman, 1643. He was a shoemaker and had a family of seven children of whom Robert, the youngest, was a merchant and ship-owner in Salem, and his son Robert³, a student at Harvard College, died the twentieth of September, 1716, more than a century before any of the descendants of his master enjoyed the advantages of college instruction.

Zachary Bicknell died the year following his arrival, having built a house upon land granted by the town. This house and land was sold the next year to Wm. Reed,—as appears by an order of court affirming the sale,—for the General Court under date of March, 1636, ordered, "That William Reade, having bought the house and twenty acres of land at Weymouth, unfenced, which was Zachary Bicknell's, for seven pounds, thirteen shillings and four pence, of Richard Rocket and wife, is to have the sale confirmed by the child when he cometh of age, or else the child to allow such costs as the court shall think meet." It seems that Agnes or Annie, as the name differently appears, married again soon after the death of her husband, Zachary Bicknell. She was probably his second wife and not the mother of his son John, as an inspection of the ages of these several persons would seem to show. (See page 5, Note.)

The land which Wm. Reed bought of Zachary Bicknell's estate, remained in the Reed family for many years, and we have one among us to-day who remembers the last of that name who owned and occupied the land, so that we are able to identify the exact

spot where Zachary Bicknell rested and established his home, so soon to be determined and ended by his death. It is on Middle street, and is the estate of the late Sylvanus Bates, deceased. A flag marks the spot to-day, and it is to be hoped that all here present will have the opportunity to visit it.

John Bicknell was also the common ancestor of our family. At the death of his father he was twelve years of age. Where and how he lived during the remainder of his minority we do not know, but we infer that he had such opportunities for education as the country afforded; and as his occupation was that of a carpenter, it is probable at a suitable age he was apprenticed to the seven years' service according to the customs of the time.

I find no record of his first marriage, but learn that his wife's name was Mary, by the record of the births of his children. His marriage would seem to have taken place about the year 1650, when he was twenty-six years old. They had three children, Mary, who married John Dyer, John³ and Naomi. Mary, his wife, died in 1658, March 25, and he married another Mary, the daughter of Richard Porter of Weymouth,—an excellent genealogy of whose family has been compiled and recently published by a descendant, the Hon. J. W. Porter, of Burlington, Me.

The children by this second marriage were eight, three sons and five daughters, making the whole number of his children eleven, Ruth³ married James Richards and Mary³ married Maurice Trufant. Of the other daughters there appears to be no recorded account of either marriage or death.

John Bicknell died probably the last of the year 1678, as his will is dated November 6, 1678, and allowed January 20, 1679. In this will he names his wife Mary, and his son John³ to be executors. He gives all his estate to his wife (except twenty acres and one and one-half acres of salt meadow which he gives to his son John) so long as she shall remain his widow, to bring up the children to the age of twenty-one.*

He gives to his daughters £15 each and to the three children of John Dyer, viz: John Dyer, Thomas Dyer and Benjamin Dyer £5 each, being his grandchildren.

From the evidence we now have, it would seem that John Bicknell's homestead was that now owned and occupied by a descend-

^{*} He mentions no child by name except John 3.

ant, Thomas Bicknell. It is situated on Sea street near the corner of Bridge street. It was the homestead of his son John³, and after his death it was conveyed by John⁴, Zachariah⁴ and Ebenezer⁴, sons of John³ to their brother Benjamin⁴, from whom it has come in the direct line of descent to the present owner.

John Bicknell³ died at the early age of fifty-four years, just after filling the responsible and honorable office of representative for the town of Weymouth, to the house of deputies of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

By inheritance, industry and prudence he seems to have acquired a considerable estate, and by his good character, the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens. We have no details of particular actions or deeds by which we can form our opinions of his worth, but can only judge him by the work done by the community of which he was a part, and by whom he was found worthy of confidence and trust.

The period of his life covered the years of the formation of our most important institutions, and as we recede from that time our wonder grows that our forefathers were gifted with the knowledge and prudence demanded by the occasion.

A glance at a few of these questions may serve to refresh our minds with the character of their work, and enable us the better to appreciate it. Among the earlier measures requiring action were the enlargement of their company by the admission of members and determining a rule of qualification for such membership. The institution of the representative system when the plantations had become so many as to make meetings of the whole body of freemen for the transaction of business inconvenient. The formation of two distinct bodies in the government - the magistrates and the deputies - with their separate and concurrent powers. The powers and privileges which the people themselves in their several local plantations should have and enjoy, both in secular and ecclesiastical affairs. The granting of the lands among proprietors with incorporated powers and the tenure by which these lands should be held by the individual members, the mode of conveyance and the laws of descent, -- all of these questions came up to be wrought by thought and agitation into their proper place, in their system of government. That the consideration of these and other important questions was attended with much difference of opinion and that the discussion or "agitating of the question," as

our fathers were pleased to term it, gave rise to much warmth of feeling and sometimes to seeming harshness of action,—we have only to recur to the banishment of Roger Williams,—the great Antinomian controversy and the consequent banishment of Mrs. Hutchinson and Mr. Wheelwright and others;—and even the training field in the neighboring town of Hingham, has become memorable in history as the scene of the earliest rebellion,—and as the occasion of "agitating" the proper bounds of the authority of the magistrates and the liberty of the people.

Of John Bicknell's three sons, John³ the eldest lived and died in Weymouth. He had five sons and two daughters. One of the sons, Joseph, died at the early age of twenty years. Mary married John Turner of Bridgewater, and Sarah married William Sargent.

Zachary³ married Hannah Smith in 1692. They had six children, four sons and two daughters. Five of these were born in Weymouth and the remaining son was born, probably, in that part of Swansea afterwards known as Barrington, Rhode Island, where his father removed about the year 1704.

Thomas³ married Ann Turner in 1697. He removed from Weymouth to Pembroke or Middleborough, Mass. He seems to have been a blacksmith by trade. He died at Middleborough, Mass., February 17, 1718, at the age of forty-seven. I find no record of the births of his children and only know of them through the Probate Records of the settlement of his estate. They are Mary⁴, Japhet⁴, Hannah⁴, and Elizabeth⁴.

Thus by the emigration of Zachary³ and Thomas³ from Weymouth, the descendants of Zachary became separated, and in the lapse of time, their descendants lost knowledge of the relationship existing among them, except such as a faulty tradition had preserved.

The ever prolific source of the origin of so many of the families of New England that tradition loves to indulge in, the three brothers who came from England or some other country of Europe and settled in different parts of the country, would have some foundation could we commence with the third generation of our own family. The efforts made to follow out the several lines of descent from these three brothers to the sixth and seventh generations have been, in the line of the male members, more successful than could have been anticipated in the short time devoted to the

work. The interest now manifested and of which this gathering is an earnest of still increased interest should enable us to accomplish more in the future, and we hope to see the chain complete, every link in its proper place.

As there were others at the early settlement of New England who bore the name of Bicknell, we shall undoubtedly meet with some who now bear the name, who do not belong to our family. We find in the Boston and Charlestown records the names of Edward, John and Samuel Bicknell, and we find also that the recording clerk has taken large liberties in various spellings of the name. I have found nothing to show any relationship between the Bicknells of Boston and Charlestown, and Zachary of Weymouth, and it is a little singular that most of those now bearing the family name so far as we meet with them, can trace their descent from Zachary of Weymouth. The descendants of Zachary have almost invariably in their own spelling of the name preserved the original and the correct form.

There were other Bicknells, some of whom settled at the Barbadoes, and in an account of that island, the names of several with their possessions are given, including bound servants and slaves; and in 1680 William Bicknell appears as an inhabitant of St. Michaels as having one servant and two slaves.

But few of the descendants of Zachary Bicknell reached the dignity of slave-owners, and these it will be found on an examination of their wills to have carefully regarded and tenderly cared for their slaves. On their manumission these former slaves so much respected the memories of their masters that they took the family name and their descendants are to be found to this day in some of our cities, bearing the name. This should be borne in mind that in looking for some honorable line of descent we may not go on a useless search to Africa. It would have added much to the interest of the occasion could some representatives of this branch of the family been present. This brief statement of history and fact is made to show the condition under which our ancestors were placed that we may the better appreciate their characters and labors.

They found their place, not among the scholars and learned men of the land, but in the more common industrial pursuits incident to a new country. That they performed their duties with an intelligent enterprise and success, their general comfortable condition in life through so many generations bears evidence. Though none of them became wealthy, yet all generally secured what was a competency for the times in which they lived. They gave their children the advantages the schools afforded and I have not met with an instance where any of them were so deficient in the common rudiments of education as to be unable to write their names. They have generally been found among the conservative supporters of the institutions of religion from the time John Bicknell² repaired the meeting-house to the present time, when the meeting-houses of our land are filled with the learning and eloquence of their descendants.

If the name in the earlier generations is found but seldom among the legislators and magistrates of the land, it is believed that the ability and integrity with which these positions have been filled in later times show what the latent force of the name is equal to, when brought into action in this direction.

In view of the honorable record of the past may we not congratulate ourselves, in this our first re-union, upon so worthy a record, and should we not feel pressing upon us the obligation to preserve and perpetuate the name unimpaired to those who shall follow us, so revering the Puritan as to imitate his thought, of living always in the divine presence and following the footsteps, with him, of the Divine Master as we may understand his doctrine and example.

The following is a brief account of the male descendants of Zachary Bicknell to the sixth generation. In some of the lines it is not complete.

Zachary Bicknell¹, 1590. John², 1624.

Jони ³ , 1653-4.	Zachariah ³ , 1667-8.	Тномаз ³ , 1670.
John ⁴ , 1688.	Zachariah ⁴ , 1695.	Japhet4.
Zachariah ⁴ , 1691.	Joshua ⁴ , 1696.	
Benjamin ⁴ , 1694.	$James^4, 1702.$	
Joseph ⁴ , 1698-9, d.	Peter ⁴ , 1705 or 6.	•
Ebenezer ⁴ , 1700.		
	T 4	

John⁴.

John⁵, 1715. Joseph⁵, 1719. Nathaniel⁵, 1725.

ZACHARIAH4.

Zachariah⁵, 1728. Ezra⁵, 1731, d. David⁵, 1734. Lemuel⁵, 1739.

BENJAMIN4.

EBENEZER4.

Benjamin⁵, 1727

Ebenezer⁵, 1727.

James⁵, 1732, d.

Zachariah⁴.

Zachariah⁵, 1723.

John⁵, 1725.

Samuel⁵, 1729.

Ebenezer⁵ 1732. Timothy⁵ 1733. William⁵ 1735. Nathan⁵ 1736-7.

Joshua⁴.

Joshua⁵, 1723.

Allen⁵, 1743, d.

JAMES4.

James⁵.

Moses⁵.

Peter4.

Peter⁵, 1736, d.

Peter⁵, 1745.

Asa⁵, 1747.

Amos⁵.

JAPHET4.

Japhet⁵, 1750.

Thomas⁵, 1748-9.

Turner⁵, 1752.

John⁵.

John⁶, 1744.

Thomas⁶, 1748.

Jacob⁶, 1751.

JOSEPH⁵.

Joseph⁶, 1754.

Daniel⁶, 1761.

James⁶, d.

NATHANIEL5.

Luke⁶, 1749. Nathaniel⁶, 1756. Humphrey⁶, 1762. Otis⁶, 1764.

ZACHARIAH5.

Ezra⁶, 1753. Stephen⁶, 1754, d. Zachariah⁶, 1756. Peter⁶, 1759.

DAVID5.

Samuel⁶, 1757. Levi⁶, 1759. David⁶, 1771, d. Elijah⁶, 1773, d. David⁶, 1776. Elijah⁶, 1777.

LEMUEL5.

Abner⁶, 1764. Lemuel⁶, 1770. John⁶, 1779.

BENJAMIN⁵.

Benjamin⁶, 1748, d. Benjamin⁶, 1770, d. Peter⁶, 1774. Thomas⁶, 1780. Benjamin⁶, 1786.

ERENEZER⁵.

JAMES⁶, 1758.

Zachariah⁵. No ch.

John⁵, No ch.

SAMUEL5.

Samuel⁶, 1773.

David⁶, 1775, d.

EBENEZER⁵.

Josiah⁶, 1760. Ephraim⁶, 1769. Benjamin⁶, 1773.

TIMOTHY⁵, No ch.

WILLIAMS.

Zachariah⁶, 1760. Timothy⁶, 1767. William⁶, 1777.

NATHAN5.

Elijah⁶, 1765. Nathaniel⁶, 1768. Isaac⁶, 1770. Nathan⁶, 1774.

JOSHUA⁵.

Thomas⁶, 1747. James⁶, 1749. Joshua⁶, 1759. Winchester⁶, 1761, d. Joseph⁶, 1763.

Moses5.

James⁶, 1764. Calvin⁶. Bennet⁶. Daniel⁶.

Peter5.

Peter⁶, 1770. Kent⁶, 1771. John Payn⁶, 1780. Hezekiah⁶, 1785.

Asa5.

Asa⁶, 1771, d. Otis⁶, 1773, d. John Wilson⁶, 1780. William⁶ 1782. Benjamin Ellery⁶ 1786. Asa⁶ 1788. Francis⁶ 1793.

JAPHET⁵.

Jesse⁶, 1770.

Japhet⁶, 1772.

THOMAS⁵.

Thomas W. T.⁶ George Augustus⁶, 1787. Daniel Dexter⁶.

HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

BY GEORGE A. BICKNELL.



E are told that America is the oldest of the continents; that being first fit for human habitation, it was first inhabited by races long ago extinct. We are told also that the physical influences of this country have been fatal to every race that has occupied it; that as a people, we ourselves are degenerating, losing our productive vigor, and that without continued accessions of new blood from abroad, we should speedily wear out

and pass away, like the races which have preceded us "in this new world which is the old."

But this gathering suggests that one family, at least, has not shared in this alleged universal degeneracy, but exhibits to-day, after the lapse of eight generations, as much physical vigor, as much sound sense, and as much moral force as belonged to its representatives, two hundred and fifty years ago.

Christianity teaches that all mankind are descended from a single pair, yet the philosophers assert that certain regions produce distinct forms of animal and vegetable life, not found elsewhere, and they say that distinct races of men flourish in peculiar districts, indigenous there, and capable of prevailing there in the great struggle for existence, so that, as far as human records or human traditions go, the white, the yellow, the black and the red races have always occupied in force their own climates and have made no thorough development elsewhere.

Whatever may be true as to the origin of man and his diverse races, it cannot be denied that all the conquests and migrations and interminglings of nations have hitherto failed to produce a new race of men.

The teaching of History is that Nature abhors a mongrel; a nation of mulattoes is an impossibility, for whenever different races are compelled in violation of their natural instincts, to dwell together in large bodies, whether on terms of legal and social equality, or otherwise, one of them invariably destroys or absorbs the others, so that all the distinctive features of the latter are at last completely obliterated.

In this country we have destroyed the red man, we shall destroy or absorb the black man.

In England, the Norman and the Saxon could readily mingle; they were varieties of the same stock; but the Englishman of today is not the Englishman of Cressy and Poictiers; the England of to-day is not the England of Cromwell or of Pitt; the Norman type is wearing out, the more numerous Saxon is prevailing; the Norman pluck and vigor which leavened the heavy Saxon masses and made England the arbitress of Europe for centuries, are gone, and the old glory of England has gone with them.

The Normans were the highest type of manhood that Europe ever saw. Less intellectual than the Greeks, more intellectual than the Romans, superior to both in physical endurance, in personal prowess, and in practical achievements with small means, the blood of that band of heroes runs in the veins of every monarchy in Europe. That Norman blood, my kinsmen and kinswomen, is our blood.

This country has been chiefly settled by the best varieties of the white races. The great Scandinavian or Teutonic and the Celtic families are kindred stock; the Latin nations of Europe which in a less degree have contributed to our population are also, more remotely, our kinsmen; undoubtedly, one of these types will predominate here, and will absorb the others; then, and not until then, shall we be a homogeneous people; then, and not until then, shall we produce in this country, that purely American literature and

American poetry and American art, of which hitherto we have had only feeble premonitions.

I believe that individual greatness arises commonly in blood to a certain extent homogeneous. The ancestors of Franklin for many generations were small mechanics in a remote English village; in such a community, by frequent inter-marriages, the whole population, at length, becomes akin, and the blood, thus becoming to a certain extent homogeneous, it is presently illustrated, by a great man.

So it was with Lord Thurlow and with Sir Walter Scott, they both inherited homogeneous blood; they and Franklin were all great, in their different lines, but they all married out of the charmed circle, and their greatness died with them, "no son of theirs succeeding." Although the maxim, "Like produces like," has its exceptions, it is not less true of mankind than of other animals, and that maxim is the foundation of all such gatherings as this; the presumption is that the common ancestor has transmitted to all of us something of the same kind, and that something is the common bond of union and equality among us; without it, the descendants of Zachary Bicknell would be no more to us, than the descendants of any body else.

This power of transmitting to remote descendants peculiar traits of form and feature and temperament and moral character, thus reproducing indefinitely your own body and your own soul, is one of the wonders of physiology.

We know that every man has ancestors innumerable; we know that, if for twenty preceding generations, none of our lineal ancestors were consanguineous, each of us would have at the distance of twenty generations, more than a million of ancestors, to wit, two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on, in rapidly increasing progression.

Yet, notwithstanding this union of so many strains of blood, we often behold one of them predominating over all the others, and impressing its own peculiarities upon generation after generation as long as the family endures.

We all remember the thick lip of the House of Austria and the peculiar physiognomy of the Bourbons, and we know that in an adjacent State, where a bad woman was confined in jail for crime, two hundred of her descendants, in the course of a few generations, were the inmates of the State's prison or the jail.

I know the corrective power of education, but it is a limited power; when "the fathers have eaten sour grapes the children's teeth are set on edge;" no training will "gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles."

I say this power of hereditary transmission is one of the world's wonders; it is the foundation of all family pride and family self-respect, it is a potent incentive to virtuous conduct; without it, it would be entirely immaterial whether we have a long line of honorable ancestry, or whether

"Our ancient but ignoble blood

Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood."

Our ancestor Zachary Bicknell came here in 1635. He came with a band of Puritans who brought their church and their minister. What they sought in this wilderness was freedom to worship God! They were not deluded by dreams of empire; they were not stimulated by the feverish excitement of mercantile adventure; they were following none of the phantoms of pleasure; they were plain, earnest, God-fearing men; they came to plant their church in the desert, that "the wilderness and the solitary place might be glad for them." This place of their settlement then bore its Indian name of Wessagussett; it had been settled before under less favorable conditions, that settlement had melted away, the ground was vacant again, our colony took it and flourished and has never ceased to flourish.

It has sent out swarm after swarm of hardy emigrants, until the descendants of the first settlers of Wessaguscus, now called Weymouth, are found everywhere, from Maine to Georgia and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

In the list of that colony our ancestors are thus recorded: "Zachary Bicknell, aged 45; Agnes, his wife, aged 27; John, his son, aged 11, and John Kitchin, his servant, aged 23." This is the entire record.

Twenty acres of ground were assigned to him as a place for his mansion; he built it in Middle street; we shall visit its site to-day.

His English home was near Weymouth, in Dorsetshire, on the southern coast of England, a place noted for salubrity in the old Roman times.

Accustomed to ease and comfort, in that wild region he soon yielded to the rigor of our harsh climate and to the hardships of a

new settlement, and he died in 1637, at the early age of forty-seven years.

There is a tradition in my branch of the family, that he was a captain in the British Navy, retired on half pay, but his title in the colony was Zachary Bicknell, gentleman. He left a competent fortune to his only son, John, who became one of the solid men of Weymouth, but he, too, died young; the family had not yet become acclimated, yet it was beginning to reassert its vigor. John had three sons and seven daughters, and from these three grandsons of the original settler, all who bear our name in this country are believed to be descended. The names of these grandsons were John and Zachary and Thomas. The descendants of John, the first grandson, remained, generally, in Weymouth, where, I am told, they number now about twenty voters.

The descendants of Zachary, the second grandson, migrated first to Barrington and thence to Mansfield and to Ashford in Connecticut, and their representatives may be found in Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, Wisconsin, Kentucky and on the Pacific coast.

The descendants of Thomas, the third grandson, settled in Attleboro, where they remained for several generations, but within the present century they have found homes in Pennsylvania, New York, Indiana, Iowa, Texas and California.

Since its acclimation in this country our family has been vigorous, healthy, long-lived and prolific.

We have not taken a very active part in public affairs.

John, the son of the first settler, was a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts. In the line of John, the first grandson, we find several members of the Legislature; and in the line of Zachary, the second grandson, we find a Judge of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island, and a member of Congress from New York.

In the line of Thomas, the third grandson, we find a Circuit Judge of Indiana, a member of Congress from Indiana, a lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, and the rector of an Episcopal church.

We have had several clergymen among us, some merchants and manufacturers, many mechanics, very few lawyers, no doctors that I know of, and, I believe, none of those wily intriguers sometimes called politicians.

Prior to 1824, the Bicknells were generally Federalists, since then they have not commonly acted with the Democrats. Until the beginning of the present century the principal representatives of the family were engaged almost exclusively in agriculture.

"Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

Hence our virtues, our faults and our eccentricities have been those of a rural people—independent owners of the soil. Accustomed for generations to the seclusion of the farm, we have been somewhat exclusive in our associations; having been much alone for generations, we have become secretive and reticent, with too little regard, perhaps, for public opinion, or the opinions of others; used to the absolute rule of our own farms, we have become impatient of opposition.

Such a people have few temptations to crime. Their freedom from temptation coupled with favorable tendencies in the blood, and aided by favorable moral surroundings under Puritan influences, has produced one remarkable result. I allude to the absence of crime in the annals of this family since its settlement in America. Our American genealogy covers nine or ten generations, including the first settler, yet, it is asserted by those who claim to know, that in the last two hundred and fifty years, not one of the blood of Zachary Bicknell, bearing his surname has ever stood convicted in any court, of any crime, or misdemeanor, or fraud. If this be so, we have the noblest of all pedigrees.

But who was Zachary Bicknell? Whence did he come? What were his antecedents?

Undoubtedly he was of Scandinavian origin. He belonged to that great northern stock which regenerated the stagnation of the Middle Ages, and gave tone to the civilization of modern Europe.

His name is Swedish. The name Becknill in Swedish is equivalent to Brookhill in English; it was the name of the spot occupied by the family and with which they became identified.

I know of no records giving the date of the migration from that ancient seat to the British Islands, but there is a tradition in my branch of the family, that long ago, before the introduction of Christianity into Britain, and while the country north and south of the Tweed for many miles was an independent heathen kingdom, our ancestor brought his forces in ships and landed north of the Tweed, in what is now southeastern Scotland, and there maintained

himself by force of arms until he was recognized as a vassal by the ruler of the kingdom. The story goes that, the site of the stronghold he occupied there took the name afterwards of Bicknell hill and still retains that name, and that from that spot the family dispersed itself throughout England and into Ireland and Wales. This is only a tradition, it may go for its worth, but the name is conclusive evidence of Scandinavian origin.

It was changed in Great Britain from Becknill to Bicknell; it has maintained the latter form with great persistency, has undergone some variations; here in Weymouth, many years ago, one of the family wrote his name Bucknell; in Barrington some of the descendants of the second grandson called themselves Bicknall; in England there have been other corruptions, such as Bucknill, Bucknell, Buckner, Bicknor, Bignall, Bagnall and Bagenal.

Sometimes such changes occur when the offshoots of a family sink into ignorance; sometimes they are due to the different dialects of different parts of England; sometimes, like the changes made by our Weymouth and Barrington kinsmen, they are purely whimsical.

Mental peculiarities of families may be often traced to the influence of laws and customs prevailing at a very remote period among the races to which they belong.

Certain social institutions of the early northern nations of Europe are reflected in opinions and feelings which have been inherent in our family in all its vicissitudes and which are still in force among us, although they are contrary to the leading thought of this country, and cannot be logically defended.

I allude to the general impression amongst us that we belong to a superior stock. Since we have been in this country we have never had extravagant wealth, we have never exercised great power, we have never sought public distinction, yet I have never met one of the name, high or low, rich or poor, enlightened or ignorant, who was not persuaded that he had an inheritance as one of us, more precious than rubies.

I find the origin of this feeling in the twilight of history. It is not the growth of this country, nor of its institutions. But, among our Scandinavian ancestors, there was a clear legal distinction, so old that its beginning can not be traced, between the man who was merely free, and the man who was not only free but also noble.

They had three classes only of society, the earl, who was gentle, the churl, who was simple, and the thrall, who was a slave.

The earl, born gentle, seems to have had, originally, no peculiar privileges, certainly no oppressive ones, but he was entitled by his blood to special respect and honor, which the churl, born simple, might win, but never inherited.

These distinctions were the essential elements of primeval Teutonic Society; they were so ground into its framework, that the early legends represented the three classes, the earl, the churl, and the thrall, as the separate creations of the gods.

I apprehend that this shadowy claim of ours to some special advantage that cannot be defined by ourselves, nor recognized by our neighbors, is the result of these ancient institutions, operating still after the lapse of ages; its existence shows the power and permanence of ideas, accepted and grafted into the heart of a people. It is the dim traditional remembrance of an ancient worth, which we would fain hope may be perpetual.

When our ancestors landed at Wessagussett, Charles the first of England was preparing the way for the long Parliament and the Revolution; the thirty years' war was raging on the continent of Europe; Gustavus Adolphus had lately fallen at Lützen; Cardinal Richelieu was ruling the destinies of France; the age of Cromwell and Mazarin and Louis the fourteenth was yet to come.

In this country, the entire possessions of England were a few scanty and scattered settlements along the Atlantic; the Spaniards had St. Augustine, the Dutch had the island of Manhattan; the Swedes had not yet made their settlement on the Delaware.

Our people are now nearly fifty millions. We are the only truly grand Republic that the world ever saw; we have filled the American continent, from Canada to Mexico, and from ocean to ocean with a hardy, industrious, intelligent and Christian people.

At first glance it would seem that all the essential advancement of humanity in the useful arts and inventions, in science, in manufactures, in the general diffusion of knowledge, in the recognition of human rights and in the establishment of civil liberty, has been accomplished in the last two hundred and fifty years.

Perhaps no other equal period of time has exhibited such amazing results.

And here the question arises, have we as a family borne our part in this great progression? If not, we have been false to ourselves, and unworthy of our descent. If not, let us do more hereafter; if we can do little ourselves, let us give to our issue such moral training and education as may help them to do more; for we may be sure that without some practical demonstration of excellence, all our pride in our ancestry will be but "as sounding brass or tinkling cymbals."

The lineal descendants of the celebrated Confucius are living now in China, exercising honorable offices of public trust; their ancestors, for seventy successive generations, have illustrated the enduring excellence of that strain of blood; their essential nobility has survived all the chances and the changes of more than twenty centuries.

No such examples are possible in this western world; it is the design of our institutions to exalt the body-politic, and not to exalt individual families.

In this country acquired honors are not inherited; death scatters accumulated wealth; families, commonly, fade away and are forgotten in a few generations; the exceptions that are permanent enjoy rare physical vigor and distinguished purity of morals.

We, as a family, number ten generations here, eight of them American born; few of us may attain the factitious respectability that goes with large possessions; few of us may enjoy the distinction of public honors; but every one of us can maintain and is bound to maintain the ancient honor, the upright integrity, and the sound morality of this family; these are our best inheritance, let us transmit them unimpaired and brightened to those who shall follow us. Let us remember that

"Only the ashes of the just Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Let us remember that

"One sad losel soils a name for aye
However glorious in the olden time;
Not all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay
Nor florid prose, nor honeyed words in rhyme
Can blazon of evil deeds, or consecrate a crime."

If such be our ruling spirit, then when another hundred years shall have passed away and the Bicknells of future generations shall meet, on this consecrated spot of their American origin, to unroll the record of the past, and revive ancestral memories, they shall be more exalted than we, and shall illustrate with more honor the ancient worth of the race.

The following hymn was sung at the close of the exercises in the church, before adjournment for dinner:

FAMILY HYMN.

September 22, 1880.

BY ALFRED BICKNELL, MELROSE, MASS:

Tune-AMERICA.

ī.

Joyful we gather here,
With brimming hearts to cheer,
Each kinsman new.
From north and south and west,
Grateful for favors blest,
We come, in loving quest,
This scene to view,—

II.

Our family, returned
To this old home, where burned
The earliest fire,
Which, on this northern strand
To warm their Pilgrim band,
Was kindled by the hand
Of our Grandbire.

III.

That warmth can ne'er depart From any loyal heart That owns our name. Unquenched by time or space, By Heaven's sustaining grace, In every age and place, It burns the same.

IV.

When Christmas time is near,
We seek the homes so dear,
At Love's glad call,—
So, on this autumn day,
The summons we obey,
And come in full array,
Each greeting all.

V.

Right welcome to this place!

Welcome each cousin's face,
Fruit of our tree!

Hail to each new-found friend!

May Heaven its bounty lend,
And may success attend
Our JUBILEE!

A Bicknell Idyl.

BY MRS. ACHSA H. (BICKNELL) AMES, COLUMBIA, PENN.

EAR Friends and Kindred—far away,
I give you greeting—all to-day—
Each friendly hand I fain would grasp
In a long, thrilling, loving clasp.
But seas of circumstance divide,
As sure as ocean's rolling tide.
And what I have to say or think,
Must go to you by pen and ink.
Fate dooms my vision may not see

This old new-gathered family;
My willing feet no road may trace
To your time-honored meeting place.
So at this BICKNELL Jubilee
Another will my proxy be,—
Linking—Dear Cousins—you and me.

"Lang syne" my feet have trod the street
In the old town where you will meet;
And memory dear around it weaves
A charm,—bright as its autumn leaves;
My Mother's Birthplace! Shall I not
Do reverence to this hallowed spot?

As from the hill top, gained at last, Over the way we came,—we cast Our eyes with long drawn earnest gaze At the far landscape,—lost in haze, So we, though veiled in distance blue, The journey of our sires review.

Long — long ago, — one summer's day
The waves of Massachusetts Bay
Were parted by the oaken prow
Of the "Assurance;" freighted now
With stern souls from "Old England" come
To found in this "New World" a home.
On deck more than a hundred stand;
The seed corn for this virgin land.
From "Weymouth" old, for "Weymouth" new,
Sires, dames and babes; a royal crew,
Fit followers of that Plymouth stock
Late planted on the world-famed "Rock."

ZACHARY,— AGNES,— JOHN! Over their biers
The winds have blown two hundred years.
But as the breezes come and go
In all the ages man shall know,
May their blest memory sacred be
Who planted here the BICKNELL tree;
Their "Requiem" the sounding sea.

As in the spring the well tilled field
Gives promise of autumnal yield:—
So in those spring-time days of yore,
Our tree paternal fruitage bore
In numbers rich. Each branching shoot
In new homes added to the fruit
Already ripening;— till the town
Itself too small for them was found:
South, West and North they emigrate,
A welcome find in many a State.
More homes they plant throughout the Nation
And quite outgrow all calculation.

At this late day we cannot tell
The old, old story, passing well;
For little record has been left
By which to trace the warp and weft
Of all the yards wove, since the day
Our Fathers entered this broad bay:—
By History's shuttle: flying fast
As it e'er must while time shall last.
But a few words,— mere feeble hints
Of what has happened to us, since
The household "parting of the ways"
(Leading asunder like the rays
Of bounteous light,— and like that too
As wider thrown, more good to do).

Near to this spot that farmhouse stood
From which departed the young blood
Fortunes to seek. And now again
After so long,—back to "Old Spain"
We come, as pilgrims to their shrines;
Or children to their homes returning,
Their hearts for household faces yearning,
Glad each new cousin now to know;
Uniting here the parted lines
Sundered so many years ago.

The oldest,—John,— at home remained;
And age of manhood having gained,
As was quite proper,— took a wife;
And lived a sober, quiet life
For many years; his duty doing
To all around; no myths pursuing,
But practical, and steady going.
And now the fruit of this good sowing
Is seen in many a household here,
On all the hillsides far and near.
For specimen wheat if you desire
Say our "Toast Master"— Zachariah!

The second southward took his way (Named for "Grandfather Zach,"—they say), And by the "Narragansetts" bay Sees, what appears to his glad eves. Place for a farm of goodly size! The soil was fair, and as they grew The "boys" could have a farm there, too. These waters, too; nice place for fish; And clams! so many that no dish Could cook them right: - so in the ground Dug caves; the only way they found!! But in this world surprises come. He found what seemed a fair-sized home Was more! in fact, strange to relate, The whole of "Little Rhody's" State! This, they, of course, soon overflow, And westward the grandchildren go. Some in the "Empire State" remain, Some, pushing on, "Ohio" gain. I will not vouch that all is true Of these details, as told to you. I cannot,- for I was not there To see: but cousin Thomas, in the chair Is of that branch: and sure he "oughter" Know if the story will "hold water." Young Thomas, too, picked up his bundle; Thinking it time for him to trundle His worldly gear; and as its wings The young bird tries before it springs For higher flights,-he started out For a short trip, - finding, no doubt His wish; for in a neighboring borough Where land was good he turned a furrow Hard by the State, where, as you know, The well-known "wooden nutmegs" grow. And well they delved, no labor shirking When, wishing for new fields to work in Some left New England, and their banner Planted upon the Susquehanna. Where Penn, so famed in song and story,

Founded the city,—now his glory.
But still the children will not stay
Under their roof tree,— and away
Some go to the "far, far West;"
To those broad acres, where the best
Of crops are gathered,— wheat and corn
And children,— good as ever born!
Of fruit from that branch of our tree,
If you are curious now to see,
I name (sub rosa) our "M. C."

And so they "live and thrive and grow" Until our day, and here, we show. These samples of that Pilgrim blood, That crossed old ocean's stormy flood With Zacharv and his manly boy. May future Bicknells feel like joy. And show results as sound and true As have come down from them to you. Pardon me, cousins, if I stray From themes of larger scope to-day. And read to you a single leaf Of personal history. 'Tis, in brief, Like many another, which you all In your ancestors' lives recall. 'Tis but one stone uncarved and rude In this Fane, pillared with our blood. A single note in the grand song That to our name and land belong. Let me bring back that olden time (Whose memory stirs like vesper chime Stealing across some shadowed bay Pearl-tinted by the dying day): When, childhood's busy labor done, I sat me down at set of sun To hear the story told again Of a long journey down to "Maine!" Of Grandpa Noah, so strong and bold, And his wife, Nancy, good as gold. Of Emery, the first-born son,

And Hannah, daughter number one: Of James, a little toddling fellow, And baby Nancy, on a pillow. How, for a farmer's life inclined, They left old Weymouth's hills behind, And in a wagon roofed with white. In which the children took delight. They journeyed on through bush and brake, By winding stream and woodland lake, Onward, towards the rising sun. Until the tiresome journey done, Noah's "ark of safety" victory won, Until their "Ararat" they found Where Oxford's dark, old woods abound. As time rolled on more children came To propagate the Bicknell name. One daughter and three lusty boys Filling the new-made home with noise. And then a grandchild, who in time Grew fond of scribbling prose and rhyme, Who, here and now, would fain rehearse This old time tale in better verse. Of other branches and their fruit The past, to me, is sadly mute. But all will represented be, I trust, on our ancestral tree. And your Historian deftly trace Each branch and scion to its place. Your "President" we know by sight, His "Journal" bringing us delight. Toilers in the same field are we,-Abundant may the harvest be,-Not gauged by gold, or worldly store, But rich in words and works of Power To help to higher, nobler life The youth now arming for the strife Of the world's battle. So shall we Gain by our giving; and at last, When all this mortal toil is past, And we shall cross the narrow sea,

May we in loving, joyous bands, Meet the warm clasp of welcoming hands.

Not far away from where I write, Enrobed in pure, immortal white A sculptured CL10 sits. Around Her snowy feet tis hallowed ground. Where our good Lincoln bared his head To eulogize the Nation's Dead! Fair fields of Gettysburg: one line In memory of thee and thine. Could I invoke her magic power. And wield her marble pen one hour, These lines should thrill your listening ears, Should fill your answering eyes with tears, Strengthen your inmost souls, for fight Against the wrong, tho' armed with might. Pledging anew each loval soul In Freedom's sacred army roll. Allay all doubt, - dispel all fears -And warm your hearts for coming years.

Sometimes the northern breeze brings down A message to this German town: Telling in accents soft and low Of those I knew so long ago. Bringing to our delighted ears The story of successful years. The brush one wields with rising fame; One labors in his Master's name; Some till the soil, some thrive at trade, For arts mechanic some seem made; But laggards, none! a drone alive Is stranger to the Bicknell hive! Sometimes we hear of bridal bells; Or ringing laugh of baby glee Chorus of sweetest melody! And sometimes, sad funereal knells, Telling that servants tried and true, Faithful with many as with few,

Their sun low sinking in the west
Are summoned, "Enter into rest."
The latest carrier dove that flew
Straight to the Şusquehanna's blue,
Brought down the welcome invitation
To meet this new "Association!"
I wish that health and purse said "Yea,"
But Prudence, safer guide, says "Nay,
Be patient." So I send this greeting,
Hoping to be at your next meeting.
The circle widens,—another year
Will bring them all, from far and near.

Kinswomen, who have changed your names (Not one, like me, I think, to Ames), I send you greeting. May this verse Find you possessors of none worse. And may each one of you have joy Like me, in one, big Bicknell boy! Please pardon, if I add a line On lineage, of this son of mine, (Altho' I hold the best of blood Is that which keeps us doing good :-And the best legacy that's given Is manhood, and the hope of Heaven: A little pride may pardoned be Because of virtuous family). When I of "Zachary" discourse. His father names another source. Old Fisher Ames! the eloquent, Once Harvard's chosen President. And all agree that we should be Honored by honest progeny.

My fair young cousins; human flowers,
Adorning this gray band of ours,—
Upon the green and fragrant banks
Where bloom your sweet and scented ranks,
May one "wild oat" ne'er stay or drop
To propagate a sinful crop.

But in your sunshine's golden glow May you to full perfection grow, To guard the honor of our name, Dearer by far than wealth or fame.

Let us rejoice:— no spendthrift son
Comes home in rags to ask a bone!
But as the rivers flowing free
Down to a common, glorious sea,
Come to this gathering old and young,
Those known to fame, and those not sung
In song or story; but who yet,
Ere their life's sun shall sink and set,
By worthy word or labor done,
May carve their name on pillared stone.

What is the lesson heard to-day? What does the voice historic sav To us,-as down the stream of Time Comes many a message, -- grand, sublime, Feeble or foolish, -- as the ears That catch the accents read the years? It speaks of homely duties done. Of fields from native wildness won.-Of thankless tasks performed with zeal, Of works of mercy, and of weal For those unable to repay: Of tireless labor day by day In years when plenty was unknown, It points to many a happy home (Not mansion grand, but cottage hearth), Not station high, but modest worth, · It tells of Faith, and Hope, and Trust, Showing that "treasure," that the "rust And moth" of all the years Dims not, but brighter yet appears. It says "Fear not the right to do,"-Warns us no folly to pursue,-Strengthens the outstretched hand of Love, By daily work our creed to prove;

Sees Earth, as by His bounty given;
Our FATHER.—God! our home.—in Heaven.

Time tarries not :-- my song must cease --But ere we part,-I pray the "peace That passeth all," - our lot may be For time, and for Eternity. "Tis fitting we should here rejoice In these old new-found "girls" and "boys." 'Tis fitting that we join to cheer Our gathered household, old and dear: "Three cheers" for all who bear our name. And three for all who love the same. Three for old Zachary, and his sons, Back to those five our blood all runs. Three for this good old town, their home, Good for a thousand years to come. Three for each State that holds our kin. Three for each Bicknell home within. Three for our Brother, who fills the chair. Three for our Statesman .- three for our "fair." Three for our Artists, Lawvers, Teachers, Three for our Farmers, and our Preachers, Three for our Daughters, Wives and Mothers, Three for our Fathers, Cousins, Brothers. Three for our Flag, and "three times three" For Law, for Love, for Liberty!

Time tarries not,— Dear friends, Good bye,
In the far space beyond the sky,
Some glorious world, we hope, may be
Our home throughout Eternity.
Hedged by no name, however bright:
Bounded by naught but Love and Right.
One common, perfect family,—
Our Father's children—all: may we
United be:— no parting sigh,—
Never again to say "Good bye."

THE RE-UNION.

THE 22d of September was one of the brightest of our Autumn The clear and cool air, the bright sun, and the recent rains, made the day a perfect one for the gathering of the family at the old homestead, at Weymouth. The Committee of Arrangements in connection with the local committees had made complete preparation for the exercises. The Methodist Episcopal Church of East Weymouth, politely offered by the Trustees for the services, was admirably adapted as a place for the meeting. on flowers made ample and tasteful floral decorations. 9.30 A. M., members of the family arrived at the church, and as the time for the commencement of the exercises drew near, the large audience room was well filled with the descendants of Zachary and Agnes Bicknell, each wearing a silk badge, commemorative of the Carriages and trains brought friends and relatives from far and near, (representing at least ten States of our country, with an honorable representative from the fatherland, England), and the introductions of the early hours of the day may help to form the acquaintanceships and friendships of a lifetime.

The church was tastefully decorated with tablets inscribed with the family Christian names of past generations, intermingled with beautiful flowers, the floral adornments including an elegant basket of tuberoses and other choice flowers. On the wall at each side of the altar were two tablets inscribed—"Old Weymouth welcomes the descendants of Zachary and Agnes Bicknell to their old home," and "1635—Zachary, Agnes, John, Mary, Thomas, John, Zachary.—Your children gather here to honor your memory.—1880."

The exercises were opened with an organ voluntary—the Grand Offertoire of Battiste—performed by Mr. Arthur M. Raymond, and the Arion Quartette then gave a vocal selection, "Welcome Meeting," by L. Marshall. The musical portion of the exercises was under the direction of F. B. Bates, Esq., and the choir was composed of musical talent of the family almost exclusively.

Rev. George W. Bicknell, of Lowell, chaplain of the day, read Scripture selections from the 25th chapter of Isaiah, and offered a fervent prayer, the choir stationed in the ante-room appropriately responding with a musical rendering of the Lord's Prayer.

Lest the elements of personality and family partiality should enter into our own account of the literary and musical exercises of the day we will refer our readers to the

NEWSPAPER REPORTS.

The Weymouth Gazette and Weymouth Advance in their issues of September 24, contained interesting and valuable reports of the Bicknell gathering, and the Advance published the President's address entire. As a remembrance of the Boston press, we print entire that of the Boston Advertiser, of Thursday, September 23.

THE BICKNELLS.

FIRST GATHERING AT EAST WEYMOUTH YESTERDAY OF THE FAMILY ASSOCIATION — ADDRESS OF WELCOME — BRIEF FAMILY HISTORY — ADDRESS BY
CONGRESSMAN BICKNELL AND VISITS TO HISTORIC FAMILY SITES.

The Bicknells, one of our steady-going, conservative families,— the sort of stuff that makes New England stock respected everywhere, its morals . strong and pure, and its industry thriving and solidly grounded,-held their first family re-union yesterday at East Weymouth. They have not as a family tended and watched the old family tree so closely that they can tell the exact connection between the blossoms and young boughs of to-day and the sturdy old parent stock. But as the tree is known by its fruits, therefore the fruits must show similarity to each other as well as to the original stock, and so there is abundant reason to expect that the effort to build up the family history, which was begun only a short time ago, will be successful to a satisfactory degree. The Bicknell Family Association was organized last December. Its president is Mr. Thomas W. Bicknell of this city, the editor of the New England Journal of Education; the secretary and treasurer is Mr. Robert T. Bicknell of 200 Devonshire street, and the corresponding secretary is Mr. Alfred Bicknell of 33 Milk street. Yesterday the gathering was large and most encouraging to those who earnestly desire to keep trace of the family. Representatives from various parts of Massachusetts, near and remote, and from other States, came back to the old home of him to whom they trace their common descent, and who was one of the early pioneers in this New England wilderness. The Methodist Episcopal Church at East Weymouth was fittingly decorated for the day, and the audience of Bicknells and invited guests nearly filled it. From one of the pulpit side-lights hung the family coat-of-arms; flowers adorned the desk, and various placards showed the lines of patriarchs in the family. At the left of the pulpit was a large card bearing the inscription: "1635. Zachary, Agnes, John, Mary, Thomas,

John, Zachary. Your children gather here to honor your memory. 1880." A corresponding card on the other side read, "Old Weymouth welcomes the descendants of Zachary and Agnes Bicknell to their old home." Down both sides of the church, suspended from the wall-lights, were cards bearing well-known family names, as follows: "William, Noah, James;" "Zachary, John, Thomas;" "Luke, Humphrey, Otis;" "Timothy, Jacob, Ebenezer, Daniel;" "Joseph, Benjamin, Nathan;" "Ezra, David, Samuel;" "Peter, Joshua, Nathaniel;" "Joseph, Stephen, Allen." Music for the day was kindly furnished by a volunteer choir of the family.

Eleven o'clock was the time set for the opening of the exercises, and the first number was an organ voluntary. Then came reading of the Scriptures and prayer by the Rev. George Bicknell of Lowell, who was the chaplain of the day. A brief address of welcome was then given by Mr. Thomas W. Bicknell, the president of the association. He mentioned the various branches of the family and the leading family traits. While the family has not risen to an exalted place, yet it has an honorable record. Many of its members have been those who earned their bread by the sweat of their brows. Yet they have a record which few families can show. For two hundred years of which they have a record, not a member of the family has been a pauper or a criminal. A good history has been made in the legislative halls of the country. Several members of the family have been members of State legislatures, and two of them have been members of Congress. Among the family there have been also business men, lawyers and a few doctors. The speaker welcomed the guests and members of the family to the town of their common ancestor and gave them a cordial greeting. After him came Mr. Quincy Bicknell of Hingham, the historian of the association. His record involved much patient search and care in arrangement, albeit when finished it sounded, as one of his auditors remarked, like one of the chapters in the Bible which are composed mainly of a series of "begat" sandwiches. After alluding to the circumstances of the early immigration to Massachusetts and the character of the immigrants, Mr. Bicknell spoke of the first one of the name in the country,- Zachary Bicknell, who came to Weymouth in 1635. It can be fairly inferred, said the speaker, although but little is known of Zachary, that he was in sympathy with the early Puritan spirit, and that he was a man of some property, for it is on record that he brought a servant with him. Zachary died the year after his arrival, and the land in Weymouth which he owned was sold in the next year to William Reed. In that family it remained many years, and a person is now living who can remember when the last Reed owner held it, so that its connection with the old Zachary is well established. The land is on Middle street and is the estate of the late Sylvanus John Bicknell, son of Zachary, was also the common ancestor of all the Bicknells in the country. He was twelve years old at the death of his father, and grew up to be a carpenter. From this point the speaker went on at length to speak of John's two marriages and eleven children. They became widely dispersed, going to Maine, western Massachusetts and elsewhere, and the success which has already been achieved in tracing the families warrants the expectation that the record will be made still more complete. Other

Bicknells are found in the Boston and Charlestown records, but they do not seem to belong to this family, which includes most persons of the name in the country. Bicknells are also found in the Barbadoes and in this country also, some of them rose to the dignity of slaveholders. They generally treated their slaves well, and some of the latter, when they were manumitted, took the name of Bicknell. Hence it appears among the blacks. So no one need go to Africa, said the orator, pleasantly, in search of any ancestors of the Bicknells. Taking up the family in detail, Mr. Bicknell then brought down the descent to the sixth generation from the first Zachary, thus enabling many of those present to trace their lines back to him. He mentioned the Bicknells in New York and in the western part of the State; also those in Maine, where many descendants of Luke are now living. Otis Bicknell was the first of the family in Dalton, and many of the family in Berkshire county are his descendants. Summing up the moral qualities of the family, the speaker regarded them as among the conservative supporters of religion.

After singing by the choir came an address by the Hon. George A. Bicknell, M. C., from Indiana. It was about forty-five minutes long, and the main thought was the value of good blood and the doctrine of inherited traits as illustrated in the Bicknell family. Hence the value of family re-unions from the similarity of family people. The name Bicknell is Scandinavian in origin, and was originally spelt Becknill, or a word which means about the same as Brookville in modern English. The speaker advanced the doctrine that individual greatness arises generally in homogeneous bodies, and the reason that America has produced no great work yet is that the people are not yet sufficiently homogeneous.

This address was followed by a poem by Mrs. A. H. (Bicknell) Ames, of Columbia, Pa., and then came an original hymn written for the occasion and sung to "America," followed by the benediction. After this, dinner was served in the vestry, but the speeches — Mr. Z. L. Bicknell, of East Weymouth, being set down as toast-master — were postponed because of the lateness of the hour. It was voted that the proceedings of the day be published in a pamphlet. Letters were read from Governor Long and the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder. Then Mr. David Bicknell, of London, England, spoke of the English branch of the family, and displayed some portraits. The publication of the family history was ordered, and a committee appointed to oversee the matter. About half-past three the party started in barges to visit the site of old Zachary Bicknell's house, the "King Oak Hill" and the old church and cemetery where the first Bicknells worshipped and were buried. This visit closed the programme of the day.

THE COLLATION.

At the close of the exercises in the audience room of the church, the large company proceeded to the church parlors, where a sumptuous dinner was in readiness, furnished by Mr. H. Blunt, of Boston, the well known and popular caterer. The tables were bountifully spread with hot oysters, meats, cold chickens and turkeys, bread, cake of various sorts, apples, pears, peaches, grapes, etc., ice creams, tea and coffee, and were decorated with elegant bouquets, supplied by the ladies of Weymouth.

Three hundred and forty hungry Bicknells sat down to this welcome repast, made doubly so by keen appetites, whetted by the long hours, and unusual exercise since the morning meal. grace by the chaplain of the day, a busy scene presented itself, and what with swift flying tongues and active hands the next half hour's work was a scene which the Bicknells of Old or New England never saw before, but which may be only a foretaste of the good things yet to be. The sound of many voices almost drowned the clatter of the dinner service, and—Babel or Pentecost,—there certainly was the gift of strange tongues, suddenly speaking one language in sympathy, in sentiment, and in song. Had not the president possessed full Bicknell stature and a pair of sound, clear lungs, there is doubt whether the dinner hour had not wasted the unspent day; but as the time approached for the departure to the old memorial places of Weymouth, order was restored, although there was the most perfect order before, and the announcement was made that the clock told the hour for retiring, without allowing the privilege of listening to toasts, speeches, songs and poems which had been prepared for the occasion. The president expressed what he knew were the deep regrets of all at the necessity of postponing the after-dinner repast, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," but comforted all hearts a little by the statement that the unspoken words might yet greet them in print. The following letters were then read from absent invited guests and friends.

LETTERS.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Executive Department,

Boston, Aug. 18, 1880.

THOMAS W. BICKNELL, Esq., 16 Hawley Street, Boston:

Dear Sir:—I am very much obliged for your kind invitation to attend the re-union of the Bicknell family, to be held at Weymouth on the twenty-second of September next. It comes at the same time with the agricultural fairs, one of which I have already engaged myself to attend, so that I shall be unable to join you. I cannot, however, let the occasion pass without sending my congratulations and best wishes for the occasion. In my native town of Buckfield, Maine, and in the adjoining towns, the name of Bicknell was one of the most frequent and estimable. Those who bore it were men of character and influence. One of them, my old friend Mr. William Bicknell, of Hartford, who I presume will be with you, has distinguished himself there by his pen, and his son, a merchant of Boston, has occupied public positions with credit. There are many others, some of whom still remain in their native State, while the rest, with the push and enterprise characteristic of the family, are now busy in every walk of life in other States.

Please convey to my friends and acquaintances who will be present my kind regards, and my respect for the name they bear, and believe me,

Yours, very truly,

JOHN D. LONG.

HISTORIC GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY.

Society's House, 18 Somerset Street,

Boston, Mass., Sept. 9, 1880.

MY DEAR SIR:—Your kind invitation to attend the Bicknell Family Association meeting on the 22d is in hand. Gladly would I accept it, did circumstances permit. There is, in addition to physical inability, the fact that I shall on that day attain to my eighty-second year of life, and cannot leave home.

I beg, however, to assure you that I feel a lively interest in everything that pertains to the treasuring up and perpetuation of the history and genealogy of our New England families. In nothing is the Divine benevolence more fully illustrated than by those ties of fraternal love which bind the family circle together. It is, therefore, a sacred duty to preserve the genealogy of the Bicknell family, and in this effort I bid you God speed. I know of no more pleasant duty to any one who has any regard for his ancestry, than to record the incidents and history of their lives and their relatives. Next to the training of the spirit for the Life Eternal, there can be no more noble service than to treasure up and perpetuate a record of the principles and deeds of our fathers, who have transmitted to us the rich inheritance which we now enjoy.

With great respect,

MARSHALL P. WILDER.

HON. THOS. W. BICKNELL.

President of the Bicknell Family Association.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

PAWTUCKET, Aug. 16, 1880.

HON. THOS. W. BICKNELL:

MY DEAR SIR:—I have your kind note of the 12th inst. It would give me pleasure to join you in your re-union at the time and place named. I shall endeavor to do so. If I am not present it will be on account of other engagements already made for that week, or press of business. Can tell later. Thanking you for the invitation,

I am, yours very truly,

A. H. LITTLEFIELD.

MUNROE, ADAMS Co., IND., Sept. 14, 1880.

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE BICKNELL FAMILY GATHERING:

DEAR BROTHER AND RELATIVES:—I received the invitation to attend your gathering too late to get ready in time. But the main trouble is, I am a poor Methodist preacher, and have a wife and five beautiful, sweet and intelligent young Bicknells to support, and it takes about all my salary to support them. I am truly glad to know that I have so many illustrious connection. I should like so much to be with you at your gathering. I am the youngest child of thirteen. My father and mother were born and raised in North Carolina, and remained there after they were married until they had nine children; they then moved to Indiana in the year 1833, where we have

since lived. My father died in the city of Indianapolis in 1876. He never had a spell of sickness in his life, except the sickness at his death, which was only twelve hours before he died. My mother is still living; she is seventy-eight years old. Five of our family are dead. I have a brother, Rev. L. W. Bicknell, a Baptist minister. Quite a number of our connection are in Vincennes and Sullivan, Ind., Bicknell's Point, Ill., and in the South. I never heard of a Bicknell being arrested, put in jail or prison in my life. I never knew a Bicknell that was an infidel, and I hope I never may.

Although my grandfather owned a distillery in North Carolina, and my father was raised in a still-house, almost; yet I never heard of, nor saw a Bicknell that was a drunkard. Samuel Bicknell was my grandfather's name. He owned a large plantation in North Carolina and a large number of slaves. Both of my grandfathers were in the Revolutionary war. My father's name was Lewis T. I have an uncle in the South somewhere, by the name of Larkin Bicknell. The Bicknells of our branch are a prolific people. All that I ever knew had large families. Well, I don't know but what the Lord might just as well people this world with Bicknells as anybody else. Oh! I should like to be with you so much. It would do me good every way; but I am one of your poor connections and am not able to come. But I hope that we may all meet in that beautiful city, in that better country, where we shall join in one grand and glorious re-union that shall never end.

Yours fraternally,

I. J. BICKNELL.

STANWIX, ONEIDA COUNTY, N. Y., Sept. 15, 1880.

· Alfred Bicknell, Esq., Corresponding Secretary, etc.:

DEAR SIR:— My brother James, the elder, requests me to inform you that your favor of September 10, kindly inviting him to write a letter to be read at the Bicknell family re-union, is received. He says he should be very happy to grant the request, but in consequence of a trembling of the hand, it is quite difficult for him to write, therefore he wishes to be excused; he would be highly gratified to meet with you in your re-union, but age and infirmity are in the way; his good will and prayers are for the success of your gathering.

Very truly yours,

Moses W. Bicknell.

Our Ages.—I was eighty-three the second of this month, September. Brother James, if he lives to see the twenty-third of October next, will be eighty-five.

M. W. B.

Rowe, Mass., Sept. 13, 1880.

TO THE HONORABLE RACE OF BICKNELLS:

DEAR KINSMEN:—I have been invited to be with you in your gathering upon the ancestral grounds of Weymouth. Am sorry not to be able to meet you there, but previous arrangements prevent.

It is gratifying to me that the interest in our numerous family has made this move. If the American Republic understands itself it will henceforth give full recognition to this branch of its constituency. As to our corporate and individual standing, I believe the B's are an industrious and respectable race; outside of jails and poor-houses, at this present writing, I hear of no drones—no one held in durance vile. I think you will find yourselves when assembled upon our very great-grandfather Zach's estate, a very creditable swarm of B's; and so no doubt do our uncles, our aunts, sisters and cousins, all feel the same.

Are we not proud of our ancestry who were, I hear, Norwegian pirates? While everybody in the early times of European sojourn committed depredations upon his neighbor, other people's forefathers skulking behind trees and ignobly never losing sight of land, our progenitors launched boldly and manfully out upon the broad ocean. But why need I say this? Your—our historian, Quincy Bicknell, and our poet, Mrs. Bicknell Ames, will speak and sing what praises are in all modesty our due.

The writer of this would at any time be glad to see any of our tribe at his home in Western Massachusetts—get off at Zoar on the Hoosac Tunnel Railroad, inquire for Rowe. This place is one of the Switzerlands of America,—scenery very fine in summer.

I hope Rev. E. A. Wyman, Ph. D., will be present to speak for our branch of the family.

Very truly and gladly,

W. M. BICKNELL.

BRICK CHURCH, E. ORANGE, N. J., Sept. 1, 1880.

Mr. T. W. BICKNELL:

My DEAR SIR:—Yesterday I received your circular giving notice of the proposed Bicknell Re-union, at Weymouth, Mass.

I am not certain that I can lay claim to a place in your Association, as I am not a direct descendant of Zachary, but most certainly I am from one branch of the Bicknell family, and am quite convinced that we are from the same respectable old stock.

I well remember, when a boy, hearing my grandfather (Wm. Bicknell) tell of a visit he had made to Taunton, Somersetshire, for the purpose of tracing

the pedigree of the family. After his death in 1825, I saw and read the account in his own handwriting.

He found by searching the Parish Church records, that a branch of the family (probably Zachary Bicknell) had emigrated to America soon after its first settlement.

My great-grandfather, John Bicknell, was a native of Taunton, but settled in London early in life.

You are at liberty to make what use you please of the account herewith.

You will please present my affectionate regards to every member of our numerous family, and believe me.

Yours very truly,

DAVID BICKNELL.

BRICK CHURCH, E. ORANGE, N. J., Sept. 7, 1880.

MR. T. W. BICKNELL:

MY DEAR SIR:—Many thanks for your prompt and very kind acknowledgment of my letter, addressed to the Secretary of your Association, A. Bicknell, Esq.

As I expect to start in a new business this month in New York, I may not be able to attend the Re-union and in the event of my not being there I will forward to your address, by the 15th inst., the picture of my dear, old grandfather (Wm. Bicknell) and his two sons, my father (W. J.) and my uncle (Elhanan). The latter was an opulent oil merchant of London. I copy the following from "Cooper's Biographical Dictionary":

BICKNELL, ELHANAN,

A great patron of Art, died at his residence on Herne Hill, Cumberwell, Nov. 27, 1861. He was engaged in commercial pursuit, and the personal property left at his decease was sworn at Doctors Commons as under £350,000. The wealth which he acquired was liberally judiciously, and unostentatiously spent, not upon himself alone (for even the beautiful specimens of Art which enriched his mansion were freely open to others besides his personal friends), but in doing good to those who stood in need of help.

There is another fact connected with my family which I omitted in my last letter. My grandfather, after being at Mr. Wesley's School at Kingswood, was removed to St. Savior's grammar school, founded by Queen Elizabeth. At that school he met a boy bearing his name, William Bicknell, and they became great friends, but could never trace any relationship. When my grandfather sold out his business in Blackman street, Southwark, it was to his old schoolmate, William Bicknell, second.

I think the Bicknells can show a good record for respectability.

I am, Yours very truly,

DAVID BICKNELL.

HARTFORD, ME., Sept. 16, 1880.

Cousin Alfred Bicknell:-The following is at your disposal.

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If the oldest living great-grandson (by the name of Bicknell) of Nathaniel Bicknell and the oldest grandson of Col. Luke Bicknell (by the name of Bicknell) and the oldest son of William Bicknell entitle me Patriarch of this branch of the Bicknell family, then I accept the title, and when an invitation from you, to be present at a Bicknell meeting at Weymouth in September, my heart was filled with joy, for I had long seen, by a prophetic eye, that the Bicknell blood, coursing in the veins of live Bicknells, would have such a meeting. But the mature judgment of seventy-seven years, and the counsel of her, whom I have lived with in married life fifty-two years this month, said, "You must let well enough alone," eclipses all my long cherished anticipations of being present in body. If the mind be strong, it cannot carry the lame tenement to the long wished for Association. Shall I give a brief statement of my three named ancestors, including their wives?

Nathaniel died at Abington, Mass., at the age of seventy-nine, in 1804, the year I made my first appearance at Hanover street, Boston, in a select party consisting of my mother and her assistants—mother at the age of twenty years. Luke died on the farm on which he was born in 1814, at the age of sixty-five, while holding the office of clerk of Abington. I, a child of ten years, knew him but to love grandfather, one whom the town and church delighted to honor. William died at Turner, Me., 1841, aged sixty years, after filling offices of trust in Turner and Hartford. I stood, as a father, beside his death-bed, and heard him say, "William, I shall pass to that immortal shore where all is blessed, where all will sing redeemed by Love."

I knew my great-grandmother, Elizabeth Lincoln Bicknell; she died at Abington, 1822, aged ninety-four years. I was long acquainted with my grandmother, Olive Gurney Bicknell, "truly a mother in Israel." She died at Hartford, Me., a pensioner in 1845, at the age of ninety-five years. She and her husband, worthy members of Center Church, Abington, near where they reared a family of eight to manhood. My mother, Martha Bosson, married my father in 1803, at Boston, died at her youngest daughter's, Mrs. Joseph F. Paul, Boston, February, 1879, at the age of ninety-five, expressing a desire to depart from earth-life to that immortal state where the goodbye is never known. I bid mother good-bye in 1878, believing we should never meet again in earth-life. I received a farewell blessing at the age of nearly seventy-six from a mother who was twenty years my senior in age. From my residence in Hartford, Me., her remains, accompanied by my sister Mrs. Paul, her son George, at the age of twenty, an infant when his grandmother made his home her home, were interred at Turner, Me., beside my father, her first husband, after an address by Rev. Mr. French, of that town. I saw, on that day I left mother at J. F. Paul's, at the same time, on a flight of stairs leading to the dining-room, four generations, mother, oldest son, grandson and great-grandchild, - a rare sight for a son to see at seventyfive years. I was well acquainted with my father's brothers and sisters, their

wives and husbands and children. Captain Nathaniel, grandfather of Rev. G. W. Bicknell, died 1872, aged ninety-five years; married Elizabeth Ramsdell; of eight children, only one living. Noah died 1872, aged eighty-nine years; married Nancy Brown; of eight children, James, Alfred and Deborah, Mrs. H. W. Noves, are living. Luke died 1870, aged eighty-three years; married Deborah Corbett; of five children I knew, Luke and Angeline James died 1862, aged seventy-two years; married Rebecca Bates, Vesta Howard, Sophia Willey; of two sons by the first wife, Henry is living. Elizabeth died 1853, aged seventy-seven years: married Robert Bates of Weymouth; children are living - Capt. James H., aged eighty years, one of the best boot makers ever in Weymouth on face stitch work; Robert, aged seventy-eight years. Rebecca died 1847, aged fifty-five years; married Josiah Cushman; of four children William is living. Robert Bates, Henry Bicknell and William Cushman voted in the same ballot box on the 13th that my son Henry A. and I did.

I would not forget my family of five children, four are living. William E., our first born, must speak for himself. Julia C. married Melvander G. Forbes, died at Buckfield, Me., 1870, married 1854, leaving two daughters who were sophomores at Bates College, both teaching the second terms in Hartford this season, youngest will soon return to college. Henry Augustus married Miss Abbie M. Mason, of Buckfield, Me., whom we live with on the old homestead. Hattie Augusta, twin mate of Henry A., married William L. Morrill of Buckfield. Both were married 1874 by Rev. Mr. Munson. Rachel died 1853, aged seventy-three years; married Capt. John Noves; of children, John, Luke, Nathaniel and Holland W. are living.

I received a card on the evening of the 15th from Hon. T. W. Bicknell, saying he would be pleased to receive a letter from me in prose or verse. I send an article, "What is Life?" If it is worthy of the occasion and not egotism in me I should like to have it read by my grandson, Edward Bicknell.

My limited time to comply with your request must be an excuse for errors.

WILLIAM BICKNELL.

What is Life?

A breath, a moment, a day or an hour? Or is it some dream of years gone by? For one, I have seen a reality, That no dream can paint, with the bright colors Of experience.

My footsteps, from a mere childhood to manhood,

Have trod in many paths, which only
Can be hid, when reason is dethroned.
I have acted a part in three scenes in
The great drama of life. A loved child,
Parent, and grandparent. Have trod the paths
Of youth in its variety. Have drank from
That fount of Education, to which all
Look back from manhood, even from old age,
With that mournful pleasure, that no one
But a participator in that boon
Can ever know.

For who can speak the joys
Of New England's school-days, but her scholars?
The happiness, that has been confined
Within the walls of some old school-room,
Where both sexes, from the child of four years
To him who stood forth in all his manhood,
Were subject to him, whose eye was their law,
Never can be painted by mortals.

Oh happy days!

Do you not love to dwell upon the past,
And review those scenes, in which Nature
Was drawn in all its brilliant colors?

Methinks I can now almost hear the rap, rap,
For silence, from our honored master, which
Has been broken by some well known truant,
Who had longed for, and now must receive
The ferule of those good old days.
I have acted a part in the next scene.
A fond parent has been doubly blest*
With that charge, which has been so little studied,
The responsibility of training
Children in the way of life.

I once smiled upon a loved son,†
And saw death touch his beauteous form,
Which was a passport for his pure spirit

^{*}Twins now thirty-seven years old.
†Edward Everett died aged 17 months

To his God—to my God—through His dear Son
The third and last scene!
The untried paths of parents are being trod
By children of my youth. They love to point,
With a parent's love, to these buds of manhood,
Which are blessings lent.

Life is not a dream

To one who has seen so many blessings.

I have seen the hand of God
In those flowers and thorns which beset my path.
God has been my shield and buckler.
By Faith, I see the Light which points me
To the immortal scene of glory, where
Each actor will join the great chorus
Redeemed by Grace—in honor of the Lamb.

WM. BICKNELL.

HARTFORD, ME., Sept. 16, 1880.

CEDAR SPRINGS, MICH., Sept. 15, 1880.

TO THE BICKNELL FAMILY ASSOCIATION:

GREETING:

Members of our family wishing to be represented at the great family gathering, request me to send this brief communication.

Otis, the sixth from Zachary, with Molly Stoddard his wife, removed from Abington about the year 1791, to Dalton, Berkshire County, Mass. They raised nine children. The five boys early imbibed radical temperance and anti-slavery principles. The oldest, James Bicknell, my father, believes he raised the first barn in Berkshire County, that was raised without rum. He is still living, active and sprightly, though past his fourscore; still interested in politics and in religion, for he has always linked the two together. His life has been a very useful one. He wishes to be remembered at your great feast and we all regret our inability to be present.

With great respect for the family name and all who honor it, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

C. C. BICKNELL,

Missionary Am. S. S. Union.

TOASTS AND RESPONSES.

Z. L. BICKNELL, ESQ., TOAST-MASTER.

OLD WEYMOUTH.

The mother of many noted sons. The Bicknells claim a large place at the household hearth, and a warm place near the motherly heart; we rejoice in her prosperity, and see in it the good, healthy growth of Bicknell blood in her ancestral stock.

RESPONSE BY T. H. HUMPHREY, ESQ.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

This ancient town has indeed been the mother of many noble sons and daughters, of whom she may well be proud. Her history of more than two hundred and fifty years, has been neither an uneventful nor an unimportant one. Her own modest records give the names of many of those children to whom she owes her present prosperous condition, yet they chronicle but few of their deeds, while other tongues and other pens have neither been silent nor idle in proclaiming their praises.

Many are the names among her children of once numerous and honored families, that are now known only in the musty leaves of parchment, or upon the less enduring gravestone. Many more are the names of those who were born upon her soil and nurtured by her fostering hand, and who have carried to other places the remembrances of their birthplace, where they have contributed by industry, skill and upright bearing, to the success and renown of the towns of their adoption. They carried away, with her lessons of integrity and thrift, the mother's blessing, and they send back, from time to time, the kindly greeting of well loved children to an honored parent. In their character and life they uphold the reputation of the mother who bore them, and bear faithful witness of her fidelity and love. But none the less dear and esteemed are the names of those sons and daughters who have remained by the old homestead, and who have stood by the mother through good and through evil report, who have shared her peril and her prosperity; and who have, in ten generations, lifted their venerated town from a few scattered dwellings on the borders of the sea, to its present proud and prosperous position,—the product of their toil and privations, and the fulfilment of their hopes.

It is not for the parent to single out as the object of special eulogy, any one of her numerous offspring, all equally her own, and all perhaps equally deserving of her regard; but she can hardly refrain from uttering words of affection and commendation as the birthday of any one of them approaches, and the brothers and sisters all heartly unite in these evidences of good feeling, when, otherwise, there might spring up jealousies and discontent.

And, so, to-day, does "Old Weymouth" welcome with peculiar assurances of regard, this festival day of one of her always present families, who came among the earliest, and who, from that day to this, have never failed to strive with generous emulation in extending the usefulness and renown of their ever honored and cherished mother. The name of Bicknell, from the day of Zachary the elder, whose early death cast a gloom over the infant settlement, from the day of John the patriarch, his son, down through the generations to the present time, has been one of credit and power, to which its compatriots could point with pride and satisfaction. Not only has it done its part in sustaining the dignity and reputation of its birthplace, in the persons of those who remained at home, but it has sent out its shoots into the far corners of the land, and there transplanted branches have as well, sustained the record they carried with them; and Weymouth, to-day, gladly recognizes the value of their services.

And it is with no ordinary feelings of satisfaction and enjoyment, that the mother expresses her hearty sympathy in the object of this gathering to-day, as she offers her sincere congratulations to the members of the family who live within her borders, with her cordial welcome to those who come to this festival from other homes, to enjoy the hospitality of the paternal hearth-stone.

May the mother and the children never lose this assurance of mutual confidence and esteem, but may the bond of union grow stronger and stronger with the passage of the years.

OUR INVITED GUESTS.

The Bicknell latch string is always out, and a warm welcome invites you to the hospitable circle. The Bicknell girls have often entertained angels—not unawares—and we offer to our invited guests, not only a choice seat at the table, but many chances to enter the fold and become one of us.

RESPONSE BY REV. D. P. LEAVITT,

M. E. Church, East Weymouth.

The invited guests share the pleasure of these festivities, notwithstanding the misfortune of not being born Bicknells. The assurance of a chance to enter the fold comes too late to many a guest, since other folds have been invaded, and such chances as these were have been already taken.

A great statesman of this country once said that "there is a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors which elevates the character and improves the heart." The Bicknell family to-day recognize this truth, and their outside friends gladly units with them in paying honor to the worthy men whose sturdy virtues were the foundation of that character in their descendants which has given honor to the Bicknell name in the past, and which promises to perpetuate it with increasing lustre in the future.

OUR ENGLISH COUSINS.

We came out from them, and are still of them. The new American stock takes pride in its old English home and kin, and hopes never to dishonor the family name and birthright. We welcome to our board a lineal descendant of our English fathers. Jehovah Jirah has been our motto and Mizpeh our prayer.

RESPONSE BY MR. DAVID BICKNELL, NEW JERSEY.

MR. PRESIDENT AND FRIENDS:

It is very gratifying to me after sojourning in this country for over thirty years, to come so suddenly amongst so many of my own name and kin.

I now realize the promise of a Bicknell welcome if I attended this first social gathering of the Bicknell family.

I thank you, sir, most sincerely for so kindly proposing my health and the friends for so warmly responding.

Independent of being introduced as an English Bicknell, my tongue must now have told the same tale, not only that I am an Englishman, but also a Cockney.

Each county in England has its own peculiar dialect. London has hers. The Rev. R. Hill objected to dropping the "h" as it would make him "ill (or sick) all his life. I never had that fear and have never been under medical treatment since I was an infant, then the doctor did his best to kill me, but finally gave up, left the house, but not hearing of my death he returned after waiting two or three days, and seeing I still lived, called me a "little humbug." I have managed to dodge the doctor ever since, and propose to do the same for some years to come, that I may enjoy the pleasure of meeting with you in this social family way.

The account you have listened to respecting my branch of the Bicknell family is very imperfect—but I hope, within a short time, to furnish the link that will again unite us.

There is one thing about this gathering of the Bicknell family that is particularly pleasing to my mind. Although a Congregationalist in principle, a Presbyterian in practice, I am glad that you are meeting in this M. E. Church, as it brings to mind so many of my family who were intimately connected with Methodism from its very foundation. And where is a fitter place than the house of God to remember all the way which the Lord our God has led us these many forty years in the wilderness.

May we continue to acknowledge the God of our fathers. It will then always be morning with us. The night will never come.

OUR PATRIARCHS.

Old age wears a crown of glory, when found in the ways of righteousness. We bow down before the gray-haired veterans, and honor our ancestry which has borne so many octogenarians, men and women who have lived long and well, know how to die well.

RESPONSE BY REV. F. P. CHAPIN,

Pastor Congregational Church, North Weymouth.

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY:

There is a saying that it becomes a Scotchman to look well how he makes up his mind, for when he once puts his foot down, it is hard for him to take it up again. This saying has reference to the well known trait of the Scotch generally for consistency and persistency. I thought after listening awhile to the admirable portraits of character drawn of several of your ancestors, before I knew where the Bicknell family originated, that surely you must be of Scotch descent. I was taken aback when I learned that you were originally Scandinavian. But respect for my opinion returned when one of your speakers said that the family, after leaving Scandinavia, actually spent some time in Scotland, before going to England, so your ancestors gained the best traits of those nations before coming to America.

I think your ancestor John must have put his foot down right when he became prominent in church and parish matters in 1651. I am glad to find by the Parish Records that so many of his descendants followed in his footsteps. This appears quite evident from the fact that none of them have been committed for crime.

I am glad to meet so many descendants of one of the early members of the First Church of Weymouth. The old church salutes you, and feels a material joy and pride in your gathering. In response to the sentiment which you gave me to reply to, and which your ancestors have so remarkably illustrated, let me say in the words of wisdom: "Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her."

I thank you for the very kind invitation which I received and for what I have enjoyed at your gathering, and for this opportunity to add my mite to the record of this day.

THE BICKNELL DESCENT.

"Blood is thicker than water."

RESPONSE BY ELLERY BICKNELL CRANE, WORCESTER, MASS.

MR. PRESIDENT, FELLOW KINSMEN AND FRIENDS:

I am really disappointed at being selected to respond to the sentiment just announced and feel that your President has made a great mistake in his selection this time, for the reason of my inability to do justice to the subject in hand. It calls for something to be said in behalf of the female portion of the Bicknell family, and they certainly deserve a more worthy and complimentary response than I can utter in their behalf.

This is a gathering of Bicknells of which we can justly be proud. But we must remember that they all do not bear that name here to-day and were those of your committee to deny those of us who do not answer to that name the privilege of being represented at this family gathering it would be doing

a great injustice to a very large if not the largest share of the Bicknell family. But your committee has shown wisdom by making the invitation broad, blood being the shibboleth by which we are admitted and we join with you heartly in ascribing honor to our noble and respected Bicknell ancestry.

I have no doubt that there are some here to day who would term it a serious loss to be without the Bicknell name, for they are deservedly proud of it. but the record shows that since the death of Zachary there have been found those of the family who were willing to sacrifice the name, but not the blood for the good of mankind, and I know those generous souls may be found to-It has been proposed that there should be written and published a genealogical history of the Bicknell family. This gathering bespeaks encouragement and success to such an undertaking and we must give our individual support to the work, and aid our good and worthy cousin, Quincy Bicknell, Esq., all we can, who I know is the right man in the right place, and will give us a record such as every member of the family will take pride in There is great difficulty in tracing family blood without the name, so that those of us who belong to the female lines should see to it, that these branches are still vigorous and thrifty portions of the great family tree. We know they make noble women, excellent wives and the very best of mothers, always found ready to perform well their part in the onward march of progress, and although little may appear on the printed page concerning our noble mothers, volumes in commendation have been written, and will be written upon the hearts of their children.

OUR CLERGY.

The flock is scattered, but the fold is one. The Bicknell shepherds have a busy work to gather them in, but their reward is sure.

RESPONSE BY REV. GEO. W. BICKNELL, LOWELL, MASS.

Mr. President and Members of the Bicknell Family Association:

I should act false to my own feelings did I not emphasize in the very outset of my remarks, the sentiment which, above all others, sways me at this time, and which has been uttered so often to-day. I am glad, very glad, to be here upon this occasion. In common, no doubt, with you all, I have looked forward to this gathering with very many pleasant anticipations. The reality, has eclipsed even the brightest. Every thing has conspired to make this day, as our honored President has expressed it, "A red-letter day of our calendar." Nature smiles as we love to see her, when we want a real good time. It is neither too warm nor too cool—just right. The Bicknell heads are clear as has been made evident in the eloquent addresses of the day, and the perfect arrangements of the committee who have had this gathering in charge, who have surprised and more than pleased us, ministering unto our tastes,

expectations and appetites in a manner which must be acceptable to every one. I am satisfied — doubly so — with every thing I have seen, heard and tasted, except the part which I am now expected to take in this glorious reunion. It is no effort — nay, but a pleasure, to which I cannot give expression, to take you, whom I have known, and also you whom I have never seen before, by the hand, ask all manner of questions about your families, and never be thought impertinent, and tell you all I know about others — good things I mean; and I do not believe there are many evil things associated with the Bicknell name; but this making a speech after one of the best efforts of a day (eating such a hearty dinner) is almost too much. But I will try and be short,— I mean in my speech.

I am asked to respond to the toast, "Our Clergy." I only wish I knew more about them. The only one with whom I have any acquaintance, and possibly not so much as I ought to have even with him, when we endeavor to fulfil literally the command of a writer, "Know thyself"— is your humble speaker. I do not think it best to say much about him. With all my failings, I am modest. To-day I do not want to occupy any position, where I shall be regarded as out of place, as "one of the boys at home." And as I stand on this spot to-day, and through the eve of retrospection, see the long line of Bicknells reaching from the right resting on 1635, to the left resting on 1880, and remember that my great big double big grandfather here lived and died, and did what many of his grandsons probably hate to do, cut, or sawed his own wood, and tilled the soil round about us, I do almost feel at home, though never before have I set foot on this ground—hallowed by so many associations, and, to many of you, pleasant remembrances. But the Bicknell line has had in the past (and there are several of the same class in the present), a number who have spent their lives in preaching, and it is to be hoped, also in practising. I do not know, for I have no authority for the statement, but I will venture to guess, that each generation has had its appointed share of men, who can be properly classed under the subject our honored toast-master has given me. I have often thought -(and now with Bicknell caution, I propose to make a perfectly safe statement)—that the life of the older clergyman years ago-before the remembrance, it may be, of any of these young men under seventy before me, must have been a very pleasant, or a very unpleasant one. There cannot have been any half way about the matter. There was an awe surrounding the profession, a made up and put on sanctity - the work of many years - which must have been pleasing, or displeasing to the occupant. It would have been terrible galling to me any way. The minister was way up in the pulpit - higher up than the modern pulpit puts a man, unless he is very, very tall. He never laughed (he must have been an odd one of our race however), but he was austere, stern, and in some senses, unapproachable. In a great degree he was the oracle of the community in which he resided - his say frequently law. Pastoral calls, if I am to believe all that I have been told, struck terror to the young, and filled the mature with agitation. I should like to have seen a Bicknell in the old time regimen. I wonder if children did actually run to woodhouses and barns, or seek refuge in the folds of mothers' dresses when

they saw him coming. I am confident that it didn't require matrons so long to get ready to receive the minister as in the present day of ———, you know the routine of preparation. Yet there was, generally speaking, a roundness of life, a purity of character, a solidity in the clergy of olden time, which made even their human personalities, models of excellence; and which it will be well for us all never to forget, but after which we might, in some measure, well pattern.

We have at the present time, several clergymen bearing our name, who are reported to be earnest workers in the Kingdom of Christ. But it is a matter of pleasure to note, that the clergyman of to-day is of, and in the masses. By this I mean, that he lives and moves more among and with the people. He makes religion, by his walk, teaching, and example, less of a bugbear than as once it was regarded. Not that he has lost the true dignity of manhood, but he has lost (and I am glad of it) some of the powers of freezing, of repelling, of ecclesiastical importance, which formerly characterized the ministry. If he is a true man, he goes out with a heart to meet hearts - a soul to meet souls - to minister unto the spiritual wants of the day, more than to impress people with his individual importance and sanctity, even if he possessed them. People are not so much afraid of the clergyman as in the days gone by; and upon the other hand, one of the main things to be desired now is, that he shall be so strong in his convictions of truth and right - that in no sense shall he be afraid of the people. The man who is afraid to speak his honest convictions upon questions of vital importance where he honestly believes them truth, to secure advancement, is a poor sort of a man and a mean minister. While I believe that the people have as much respect for the ministerial office as ever, yet it is pleasant to see awe melting away, and warmness glowing from it. There is to-day, so far as my observation extends - more mutual sympathy between pastors and people - more readiness to bear one another's burdens - more mingling of brotherly love and interest - a more delightful association - a warmer heart beating than must have characterized the association of years ago. And the influence must be equally as good, if not better. I may stand in awe of a man (I say I may but I don't); but awe never inspired that feeling for which humanity yearns to-day-love. To love him, I want to feel that he has an interest in, or a brotherly feeling toward me. I do not care how kindly a man may feel, if he is exteriorly cold, repellant toward me, he can, like the old priest of Scripture record, run over to the other side just as quick as he wants to. He can hurt my feelings most by coming close to me. The clergy are fast recognizing the truth, that it is vastly better to have the affections of the people, than their mere respect, or obsequiousness. While as a consequence, I say again, the ministerial office is not surrounded in the frigidity of the past, it is enveloped with a desire for human good, which the people see and understand, and thanking heaven for lives consecrated to the uplifting of humanity, their own affections are quickened and inspired, and they bring to the labor their own hearts, and crown the work, to which the minister only lends his aid, with the glorious fruitage of their own purified lives and souls.

It may be said, properly perhaps, that the Bicknell clergy have not been dilatory in recognizing the advancements of the day. So far as I know, the better interpretations of life and duty, as well as of belief, have not been cast aside. The period of scholarship has found devoted students. While, it may be, upon some of the really non-essentials of theology, they may not be all of one mind, vet upon essentials, upon everything which advances the human family, there is probably agreement. We disagree upon matters of which men know the least. If we would all work in directions with which we are acquainted, where, too, men are generally agreed, and which afford labors enough to keep us all busy during this life, and in the discharge of which, we are receiving much of our preparation for the next sphere of being, I think the world would be happier and better than it is. But be that as it may, the clergy, and so far as I know, the family of our name have not turned their backs upon human good. I do not think any Bicknell would sanction the hanging of a criminal, especially if the public good could be protected otherwise, no matter how much he might reverence the laws or customs of antiquity. I do not think any Bicknell would sanction the burning of heretics, or condemnation to prison of any differing in religious faith from himself. We have connections in the Baptist, Methodist, Unitarian, Episcopalian, Universalist, and I do not know how many other denominations-yet all indicating theological advancement over the interpretations of a century or two ago. They are all at work for the upbuilding of Christianity; and this I desire to say here, as I have often said in public before, no matter whether they believe upon some matters as I do or not, working as you are, brother clergymen, for human advancement, for intellectual development among men, to foster spiritual culture, religious growth and to secure a blessed salvation for human souls, I say with my whole heart, God bless you; and though we may be in different corps of the grand army, yet the success of your banner, indicating victory over sin and wrong, shall fill me with as great joy as may the triumph of my own. It is not for sectarian success for which we are to fight and labor. Shame on the man whose object is that alone; but the true aim should be to do what we can to aid in securing the triumph of truth over ignorance and error, love over hate, and Christ over every antagonism.

So far as I know, all which has in view the liberation of men from slavery—the freedom of the mind from bondage—the reign of purity in social life, in the ballot, in government, aye everywhere, has found in our clergy, earnest and warm support.

I have never yet met one who might be termed a bigoted Bicknell. I take it for granted that there are none among the clergy of the family. I hope not. I do not know, however, that there is a Bicknell who has not firm convictions upon important, or to him, interested subjects. Yet firmness may not be bigotry. A man can fully believe that he is in the right in his political or religious views, and yet not be intolerant. For myself I hope never to assume that Pharisaical view of superiority in opinion, which will not enable me to treat with respect, and honor the men who may differ from me; and may never any Bicknell take such a stand. Whatever our special office,

service, or thought may be, co-operation in the great work of human advancement is ever essential. One cannot say that there is no need of the other. Yet this Γ believe, if there was a better understanding pertaining to matters of individual or sectarian belief, there would be infinitely less antagonism among religious bodies than there is in the present.

The clergyman is, by his profession, a preacher: and yet, dear members of the Bicknell Family Association, you are all in reality, preachers. By man's hands you may not have received the rite of ecclesiastical ordination: but by God, each and every human soul is an ordained preacher. The long lines reaching so far down the past, have all been preachers. Their lives have taught the glories and beauties of honor and virtue; and the strength and respectability of our honored family, owe much to their grand life sermons. They may not have swayed multitudes, and you may not move masses; but some have heard, and have been profited. Yes, by life which should be pure and sacred-by example which should be bright and glowing, reflecting in a degree, yet as well as mortal may, the radiance of Him who made human existence glorious and resplendent with almost the beauty of the heavenly-by word which should be inspired by the spirit of purityby act which should draw in its life force from Christ himself-by influence which, while exercising its action on earth, shall gain its strength from on high—by attainments which may be as stepping stones to the eternal and the real-by struggles which have for their goal, the reaching of grander conditions for living than these occupied by man-by victories which shall enable the soul to realize its nobler possibilities—by characters rounded, full, complete, blessing earth, and which may shine in the remembrance of humanity long after the framework in which they are now moulding, shall have passed from human vision-yes, by all which goes to make up a nobler manhood and a brighter, purer womanhood, we are all preachers, members of Christ's clergy; and if we are faithful as we ought to be, when our earth work is completed, and the bright angel of God's love shall conduct us through the shaded valley to the bright summerland beyond, to the home where we may learn more of God, of love, of truth, and be blessed with associations for which our souls hope and yearn, the silvery voice will whisper words rich with approval, which may bestow upon us joys worthy of the immortal realm, and which will a thousand fold reward us for every toil, sacrifice, and effort of the present.

OUR BUSINESS MEN.

Industrious, honest, energetic, successful. They are all busy "B's" without a drone in the hive, and lay up more honey than money.

RESPONSE BY MR. ALFRED BICKNELL, BOSTON.

MR. PRESIDENT AND COUSINS ALL:

It certainly gives me very great pleasure to meet so many of our family here to-day. We had hoped for a pleasant day and for a goodly number, but this day and this large audience exceeds our most sanguine expectations. I

accept it as an augury of a pleasant and useful and far-reaching work for our Association in the future. I have always felt a pride in our name, and in our family reputation so far as I knew it; but not until since I have been engaged with our President and others in this work, have I understood so fully the solid basis for a just pride. As letters from different sections of the country came to us, all telling the same story, -no black sheep, no bummers in our camp. all self-supporting, reliable, square-dealing people,-I confess I was decidedly elated, and with reason too. You know that the saying "An honest man is the noblest work of God" is generally accepted as truth. But I am inclined to think it will bear some modification. I question whether an "honest family is not nobler?" And I think we can properly claim that ours is an honest family. What better title to nobility do we need? What characteristic does "gentle" blood properly impart if not to cause its possessors to follow the teachings of the "golden rule"? And in a remarkable degree I am sure that our great family in all the years that have elapsed since the "Assurance" cast anchor in Boston Harbor and in all the localities up and down this broad land in which we have lived and labored. I am sure that our family have followed this precept in their every-day practice very faithfully.

You have asked me, Mr. President, to speak to the sentiment "our business men." Now, you all know that there are at least two maxims, or rules, by which business men are governed in their daily dealings. For those who are governed by one only can I respond. We have a class of business men, much more numerous than I could wish, very smart, intelligent in every thing appertaining to money making, keen and sharp in trade, who will tell you that to "buy as low as you can, and sell as high as you can" is a business duty. They hold that "all is fair in trade," and are always ready with some excuse, plausible to themselves, for any scheme of sharp practice or overreaching by which they can "make a dollar." They are shrewd, sagacious, unscrupulous, careful to technically observe the requirements of statute law, holding that such compliance completes the sum of their obligations to their fellow men. Such people represent one class. I cannot answer for them. You know them, and no doubt somewhat of their operations. They may be rich, many of them are, but their riches are of the kind that sometimes take to themselves wings. Their level of business principles, I do not believe in. And my pride in our family is predicated largely upon the fact, as it seems to me, that our folks have not been governed by such influences. We have on the contrary recognized the rightfulness, the justice, the duty of giving an equivalent for all our acquisitions. It is said that "exchange is no robbery," and among people honestly organized it is true. But it is sometimes possible for worldly shrewd people by the exercise of a little business diplomacy to exchange a dime for a quarter! It is greatly to the credit of our family that we have not engaged in nor encouraged that practice. You have heard the story to-day coming from all quarters, no criminals, no paupers, no imbeciles in our family. We may add, with our hearts swelling with honest pride, no swindlers, no sharpers, no Shylocks, either. As I thank my God for his great favor as evidenced in this fruitful land, this advanced civilization and

all these instrumentalities for individual and associated improvement and elevation, so I thank Him fervently for the greater favor shown our family in their organization and development in the matter of personal integrity. Many a marble column bears the record of the virtues of the great and good, but as for me no prouder inscription could I ask than the simple words, "He was an honest man." Far be it from me to deprecate the accumulation of wealth by proper means. Be sober—prudent—cautious—industrious—frugal—pains-taking—but not sharp.

I know that every one of our name and descent is familiar with the prayer of Agur,—"give me neither poverty nor riches." Whether they realized it or no, I see clearly that the spirit of that prayer, like the keynote in music, has run through our family since those far away days, hundreds and hundreds of years ago, when our very name itself was evolved from humble beginnings—and if our good Historian with the effective assistance of our President and of our English Cousin, whom we are all delighted to meet here to-day, shall have the skill and patience to trace our genealogy back far enough, I am confident that they will find that Agur himself was a Bicknell, or had Bicknell blood in his veins! But I trespass upon this precious time, and I will close by giving you my version of the underlying principles that I feel have controlled our family practices hitherto, and which I hope will govern, not as alone, but eventually, the whole human family:

Every day, in every trade,
Act the vows on Sunday made,
Make your every word and deed
Prove the soundness of your creed.
If word or purse must suffer loss,
Keep your word good at any cost;
Your gold may vanish in a day,
True words and deeds will live alway.

RESPONSE BY MR. A. J. BICKNELL, NEW YORK.

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF OUR FAMILY:

The business men of our branch of the Bicknell family have, so far as I know, been only moderately successful, but I am pleased to add that as business men their record is good.

OUR LEGISLATORS.

The Bicknells are born rulers. At home they rule with love, tempered with a strong will; in society they rule with intelligence; in the church with godly fear, and in the State they rule with integrity, honor and true statesmanship.

RESPONSE BY HON. GEO. A. BICKNELL, INDIANA.

Our Legislators are such as the people require them to be.

If the people demand intelligence and learning and honor, these can readily be found; if the people are satisfied with ignorance and false pretences and venal trickery, these, also, can readily be found.

In general, the representative is better than the worst of his constituents and scarcely equal to the best of them.

If there is any deficiency in him it is the fault of his constituents who ought to have made a better choice. If there is any excellency in him, his constituents have the honor of their wise selection.

Let us hope that in the general progress of our institutions, "our Legislators" and their constituents will alike occupy higher ground in the future than they have reached in the past.

OUR TEACHERS.

The school-house has been the support and the supporter of the Bicknell race. Illiteracy is unknown among our name, and the schools of America have reason to rejoice in the Bicknell educators, who have not only learned, but taught the three R's, and have in various spheres illustrated the grand truths of intelligent thinking, temperate living and consecrated service.

RESPONSE BY MR. THOMAS W. BICKNELL.

Mr. Toast-master:

That the Bicknell blood has good qualities, we have abundant evidence in the intelligent company before us, which is only a tithe of the same sort of the great army of our name and blood, who are at their homes. That it has the elements of that superior grade, which inspires poets and teachers, there is also the clearest proof from family history and from our experiences of this memorable hour; and if the samples of genius today displayed by the Bicknells but reveal the latent talent of the family, we may never know how many "mute, inglorious Miltons," or Aschams may have "lived unwept and died unsung." Our learned historian has modestly stated that the literary element in our Bicknell stock was monopolized by Zachary and Thomas of the third generation, while John was left without this most valuable birthright. That our honors are tolerably easy and that the talent and scholarship were quite evenly distributed, however, is manifest in the fact, that John's sons and daughters claim the historian, the chaplain and the poets of the day, while the children of Zachary and Thomas share the other honors. Now as near as I can learn the facts, the school-masters' honors are also as equally distributed along the several lines of our descent, and all of our teachers that are not with us at the home circle to-day are "abroad" on missions of valuable service to men. It is quite remarkable what a host of instructors of youth has sprung from the loins of Zachary and Agnes. I believe there are teachers of our blood in half the States of the Union, and they are unusually good and successful ones too; and there are reasons for it. For first, the Bicknells are an intelligent race. While we have never known a criminal of our name, we have never known an illiterate Bicknell. The Bicknell who was ever obliged to make his mark for his autograph has been among the unknown, while hundreds have made their marks on unruly and troublesome boys. A natural love of, and desire for, knowledge is a characteristic of our people, and added to that element of intellectual acquisitiveness, has been that other sure qualification of a good teacher, a benevolence that leads to the quickening of other minds to possess the same truth. To acquire but not to hold, has been a principle of the Bicknells, universally,— no misers in wealth or knowledge. Freely receiving and freely giving have been the practice of the family.

Another element possessed in large measure by our race is the natural power to govern. Home rule has been an ancestral principle. Well-ordered homes show that we are born-rulers. The ideal of our family discipline has been to foster early self-control; hence the ability to control others. Firmness as well as mildness have characterized the spirit of the parental training. With such early influences, what but the well-poised governing power could be the out-come, a peculiar gift for the true teacher. Abundance of good sense and good nature is possessed by the Bicknells. Wise fools we have not in our households. God gave to every child of our race, five talents more or less, and his practical judgment, tact and skill have enabled him to make a gain on his capital in trade. Always hopeful, he has been the inspirer of hope and courage to others. Besides, the good teacher must possess his soul with patience, and did the wives or husbands of a Bicknell ever see one of the family out of patience. If so, I hope the case will be reported at our next re-union. These, and other qualities I have not time to mention, contribute a well balanced teaching character, and the men and women of our name who have taught at the home circle, and in the school-room in the days since Zachary, are many and distinguished.

Among those who have come under my own special notice, are, the many talented Quincy, our historian, of Hingham; the veteran William, of Buckfield, Maine; Simeon, the noted principal of a Vermont Academy, of an earlier day; Mrs. Ames, our accomplished poet of the day, now in Pennsylvania; Joshua Bicknell Chapin, of Rhode Island, teacher, physician, and lately State School Commissioner for several years; and if I may be allowed to refer to my own teaching life, I may say that I have taught in all grades of schools from primary to the college, have superintended the State schools of Rhode Island for nearly six years, and have published teachers' journals and magazines for nearly twenty years. It is a noted fact also, that eight of the ten children of one of our families have taught more or less successfully. These are but fractional parts of the great whole which includes some of the most talented, earnest and self-denying of our name. May our future record be more brilliant with the histories of those who at home or at school shall be the constant teachers of the true, the beautiful, and the good.

OUR ARTISTS.

The speaking canvas is eloquent; its language, universal, its immortality, sure. So may it prove with the distinguished art-masters and patrons of our name and descent.

RESPONSE BY MR. A. H. BICKNELL, OF MALDEN, MASS.

When Ball Hughes, the sculptor, came to this country, Andrew Jackson told him that he came fifty years too soon. To-day it is fifty years too soon to call for a response from "our artists." In art our family have "great expectations,"—we look to the future rather than to the dead past for great achievements. Buckle tells us that "As long as any man is engaged in collecting materials necessary for his own subsistence, there will be neither leisure nor taste for higher pursuits." With nations, great achievements in art never appear during the formative period — æsthetic development comes later. As with nations, so with the Bicknells!

That the true art instinct with the Bicknells is inherent, I cannot doubt. An accomplished artist informs me that many years ago while sketching in Switzerland, he made the acquaintance of a lady who painted in water-colors so much better than he that he was ashamed to show his own works in her presence. This lady was a daughter of the late Elhanan Bicknell, of London.

My lamented friend, William M. Hunt, declared that an art critic never was known to discover an original artist before he was forty; however that may be, a Bicknell discovered Turner, became his friend and patron thirty years before the peerless John Ruskin uttered a word in that renowned painter's praise. We have no great art achievements to record and dwell upon to-day, but later let the roll be called, the record be read and "honor to whom honor is due," let us then,

"Bring Art to tremble nearer, touch enough The verge of vastness to inform our soul."

After the reading of several letters, the president called attention to the family coat of arms which had been painted in water colors by Harry Bicknell, and then introduced Mr. David Bicknell of New Jersey, of the London branch of the Bicknell family, who gave a short but interesting account of his family, and exhibited three portraits, of his grandfather William, his father William J., and his uncle Elhanan, the latter a gentleman of great wealth and a distinguished art-patron of London.

After a vote of thanks to the Committee of Arrangements and the appointment of a Publication Committee, consisting of

QUINCY BICKNELL, THOMAS W. BICKNELL, GEORGE A. BICKNELL, ELLERY B. CRANE, ROBERT T. BICKNELL. MRS. CLARA B. WALKER, MRS. T. W. BICKNELL, MRS. E. B. CRANE, MRS. A. M. HOLLAND, MRS. GEO. W. BICKNELL, the company joined in the singing of the following hymn composed by Mr. Alfred Bicknell.

CLOSING HYMN.

Tune - OLD HUNDRED.

r

God of our fathers, 'twas Thy hand, That o'er the seas to this broad land Thy children led, — who reared the dome Of this, our first New England home.

Ħ.

Thy hand was o'er them, when Thy foes Around their early altars rose: Faith in Thy goodness and Thy power Kept their hearts strong each trying hour.

III.

Unchanged, Thy hand is still our guide, As we on Life's mysterious tide Approach that bound in mercy given— The eve of Life, the morn of Heaven.

IV.

To Thee, O God, our praise we give; In Thee, and only Thee, we live, Past, present, future, still the same, While worlds unnumbered bless Thy name.

v.

On us may grace and peace descend, Faith never fail, love never end! And take us, when this life is o'er, Father, to Thee, for evermore.

At the close of these exercises, the family proceeded on foot and in carriages to view the site of the homestead of our first parents, Zachary and Agnes. Those possessed of vivid imaginations undoubtedly saw, or thought they saw, the old roof-tree, under which they lived, wrought and died, and the following lines written by another Bicknell bard testified to the devotion which the spot holds in his affections.

ZACHARY BICKNELL'S HOMESTEAD.

In sixteen hundred thirty-five or that time near,
Our Grandfather's Grandfather settled here.
We know not for certain, but believe 'tis the spot,
Where our Grandfather's Grandfather built him his cot.

And we his descendants have met here to day,
To bow at the shrine, where he used to pray;
And drop a loving tear on this dear old spot
Where our Grandfather's Grandfather built him his cot.

We have come, dear friends, from far, far away, To spend in communion, this one short day; And we trust the occasion will ne'er be forgot That we spent where our Grandfather built him his cot.

And oh! may we carry away from here, A loving regard for our Grandfather dear; And may we be found to stand in our lot As did our Grandfather, who died on this spot.

And now, dear friends, before we part,
Let each of us pledge, from our own true heart,
To keep in remembrance this day and this spot,
Where our Grandfather's Grandfather dwelt in his cot.

We are passing away, passing away, Some of our friends going most every day; Who of us may be called on the morrow To leave fond, fond hearts, breaking with sorrow?

Let us be looking to mansions above Where the just ever dwell in the presence of Love; Where our Grandfather's Grandfather lives evermore, Who went from this cot to the evergreen shore.

JOSEPH G. BICKNELL.

CAMBRIDGEPORT, Sept. 22, 1880.

From thence the party proceeded to King Oak Hill, a commanding eminence, near the fine residence of W. E. Bicknell. the magnificent landscape and waterscape, with the long coast line of Massachusetts Bay, from Nantasket Beach to Cape Ann. were admired by all lovers of grandly picturesque scenery, while the beauties were more carefully explored by the fine telescope of Alfred Bicknell, and the points of historic interest were pointed out and explained by Rev. Mr. Titus of the Weymouth Historical Society. One of the attractions at King Oak Hill was W. E. Bicknell's grapery, which offered a free lunch to all lovers of nice fruits. After an hour spent in surveying the natural scenery of Weymouth, Hingham, Abington, Braintree, Quincy, Dorchester, Boston, the Blue Hills, the Atlantic, with its bays and harbors, and all near and adjacent parts, the company proceeded to the Old North Church, founded by the emigrants under Rev. Joseph Hull, and thence to the cemetery, where "the forefathers of the village sleep." Here among the old graves, were found slate-stone slabs, to the memory of John Bicknell³, Joseph⁴ and Mary⁵, with other mounds, marked only by the autumn golden rod, and the evergreen junipers. Our thoughts were only filled with gratitude to God that He gave to us so goodly an ancestry, while from the heavens, may be, looked down and hovered near, the spirits of those who were rejoicing in a posterity, not wholly unmindful of the rich blessings flowing from such a heritage. One thought lingered with us as we separated with hearty hand-shakings and warm fraternal feelings from this first family re-union, that perhaps on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the year of our American life as Bicknells, a thousand of our name and descent might gather on that consecrated spot to erect a substantial monument in memory of

ZACHARY AND AGNES BICKNELL,

1635.

THE BICKNELLS.

The following list of names includes all those which have come to the knowledge of the officers of the Bicknell Family Association, and which have been enrolled as members. All persons who examine this list are urged to send to the Secretary, Mr. R. T. Bicknell, 200 Devonshire street, Boston, such other names as may be known to them. In this way the Association may be able to enter on its rolls, the names of all the living descendants of Zachary and Agnes Bicknell. Errors as well as omissions should be reported to the Secretary.

In the following list, the Christian names, only, are given.

BICKNELL.

Albert P.,

Melrose, Mass.

		Augustus M.,	No. Weymouth, Mass.
Angeline C.,	E. Dedham, Mass.	Ai,	Westford, Mass.
∆ bel,	Norwich, Wt.	Alanson,	South Kingston, R. I.
Albion H.,	Malden, Mass.	Amos,	Westford, Mass.
Alden,	Foxboro, "	Anson L.,	Weymouth, Mass.
Alfred, 33 N	lilk St., Boston, and Melrose,	Asa,	Lowell, Mass.
Mass.			В.
.A. B.,	26 Norton St., Albany, N. Y.		ъ.
Allen D. B.,	New York City.	Bennett,	Stanwix, N Y.
Alfred, 3	l Mason St.,Worcester, Mass.	Brownell M.,	
≜lfred ,	Burlington, Vt.	Benjamin,	Lamoille, Ill.
Allen,	Underhill Centre, Vt.	Byron,	Jericho, Vt.
Almond B.,	Gaylord, Smith Co., Kan.	Byron H.,	Kearney, Neb.
Amos J.,	194 Broadway, N. Y. City.	Byron J., 2 Howa	rds Row, Memphis, Tenn.
Anson D.,	Humboldt, Iowa.	Betsy,	Genesee, N. Y.
Allen,	Jericho, Vt.	Benjamin,	South Kingston, R. I.
Axel H.,	Minneapolis, Minn.	Benjamin R.,	Bangor, Me.

Charles.

Charles L..

C.

Rockland, Me. Chas. E.. Chas. C., McGregor, lowa. Chas. P., 3254 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. Pa. Chas. H., Dr., Beloit, Wis. Chas. F.. Carson City, Nev. Chas. H., Westford, Mass. Chas. T., Massillon, Stark Co., Ohio. Chester C.. Cedar Springs, Mich. Caroline N. Boston Highlands. Carlos B., Parishville, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. Chandler C., West Chesterfield, Mass.

D.

North Weymouth, Mass.

Weymouth, Mass.

Dennis H., Rev., Underhill, Vt.
Daniel, Mrs., Hockingsport, Ohio.
Daniel, Mrs., Babylon, Suffolk Co., N. Y.
David, Brick Church, E. Orange, N. J.
Dana, Jericho, Vt.
Deborah, E. Dedham, Mass.
Dustin, Jericho, Vt.

E.

Edward. 43 Somerset St., Boston. Edward. Lawrence, Mass. Emery O., 5 Court Sq., Boston. Emma R., 1 Oak St., Charlestown. Edward. 897 Broadway, Albany, N. Y. Ella, Waterford, N. Y. Edward J., Box 227, Providence, R. I. Elizabeth W., E. Dedham, Mass. Elias P., 66 Front St., Worcester, Mass. North Tunbridge, Vt. Elra. Edna. Chelsea, Vt. Ephraim, Windsor, Mass. Ezra. Hingham, " Ezra L., Edward, 307 Hudson Ave., Albany, N. Y. Council Bluffs, Iowa. Emma E., Ella A., Springfield, Mass. Edward. Providence, R. I. Edwin, No. Weymouth, Mass. Edward Q., New York City.

F.

Francis A., No. Weymouth, Mass. Frank S., 55 High St., Worcester, Mass. Franklin W., 63 No. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill. Frank J., 21 Carpenter St., Providence, R. I. Frank A., Brockton, Mass. Fred. A., Springfield, Mass. Frank M. 34 Canal St., Boston. E. Weymouth, Mass. Fred N.. Freeborn A. New York City. Frank E. Canton, Me. Frank H. Tunbridge, Vt. Fred. J., Rev., Bangor, Me.

G.

Geo W., Rev., Lowell. Mass. Geo. F.. Attleboro, " Geo. H., 57 Warren St., Boston Highlands. Geo. J., 4 Summit St., Boston Highlands. Geo. A., Box 3321, New York City. Geo. A., New Albany, Ind. No. Attleboro, Mass. Geo. E., Geo. R., St. Louis Union Depot, St. Louis, Geo., Underhill, Vt. Geo. C., Jericho, Vt. Wollaston, Mass. Geo. F.. Geo. H., Council Bluffs, Iowa. Geo. H., Weymouth, Mass. Geo. E., 446 No. Colony St., Meriden, Conn. Geo., 107 East 86th St., New York. George S., Parishville, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

H.

Harriet. Canton. Me. Henry S., Brockton, Mass. Henry G., 127 Van Buren St., Chicago, III. Henry F., E. Weymouth, Mass. " Harrison, No. " Big Oak Flat, Cal. Henry A., Buckfield, Me. Henry A., Henry C., Dalton, Mass. Homer. No. Weymouth, Mass. -Henry T., H. O., 63 No. Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill. Hosea, Potsdam, N. Y. Henry, Barrington, R. I. Harrison C., Madison, N. Y. West Chesterfield, Mass. Henry A., Henry J., Newport, Me. Hurlbert F., Lower California.

I.

Ira L., Jericho, Vt.
Ira, Westford, Mass.
I. J., Rev., Munroe, Adams Co., Ind.
a V., Mrs., Hingham, Mass.

Joseph I., and his children, Henry P. Pierrepont C., Joseph I., Eugene P. Wm. A. P., Riverdale, New York City. Japheth. Smithfield, R. I. James. Providence, R. I. Canton, Me. James W., Joseph L. 34 Green St., Boston, Mass. Stanwix, N. Y. James, Rev., John Y., Buffalo Gen'l Hospital, Buffalo, N.Y. James A., Brockton, Mass. .. J. Edward. James F., 1186 Harrison Ave., Boston Highlands. John Vinton, Bristol, Vt. James W., 78 H St., So. Boston. Jacob N. L.. E. Weymouth, Mass J. R., Rev., Muncie, Ind. J. Bennett, 655 Case Ave., Cleveland, Ohio West Paris, Me. John. J. Otis. Brockton, Mass. James, Lawrence, Mass. John F., Worcester, Mass Johnson, Vt. John Stark, Joseph G., Cambridgeport, Mass. West Chesterfield. " John H., Jas. I., 167 Broadway, N. Y. John. 26 Norton St., Albany, N. Y. Jesse B. Providence, R. I. Jesse, 24 Jenkins St., " James. East Providence, R. I. James L., 150 Beacon St., Prov., R. I. Joseph P., Barrington, R I. Joshua. Providence, R. I. John Q., E. Weymouth, Mass. John W. East Greenwich, R. I. Joseph Hawley, 3254 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. Joseph, 375 Broadway, So. Boston. James. Cedar Springs, Mich. James S., Newport, Me. John H. Jr. West Chesterfield, Mass. John James. Patterson, Iowa. John S., Lowell, Mass. Joseph A., Maine. Josiah,

T.,

Lovington, Ill.

Julius.

Lucius, Stanwix, N. Y. Gallatin, Tenn. Luke H. Luke Emerson, West Cummington, Mass. Loammi, Westford, Mass. Lot W., No. Weymouth, Mass. Lincoln B., Hingham, Mass. w

Moses, Stanwix, N. Y. Moses W.. Mattie B., Auburn. Me. Mary E., 307 Hudson Ave., Albany, N. Y. Bicknell, Ind. Micajah, M. W., Rev., Bangor, Me. Maude M., Melrose, Mass. Martha A., Athens, Me. Merrill L., Windsor, Mass. Milo C., Patterson, Iowa.

N.

Nathaniel. Canton, Me. Nebemiah. E. Greenwich, R. I.

Λ.

Otis P., Brookville, Kan. Oscar. Windsor, Mass. Otis P., Beloit, Wis. Orlando L., 63 No. Desplaines St., Chicago, III. Bristol, Vt. Oscar A., Otis C., Patterson, Iowa. Otis C.. Madison, N. Y.

P.

Underhill, Vt. Preston F., Peter, New Orleans, La. Percy. 775 Tremont St., Boston. Philip B., Lincoln, Eng.

Q.

Quincy, Hingham, Mass. Quincy L., E. Weymouth, Mass. Quincy, jr., Lexington, Mass.

Robert T., 200 Devonshire St., Boston, and E. Weymouth. Robert T., 3254 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. Raymond D.. New York City. Ralph A., Parishville, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

8.

No. Weymouth, Mass. Stephen 2d. Samuel, Rev., Bedford, Ind. Sarah F., Mrs., 46 So. Russell St., Boston. Mass. Windsor, Mass. Sumner H.. Simeon. Hebron, Me-Simeon, Rev., Wisconsin. Susan S., 97 Ebury St. Pimlico, London,

England.

Walter F ..

Sara,	Hallowell, Me.		
Sanford.	Wisconsin.		
Stephen,	North Weymouth, Mass.		
Stephen A.,	46 46		
Stephen K.,	Newport, Me.		
	T.		
Thos. W., 16 Have chester, M	wley St., Boston, and Dor- Iass.		
Thos. W.,	East Greenwich, R. I.		
Thos.,	No. Weymouth, Mass.		
Thos. B., jr.,	142 Broadway, N. Y.		
Thos. B.,	Elizabeth, N. J.		
Thaolin,	Sandwich, Mass.		
Thomas M., Har	nawa Falls, St. Lawrence		
Co., N. Y.	·		
Tristam,	Buckfield, Me.		
v.			
Vesta, Mrs.,	Medina, Ohio.		

Hallowell, Me.	Wm., 367 Dorch	ester St., South Boston.	
Wisconsin.	Wm.,	Buckfield, Me	
orth Weymouth, Mass.	Wm. E., 4	Somerset St., Boston.	
"	W. H. W.,		
Newport, Me.	W. Wallace,	E. Dedham, Mass.	
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Buckfield, Me.	William C., Louisy N. Y.	rille, St. Lawrence Co.	
v.	William F.,	Name of Ma	
	W minam E.,	Newport, Me.	
Medina, Ohio.		Z.	
w.		210	
117 Water St., Boston.	Zachariah L.,	E. Weymouth, Mass.	

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Blanchard, Cornelius F., No. Weymouth, Magg.

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Blanchard, Edward R., No. Weymouth, Mass

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Mansfield, Conn.

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Mass.

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Mass.

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 Gorgas, Mrs. Dr. A. C., care C. P. Bicknell, 3254 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

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46	Elizabeth B.,	"	"	"
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THE BICKNELLS.

Second Family Reunion, SEPT., 1882.

1635. 1882.

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The Bicknell Family Association,

FOUNDED AT BOSTON, 1879.

OFFICERS ELECTED, OCT., 1882.

	President.	•	
THOMAS W. BICKNELL.	1 7 cosuent,	Boston, Mass.	
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-	ce - Presidents,	Buckfield, Me.	
Rev. D. H. Bicknell,	• •	Underhill, Vt.	
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ALFRED BICKNELL, .	• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	Boston, Mass.	
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Francis A. Bicknell, .		North Weymouth.	

The Bicknells.

PROCEEDINGS AND ADDRESSES

AT THE

Second Family Reunion,

AT WEYMOUTH, MASS., September 20 and 21, 1882.

WITH

Addresses and Exercises

AT THE

DEDICATION

OF THE

BICKNELL FAMILY MONUMENT.

BY THE PUBLICATION COMMITTEE, FOR THE FAMILY.

BOSTON:

New England Publishing Company. 1883.

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THE BICKNELL REUNIONS.

THE MEETINGS OF 1880 AND '82.

The Bicknell Family Association was formed in 1879, for the purpose of uniting the members of a scattered family, of cultivating more perfect social relations, of gathering the facts of personal and family history, and of holding gatherings of the Bicknells from time to time, to adopt and carry out measures of general interest in the development of a true family spirit, and for the proper recognition of our regard for an honorable ancestry. In furtherance of these purposes, several meetings, annual and special, have been held in Boston and vicinity, which have been helpful in enlarging acquaintanceships among brethren, and in fostering a deeper spirit of affection for the family name and record. The Reunion, at Weymouth in 1880, was an occasion of great interest to our large fraternity of Bicknells, by name, blood, or marriage; and one of the outcomes of that meeting was the proposal to hold another at a later date, to commemmorate the work of our ancestors, Zachary, Agnes, and John, by the erection of a suitable monument in the old cemetery on Burial Hill. The feeling of the company there gathered was expressed in a sentence in the Proceedings of that Reunion, as follows:

"One thought lingered with us as we separated with hearty hand-shakings and warm fraternal feelings from this first Family Reunion,—that perhaps on the two-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary (1885) of our American life as Bicknells, a thousand of our name and descent might gather on that consecrated spot to erect a substantial monument in memory of Zachary and Agnes Bicknell, 1635."

The wish and the prophecy took possession of some of our brethren with such fervor, that it seemed too long to defer so worthy an act till 1885; and, at the annual meeting, December, 1881, a committee was chosen, after discussion of the subject, to consider and act on a proposition to raise the money at once for a monument, and if it seemed

wise, to hold a second Reunion in 1882. After mature deliberation, the following circular was prepared and sent out to the members of the family throughout the country:

BICKNELL FAMILY ASSOCIATION.

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 2, 1882.

To all of our Name or Descent to whom this may come:

Our common ancestors, ZACHARY and AGNES BICKNELL, emigrated from England in 1635. They landed in what is now WEYMOUTH, MASS. There they planted their home; there they died and were buried; and this old town has been, to this day, the continuous home of some of the family, a large and honorable descent still living there, while hundreds and thousands of others,—all alike descendants of John, the only son of Zachary and Agnes,—are scattered throughout the country.

The Bicknell "Burying Place" in Weymouth is well identified, but there are no stones to mark the exact spot where repose the earthly remains of our ancestors. It is a mark of intelligent loyalty to one's family to honor the memory of a good ancestry by such acts as testify a proper regard for their virtues and sacrifices. It has been with great satisfaction, therefore, that we have noted, since the formation of our Association, the repeated suggestion that, as a family, we ought to take measures to erect a suitablemonument to their memory in the old cemetery in Weymouth. Family Gathering last summer, the subject was discussed, and all expressed their approval of the movement. That being simply a social gathering, no action was taken; but, at the Annual Meeting of the Association held in this city on the 9th of December, it was formally voted to place the matter in the hands of the Executive Committee, with instructions to appeal to the members of our family, wherever scattered, to contribute funds for that purpose. In accordance therewith, we appeal to you for such sum as your means will justify. The entire cost of the structure is estimated to be about \$500. It is designed to erect a simple granite or marble monument, plain and substantial, as befits the character of the family whose name it will bear. The inscriptions upon its sides will state the important facts of their history, and that a numerous and grateful posterity thus unite to do honor to their memory. In the base of the structure we propose to insert a suitable receptacle, containing the names of the subscribers and such documents as pertain to the history of this large family.

We propose to collect the necessary funds at once, and have the monument completed in season to be dedicated at our Second Family Gathering, which we propose to hold at Weymouth, in September, 1882. The sum needed of each one is but trifling; but we wish to make it essentially a family affair, and therefore hope to receive something from every one of the family who shall be informed of the enterprise. No part of the amount received will be expended until funds sufficient to insure its erection shall have been received by our Treasurer. Inclosed we send a blank slip, which please fill up and forward, with your contribution, at the earliest practicable

moment. The receipt of our Treasurer for the same will be returned at once. So soon as the responses amount to the required sum, we shall send to each subscriber a detailed statement of our labors. As you may know members of our family whose names are unknown to us, we desire that for this purpose you will consider yourself a special agent to promote this laudable object; and to this end we inclose extra slips for distribution. Remembering that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," we are sure that, in the time to come, the recollections of our connection with this work will be those of pride in our honored and honorable name, of pleasure in our acts contributing to its perpetuity, and of gratitude to the COMMON FATHER of all mankind for enabling us to assist in this beneficent undertaking.

We shall be pleased to hear from any of our family friends by letter, and will thank you for suggestions in regard to this or any other work of our Association. Especially we desire the names and residences of all those of our family still unknown to us. For more than two hundred years, the children of this numerous family have been scattered up and down this broad land, mostly strangers to each other and to their ancestry. Let us now, at least, contribute the name we bear to complete the record begun by our Great Grandsire so many years ago.

Fraternally yours,

THOMAS W. BICKNELL. Boston, President. ROBERT T. BICKNELL. Treasurer. ALFRED BICKNELL, Cor. Secretary, OUINCY BICKNELL, W. HINGHAM, Historian, Z. L. BICKNELL, E. WEYMOUTH, Executive MRS, CLARA BICKNELL WALKER, LYNN, Committee. REV. GEO. W. BICKNELL, LOWELL. ELLERY B. CRANE, Worcester, WM. E. BICKNELL. BOSTON. GEO. F. BICKNELL, ATTLEBORO. FRANCIS A, BICKNELL, No. WEYMOUTH,

As was confidently expected, responses were promptly and generously made to the call for contributions, varying from fifty cents to thirty dollars; and, in a short time, the Committee, assured of raising the necessary funds, secured estimates for a suitable monument, and finally made a contract with The Cutter Marble Company of Vermont to construct a monument of Excelsior marble, and to erect it at Burial Hill, North Weymouth.

THE REUNION OF 1882.

Wednesday and Thursday, September 20 and 21, 1882, were selected as the days for the Reunion; and invitations were extended to the family, far and near, to attend the interesting services. For an impartial account of the exercises of the two days, we quote from *The Weymouth Gazette* of September 22:

The pleasant and interesting exercises of the Second Reunion of the Bicknell Family Association, in the Methodist Church, East Weymouth, and the large attendance of the kindred who bear this timehonored name, or represent the Bicknell blood under other titles, gave cheering evidence to the general interest of the family in all that pertains to keeping alive the memories of their ancestors and perpetuating their virtues. The morning opened bright and clear, and at eleven o'clock the church was well filled with the assembled members of the Through the efforts of the committee of arrangements, Zachary L. Bicknell, Esq. (the eighth of the name), being the chairman, the various details of preparation were early consummated, and at half-past eleven the President of the Association, Thomas W. Bicknell, LL.D., of Boston, with the chaplain of the day, Rev. E. A. Wyman, of Malden, and Ouincy Bicknell, Esq., of Hingham, Historian of the Association, took seats upon the platform, which was decorated with The exercises were commenced with an organ voluntary by Mr. Arthur M. Raymond, the selection being the "Triumphal March," by Dudley Buck. The choir, comprising a double quartette,—sopranos, Mrs. G. A. Hunt. Miss Abbie P. Pratt: altos, Mrs. Thomas Burgovne. Mrs. James D. Sherman; tenors, Messrs. W. H. Pratt, D. P. Lincoln; bass, Messrs. John P. Burrell, J. Q. N. Bicknell,—gave the "Te Deum Laudamus" with fine effect, and the chaplain then read a part of the twelfth chapter of Romans as consonant to the occasion, in its presentation of a creed to which all could subscribe, and in its bearing upon the character of the family representatives and the prevalent good feeling among them manifested by their presence at this pleasant gathering. He then made request that the assembly repeat in concert the twenty-third Psalm, after which he offered a fervent prayer, to which the organ and choir responded with the air, "O sing ye Jehovah's praises."

In the order of exercises, Rev. Geo. W. Bicknell, of Lowell, was announced to deliver an address of welcome, but owing to sudden indisposition he was unable to be present, and the President introduced Z. L. Bicknell, Esq., in his place, who congratulated the au-

dience on the fact that while it had been intimated to him that the expected speaker was intending to occupy an hour, he should not detain them more than five minutes. This brief period was well filled in extending to the family gathered here a warm greeting.

An anthem, "Mighty Jehovah," was then sung by the choir, the solo being rendered in good style by Mr. Pratt.

Thomas W. Bicknell, LL.D., the orator of the day, gave a carefully prepared address, abounding in historical information relative to the early settlers both in their native land and in their adopted country, the locality of their supposed residence in England being indicated on a topographical map prepared for the occasion by the speaker. The advent of a thunder-storm, and the approach of the hour announced for dinner, were reasons sufficient to induce the speaker to defer a portion of the address to a later hour.

An original hymn, written by Alfred Bicknell, Esq, was sung by the choir and audience:

HYMN.

O Thou, of all the race the Sire, Whose hand has set the stars of heaven: Thyself their all-sustaining fire; Thy bounty every good has given.

We praise Thee that in days of old Our fathers to these shores were brought, For all Thy blessings, manifold, For all Thy words with Wisdom fraught,—

For power to serve Thee, by our deeds Of mercy unto others shown; For thankful hearts that all our needs Turn for relief to Thee alone:—

For these our grateful songs we give; To Thee our fervent prayers ascend: In Thy blest favor may we live, Thy laws obey, Thy courts attend.

In this, our "Pilgrim Fathers'" home, Once more our band fraternal meet; To this our "Mecca" do we come With happy hearts and willing feet.

And when at last these scenes of cheer To us here gathered cease to be, May we in Heaven's celestial sphere Find our united family.

Quincy Bicknell, Esq., then made brief allusion to Capt. Stephen Bicknell and Lovell Bicknell, Esq., deceased, whose portraits had been placed on each side of the desk; and after the benediction had been pronounced by the Chaplain, the company repaired to the vestry, where Mr. Harvey Blount, of Boston, caterer for the occasion, had provided a tempting display of creature-comforts, the menu embracing roast turkey, chicken, cold meats, cake and pastry rolls, fruit, ice-cream and water-ices, coffee and tea, to which the guests devoted special attention for an half-hour, after grace by Rev. Mr. Mundy. Among the invited guests seated at the table on the platform were Rev. Messrs. Mundy, Chapin, and Leavitt, with their ladies.

The feasting being ended, the president called the assembly to order for the intellectual treat, and introduced the toast-master, Alfred Bicknell, Esq., who made brief remarks, and invited Rev. Mr. Mundy to speak, who wittily and gracefully responded. Rev. Messrs. Wyman, Chapin, and Leavitt; Amos J. Bicknell, Esq., of New York; Z. I. Bicknell, Esq., and Edward Bicknell, Esq., were also called upon by the toastmaster, and their responses were well adapted to the occasion.

Letters were read from Rev. Dennis H. Bicknell, of Sheldon, Vt.; Mrs. Ames, of Pennsylvania; Gov. Long, of Massachusetts; and Gov. Littlefield, of Rhode Island; Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, Hon. Chas. F. Adams, Jr., Hon. R. R. Bishop; A. Sidney Bicknell, of London; Hon. Geo. A. Bicknell, of Indiana; Madame De Larmoyer, of Brussells, (neé Bicknell); Hon. Chas. Q. Tirrell, of Natick; Geo. F. Bicknell, Esq., of Attleboro; all of whom expressed their regrets that they were unable to be present. The president said that Mr. Albion H. Bicknell, of Malden, the artist, who was also unable to be present, had sent a note in which he tendered a liberal subscription for the monument.

A poem, written by Mr. Stephen A. Bicknell, was then read, and at the conclusion of the exercises the president requested all members of the family present to record their names in an album prepared for the purpose, and also requested photographs for the album.

Among the family treasures exhibited in the church were the baptismal robe, made of brocade silk, elegantly figured, used at the christening of an ancestor of the president in 1724; a "Breeches Bible," owned by Mr. Joseph Bicknell, and printed in 1613,—the volume having been brought from England, probably by the founder of the family here.

The services were closed about four o'clock, and after announcement had been made that friends from abroad would be entertained for the night at the homes of residents, the assembly dispersed to meet again in the vestry at 8.30 o'clock, for a social gathering and entertainment.

THE EVENING EXERCISES.

The audience again assembled in the vestry of the M. E. Church, at 7.30 o'clock, for social converse and entertainment. The exercises opened with a piano solo by Mr. Arthur Raymond, which received merited applause.

The president introduced the exercises with a brief address on the social side of family life, and the advantages flowing from these reunions.

Z. L. Bicknell, Esq., remarked that there was evidence that, at some time, some member of the Bicknell family had been a slaveholder, from the fact that a colored man named Freeborn Bicknell, now residing in New York, was the son of a slave once owned by one of the Bicknells, and had sent his contribution to the funds of the Association.

Mr. Quincy Bicknell, of Hingham, in verification of this fact, read a deed of sale of a slave given by Joshua Bicknell, dated Nov. 25, 1782.

Mr. Quincy Bicknell, also paid an eloquent tribute to the late Ezra Bicknell, who died in June last.

Mrs. Mary Hunt then gave an excellent vocal selection, which was finely rendered and duly appreciated. This was followed by remarks by Mr. Stephen Bicknell, of North Weymouth; D. A. Waldron, Esq., of Providence, R. I.; C. H. Pratt, Esq., of East Weymouth, and others, all in a humorous vein, but brief and interesting.

Rev. E. A. Wyman, of Malden, then presented the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association are heartily extended to the people of Weymouth for their kindly and generous hospitality; to the choir and other musical talent for their excellent music; to the ladies for their beautiful contributions of flowers; and to the trustees of the M. E. Church for opening their place of worship for our occupation.

Mr. Stephen Bicknell then sang "The Irish Jaunting Car"; Mrs. Hunt again favored the company with a finely-executed selection; the audience joined in singing the "Doxology," and the interesting exercises of the day were ended.

DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT.

Owing to the rainstorm which prevailed Thursday morning, the representatives of the family were obliged to forego the assemblage at the burial ground, and the remaining exercises took place in the Old North Church, commencing at eleven o'clock. Prayer was offered by Rev. E. A. Wyman, chaplain of the Association; "Coronation" was sung by the congregation; Rev. F. P. Chapin followed with appropriate remarks, taking for their foundation Genesis xviii.: 7; the congregation then sang the hymn "Blest be the tie that binds," and Edward Bicknell, Esq., of Boston, gave the dedicatory address.

A hymn, written for the occasion by Wm. Bicknell, Esq., of Hartford, Me. (who is now in the seventy-ninth year of his age, and is the oldest living member of the Nathaniel Bicknell branch of the Zachary tree), was read as follows:

HYMN.

Great God above, The Fount of Love!
On us, who meet this day
At Weymouth town, of old renown,
Send down Thy grace, we pray.

We come as one, both old and young,
To show our wise intent;
With history right, to bring to light
This sacred monument:—

To show there came across the main, Zachary, Agnes, and John; In hours of need, to sow the seed From which the Bicknells sprung.

This race is found in many a town,
Where the blood of Zachary's seen;
To live or die for liberty,
And shun all acts that's mean.

May they increase, in paths of peace, So they may understand, With works of love, like Thee above, To live and bless our land.

Lord, keep from harm, in storm and calm, This shaft to us so dear; With Gospel Light, in visions bright, We'll meet from year to year; And gather round this hallowed ground,
Where we do dedicate
The Bicknell name, worthy the fame
Of Massachusetts State.

Great God of all, both great and small, We pray that Thou wilt ever Give us a home beyond the tomb, To dwell with Thee forever.

After brief congratulatory remarks by Quincy Bicknell, Alfred Bicknell, A. J. Bicknell, and others, the company repaired to the cemetery where the monument was unveiled, but on account of a heavy shower the prayer of dedication and other exercises were omitted, and the ladies and gentlemen hastily returned to the church, where a collation was served by caterer Blount. After a dedicatory prayer by Rev. Mr. Chapin, and brief addresses by several members of the family, the company united in singing the Doxology in "Old Hundred," and then separated with profound gratitude for the pleasures of the meeting, and a wish for many other happy assemblies of Bicknells.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT.

The monument is of Excelsior marble, eleven feet and three inches high. It has three bases, die and cap, surmounted by a bowl-shaped, fluted urn. The lower base is three feet and four inches square; the second base, two feet ten inches square; and the third base, two feet six inches square. The die is two feet square by three feet two inches high, above which, and beneath the cap, is an ornamented plinth one foot nine inches square and seven inches thick. The cap is ornamentally carved, surmounted by an urn three feet two inches high, and one foot three inches across the bowl. Each part is in harmonious proportions, polished fully. There is an inscription on each face of the die in raised letters, with polished face. The whole is made of the best quality monumental marble of the Cutter Marble Co. of Middlebury, Vt., and had been wrought under the best workmanship of that company. The whole weight of the monument is not far from five tons.

Inscriptions.—On the front.—In memory and in honor of Zachary and Agnes Bicknell. This monument is erected by a grateful posterity, September, 1882.

On the West side.—In memory of John, son of Zachary and Agnes, and his sons, John, Zachary and Thomas; founders of the family in America.

On the North side.—Zachary Bicknell died in Weymouth, A. D. 1636, aged 45 years.

On the East side.—Zachary Bicknell, his wife Agnes, their son John, and servant John Kitchen, left Weymouth, England, in Rev. Joseph Hull's company, settling near this spot, July, 1635.

Within a copper box, hermetically sealed and placed in the bottom of the second base of the monument, are the following papers and documents:

- 1. Boston papers of Sept. 19, 1882: the Advertiser, Herald, Journal, Traveller, and Transcript.
 - 2. The names of donors to the monument.
 - 3. Circulars relating to the Reunions of 1880 and 1882.
 - 4. The Bicknells, and the Family Reunion of 1880; one copy, cloth.
- 5. The Bicknells; A Memorial of Joshua Bicknell's Genealogy; one copy, cloth.
 - 6. Historical Sketches of Barrington, R. I., by T. W. Bicknell.
- 7. Business-cards of members of family, and various publications by the Bicknells.

AN HISTORICAL ADDRESS.

By THOS. W. BICKNELL, LL.D.,
PRESIDENT OF THE BICKNELL FAMILY ASSOCIATION.

Brethren of a Common Ancestry, of the Bicknell Name and Descent:

We meet, some of us for the first time, others after the separation of two years, since our first reunion, to speak of the virtues of our sires, and to review the path in which our God and their's led them that we might possess so goodly a heritage. It is good for us of the seventh, eighth, ninth, and even the tenth generations from Zachary and Agnes, to gather once again around the ancestral hearth-stone, that we may keep alive thereon the fires of love for family and for race, devotion to principle, and allegiance to Heaven, which they kindled. Let us, for a time, live over, if we may, some of the days which are past in history, but present in living reality.

The unit of society is the individual. The unit of civilization is the family. Prior to Dec. 20, 1620, New England life had never seen a civilized family, or felt its influences. It is true that the Icelandic Chronicles tell us that Lief, the son of Eric the Red, 1001, sailed with a crew of thirty-five men in a Norwegian vessel, and driven southward in a storm, from Greenland along the coasts of Labrador, wintered in Vineland on the shores of Mount Hope Bay. Longfellow's "Skeleton in Armor" has revealed their temporary settlement. Thither sailed Eric's son, Thorstein, with his young and beautiful wife, Gudrida, and their twenty-five companions, the following year. His death occurred to put an end to the expedition, which Thorfinn took up with his marriage to the young widow, Gudrida, and with his bride and one hundred and sixty-five persons (five of them young married women) they spent three years on the shores of the Narragansett Bay, where Snorre, the first white child, was born,—the progenitor of the great Danish sculptor, Thorwaldsen. But this is tradition, not history. Later still, came other adventurers to seek fortunes in the New World, but they came as individuals,-young, adventurous men, with all to gain and nothing to lose, and, if successful, to return with gold or fame as the reward of their sacrifice and daring.

Six hundred years pass, and a colony of one hundred and five men, not a woman in the company, sailed from England for America, and landed at Jamestown, Va. Within six months half of the immigrants had perished, and only for the courage and bravery of John Smith the whole would have met a sad fate. The first European women seen on the banks of the James was the wife of one of the seventy Virginia colonists who came later, and her maid, Anne Burroughs, who helped to give permanency and character to a fugitive settlement in a colony which waited two hundred and fifty years to learn the value of a New England home, and to appreciate the civilization which sprang up in a New England town, through the agency of a New England family.

An experience similar to that of the Virginia settlers,—disappointment, hardship, death,— attended the immigrants who, under George Popham, Raleigh, and Gilbert, attempted to make a permanent home on the coast of Maine, but their house was a log camp, with not a solitary woman to light its gloom or cheer its occupants. Failure, defeat, and death were the inevitable consequences. There was no family, and there could be no permanency of civilization.

The planting of Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay Colonies was of another sort. Whole families embarked on board the Mayflower, the Fortune, the Ann, the Mary and John, and other ships that brought their precious freight in safety to a New World. Of the one hundred and one persons who came in the Mayflower in 1620, twenty-eight were females, and eighteen were wives and mothers. They did not leave their homes, in the truest sense,—they brought them with them. household goods and hearthstone gods were all snugly stowed beneath the decks of the historic ship, and the multitude of Mayflower relics. now held in precious regard in public and private collections, but testify to the immense inventory of that one little ship of almost fabulous carrying capacity. To the compact signed in Plymouth harbor, in 1620, John Carver signs eight persons, whom he represents; Edward Winslow, five; William Brewster, six; William Mullins, five; William White, five; Stephen Hopkins, Edward Fuller and John Turner, each, eight; John Chilton, three,-one of whom, his daughter Mary, in whom some of the Bicknells have to-day a family interest, was the first woman, as tradition says, to jump from the boat upon Plymouth Rock. In the Weymouth Company, under the leadership of Rev. Joseph Hull, who set sail from Old Weymouth, England, on the 20th of March, 1635, and landed at Wessaguscus,-now Weymouth, Mass.,-there were one hundred and five persons, divided into twenty-one families. these were John Whitmarsh, his wife Alice, and four children; Robert

Lovell, husbandman, with his good wife Elizabeth and children, two of whom, Ellen and James, were year-old twins; Edward Poole and family; Henry Kingman, Thomas Holbrook, Richard Porter, and not least of all Zachary Bicknell, his wife Agnes, their son John, and servant John Kitchen.

Families these,—all on board,—households, treasures, all worldly estates, and best of all the rich sympathies and supports of united, trusting hearts, daring to face the perils of an ocean-passage of forty-six days duration, and the new, strange life in the wilds of America, that they might prove their faith in each other, in their principles, and in God. "He setteth the solitary in families," says the Psalmist; and the truth was never better illustrated than in the isolated and weary life of our ancestry, two and one-half centuries ago.

To the Pilgrim and the Puritan, wife, children, house, home, family, church, were the most precious possessions. Nothing human could divorce ties which nature had so strongly woven. And whenever we think of our honored ancestry, it is not as individual adventurers; but we see good-man Zachary, good-wife Agnes, and their son John as the representatives of the great body of those who with them planted homes. families, society, civilization, in the Western World. They came together, or if alone, to pioneer the way for wife and children or sweetheart by the next ship, and they came to stay, as witness the names of the old families of Plymouth, Weymouth, Salem, Boston, Dorchester, in the leading circles of wealth and social position in all of these old "Behold," says Dr. Bushnell, "the Mayflower, rounding now the southern cape of England, filled with husbands and wives and children; families of righteous men, under covenant with God and each other to lav some good foundation for religion, engaged both to make and keep their own laws, expecting to supply their own wants and bear their own burdens, assisted by none but the God in whom they trust! Here are the hands of industry! the germs of liberty! the dear pledges of order! and the sacred beginnings of a home!" Of such, only, could Mrs. Hemans's inspired hymn have been written:

"There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth."

It is our good fortune, as Bicknells, to be able to trace our descent from an old New England family, whose strength was inwrought into the framework of society nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, and whose lineage may be found in the upbuilding of every State on the broad continent. What interest it is for each individual to be related to men and women who, though they saw not the end from the beginning, belonged to the grand army of Faith and Hope, fighting valiantly the good fight, who builded wiser and better than they knew or dreamed, and, dying, bequeathed the inheritance of virtue, integrity, and nobility, equal to the best of their race.

The recorded facts concerning our ancestors, Zachary, Agnes, and John, are few, and we must read between the words as well as the lines to satisfy our desires for ancestral knowledge. They came with Rev. Joseph Hull and his party of one hundred and five men and women in 1635, sailing March 20 from Weymouth, County of Dorset, in England, and after a fair voyage of forty-six days entered Massachusetts Bay. and May 6, "cast anchor," as says the historian of Gen. Lovell, "before Gov. Winthrop's infant village of Boston." Here they wait until July 8, when the General Court pass the order that "There is leave graunted to 21 ffamilyes to sitt down at Wessaguscus; viz. " The two months between the arrival and the location by the Court have not been idly spent in swinging in hammocks on deck by day, or by "Pinafore" performances in the evening, but the busy families have been prospecting along the coast from Plymouth to Salem, and their choice has fallen on the beautiful situation and the rich meadow and timber lands of Wessaguscus. Thomas Morton of Merry Mount has given us a description of Weymouth of that early day. He says: "And when I had more seriously considered of the bewty of the place. with all her faire endowments, I did not think that in all the known world it could be paralleled. For so many goodly groues of trees: dainty, fine, round, rising hillocks, delicate, faire, large plaines; sweete, cristall fountaines, and clear-running streams, that twine in fine meanders through the meads, making so sweete a murmuring noise to hear as would even lull the scenses with delight asleepe, so pleasantly doe they glide upon the pebble stones, jetting most jocundly where they doe meete, and hand in hand run down to Neptune's Court, to pay the yearly tribute which they owe to him as sovereign Lord of all the springs." A poetical, certainly, if not truthful description of New Canaan.

There must be some negotiation as to the possession of the lands, for already other settlers had preëmpted some of the best locations in and along these water-courses and fish-ways. The settlers under Parson Hull are no squatter sovereigns. They propose that the Great and General Court shall determine their right to occupy and possess what

seems to them as the Garden of the Gods for situation and fertility, and so the Court orders as above, and the wisdom of their choice is seen in the fact that descendants of the tenth generation from the first planters occupy the homesteads of their first American ancestry. Zachary of the eighth generation still holds the fort which was planted and manned by Zachary of the first.

A GLANCE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

While Zachary and Agnes and John and John Kitchen are abroad. like Noah's dove, looking for a resting-place for their ark, let us, if we may, retrace the path across the trackless sea, and, if we can, divine whence they came and the reason of their embarkation. If you will glance at the map of Britain you will find on the southeast coast of England, on Weymouth Bay, and at the mouth of the little river or estuary called Wey, old Weymouth, the sailing place of Rev. Mr. Hull's company. This is in the county of Dorset; on the north is Somerset. and on the west is Devon. Rev. Mr. Hull was a native of Somersetshire, a graduate of Oxford, and a popular preacher at Northleigh in Devon, for eleven years prior to 1632, when he resigned his parish to gather his company, with which he embarked in 1635. As your eye glances over the map of the counties of Somerset and Dorset, note the familiar names which greet you. Here is Dorchester, and Plymouth; there Taunton and Kingston, Somerset and Bridgewater, Barnstable. Truro, and Falmouth; all familiar names, which have been transplanted to American soil. The settlers still loved their English homes and birth-places, and when they crossed the sea they brought all they could which would stand as souvenirs of the old, old country they still held dear. Few can measure to-day the griefs of parting from the home soil and stock, and exiles alone can tell how they cling to the very household names which street, parish, and homestead bore of their native land. Who of you can tell from which of these adjacent towns or parishes your ancestry came? Probably from several villages, since they selected the name Weymouth, the port of departure, as the name of their new town,—no important town of the settlers holding a preference to it.

Let us, with an eye to find a Bicknell and a keen scent for Bicknell blood, look a little closer at the map of England. There is the old town of Crewkerne, fifty miles or more north of Weymouth, in Somersetshire. What of that? Much. Near it is BICKNELLOR (or Bicknoller) HUNDRED. A Hundred is a part of a county in England, supposed to have originally contained a hundred families or freemen. But what

of Bicknellor? Why the termination or? That I interpret to mean of, or pertaining to, the Bicknells; thereby indicating that this portion of the county was occupied by a large number of families of the name of Bicknell.

In a letter from Thomas Graves, a careful archeologist of Weymouth, England, he says: "Bicknell is not a Weymouth name. I have seen it in Dorset records but once, and that in Hutching's history, where he gives the name of Onesiphorus Bicknell, a faithful domestic of Mr. Gooden, who erected a mural tablet in the Church, bearing the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of ONESIPHORUS BICKNELL.

who lies buried at the entrance into this porch. He died of a decline, on the fourth day of June, 1805, aged 36 years. Robert Gooden, Esq, in whose service he had lived more than three and twenty years, and whom he had served with honesty, fidelity, and integrity, caused this to be erected to perpetuate his worth to future generations."

We are prompted to say, "Well done, good and faithful servant," and to express the wish that as noble an epitaph might be honestly written over the grave of every born child of Bicknell heritage.

On the right side of the chancel door, in the same parish church at Over-Compton, is this inscription:

"Seven yards south, in a direct line from this wall, is buried John Bicknell, carpenter. He died 26th November, 1807, aged 72 years."

"AN HONEST MAN IS THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD."

It is an interesting coincidence that our John was a carpenter, and if he had had a grave-stone it would have probably have borne the same epitaph.

But I have more conclusive evidence that the original home of our family was in Somerset. I have received a copy of births in the parish of Hinton St. George, Crewkerne, Somersetshire, from 1636 to 1816, and copied by William Downe Bicknell, son of John Bicknell, and grandson of Joseph, born in 1776. The first date is May 28, 1637, and records the baptism of a daughter of John and Magdalen Bicknell. But why does our Register commence so provokingly at 1637. Simply because Cromwell and the Commonwealth had something to do with parish records and church monuments at a later date, and their fierce

hatred for all that was Episcopal or Conventional led to the wanton destruction of all these valuable memorials of ancient times.

John, Joseph, Mary, Anne, Grace, William, Richard, Christopher, Magdalen, Jane, Henrietta, Joanna, Elizabeth, Abigail are some of the Christian names which appear on this single record of baptism, marriages, and deaths of our name. From thence the Bicknell name has spread to various parts of England and Wales. Letters from the London Bicknells confirm the statement, and one from John Bicknell, Esq., high sheriff of Lincolnshire, residing at Lincoln, England, establishes the fact as to his family. A letter from Alice Bicknell of Crewkerne, in complimenting our enterprise for so unique a thing as a Family Gathering, says: "I fear that all the enterprise of the family crossed the Atlantic with Zachary in 1635." This certainly cannot be true, for we have noble representatives, bearing our name, in London, and other parts of England, distinguished by great success in business-life, by great fidelity to trusts in civil affairs, by high rank in the professions, and by courage in military and naval service.

HOME-PLANTING AT WEYMOUTH.

But let us come back to Boston, the ancient as well as modern Hub, for a new departure. We can picture in our minds the movements of the Hull party as they come to take possession of what was to be their newly-acquired homes. Entering the mouth of Weymouth Fore River, above North Weymouth, they anchor their vessel, and with their small boats row up the stream and land at Mill Creek. Burial Hill, where on the morrow we shall dedicate the monument to the memories of our sires, they beheld a fair country spread before them, with river and bay at their feet. They move on, and from the commanding summit of King Oak Hill they take in a landscape and waterscape scarcely equaled in New England. From this Mount of Vision they look down upon the once Promised Land, but now theirs by right of ownership, and they proceed to the allotment of the lands which are to be their homesteads and their farmsteads. First of all, however, the Meeting house must be located, and pastor and teacher. Hull, with his trusty servants, select a site near the Old North Meeting House, and near the Railroad station at North Weymouth, as the spot where religion, law, and social order shall erect a shrine for most devout worshippers. Then the good pastor's lot is located, where now the parsonage stands, the scene of many events of historic as well as romantic interest. Then come the division of the lands and the allotment to each individual of his share in the lands. The General Court had passed an order "that hereafter noe dwelling-howse shal be builte above halfe a myle from the meeteing-howse, in any new plantacion graunted att this Court, or hereafter to be graunted, without leave from the Court (except myll-howses and fferme-howses, of such as have their dwelling-howses in some towne); Ipswich, Hingham, Newberry and Weymouth to be included in this order;" and the loval and obedient settlers proceed to erect their humble dwellings on their chosen sites, on the road leading southward from the church. It is the middle of July. the season of planting is past, and our ancestors must subsist for a year on the simple fare which a scanty purse can furnish. The house must be built, and hands unused to the woodman's axe must fell the trees and hew the timbers for the log cabin. Camp life in July, with whortleberries, blackberries, and cherries, and bread and milk, and the game with which our forests were then filled, and the clams and fish of the shores and bay, were no unwelcome subsistence to Zachary and Agnes as they passed their first summer on these wild New England The boy John is not vet old enough to bear a hand, except at picking berries and minding the cow-bell; but the servant, John Kitchin, man-of-all-work, trusty and faithful, helps the industrious pair in the erection of their house. Winter is coming on, and there will be need of bushels of nuts from the woods, and dried berries and grapes, and salted fish and game. How bravely they work, as the August and September days come and go! October and November find our little family snugly housed and comfortably fed, and when the first snows of winter fall, they are quite ready for a siege from the storming elements. The rude but comfortable dwelling contained probably only a single room for kitchen, sitting-room, and parlor, with one or two smaller rooms for lodging, and a rough, unfinished attic for the boys. The huge stone chimney is built by no master-mason, at one end of the house, and its ample proportions admit the four-feet logs within the ponderous mouth of the fire-place, opening into the main room of the house. Within it, too, they build the stone oven for their baking, with its rapacious maw, where the pumpkin pies received their delicate brown, and the brown bread its healthy relish and Yankee title.

The blacksmith is abroad in this new land, for the iron bake-pan, griddle, and dinner-pot hang over the blazing fire, suspended by the long iron crane, with the pot-hooks and trammels, ever ready for and and inviting to daily use. The cooking utensils have all been brought from the father-land, save such as the skill of the husbandman can fashion from wood and wrought iron; and the scanty furnishings of the pantry and closet told of a market three thousand miles away, with but little means to draw from its costly stores. The single round wooden table, serving so many purposes, a few chairs, and a huge, straight-

backed wooden settle, with a wooden cradle for the future Zachary or Mary, were the principal articles of furniture which stood on their neatly sanded floor. Their beds filled with hay or straw, leaves or rushes, and seldom surmounted by one of feathers and covered by homespun linen sheets and home-quilted coverlets, invite to healthy sleep after the day of honest, wearisome toil from sun to sun. This and but little more constitute the home comforts and conveniences of two hundred and fifty years ago. But winter is coming on,—a hard, rough, snowy winter of the old New England type, of which they had little dreamed.

The light snows of Southern England, to which they had been accustomed, were but as dew-drops to the tempests, compared with the heavy snow-blankets of our early New England winters; and, to meet the vigorous cold, heat must be extracted from the half-seasoned wood. the remnants of the timber-cutting and house-building of the Autumn. Cheer up, brave hearts! If, at some moments in the early morning hours, or in the night-watches, or by the light of the evening fire, as memory brought to you the faces of loved ones left behind in "Merrie England," you should drop the unbidden tear and secretly sigh for the comforts of the old home across the sea, we would not blame you. dreamed of freedom to worship God, of minds untrammeled by the edicts of civil or religious authority, of property untaxed by the illegal mandates of Charles and his unscrupulous Court and advisers. you also fancy that, for all this, you were to purchase the blessing at the great cost of such personal sufferings, trials and privations? and, had vou seen the picture that is soon to be sketched, we may fairly suppose that one family would have been absent at the roll-call at Old Wevmouth in 1635, and History would have waited with uplifted pen to write of a later Bicknell emigration.

Some of you have undoubtedly anticipated my story, when I relate that the heavy toil of our ambitious progenitor, Zachary, to select his lands, build his house, make a clearing for a garden the coming year, provide for the wants of his family in advance of the winter, and the hard climate of our New England skies, brought fever to the weakened body, and a brief sickness was followed by the death of the stay of the household. It was a dark, sad day when the widow of thirty-seven years, with her boy of twelve summers, followed the remains of husband and father to their last resting-place on Burial Hill.

The only public record which we find of his decease is in the order of The General Court of The Bay, under date of March, 1636. It was ordered,—

"That William Reade, having bought the house and twenty acres of land at Weymouth, unfenced, which was Zachary Bicknell's, for seven pounds, thirteen shillings and four pence of Richard Rockett and wife, is to have the sale confirmed by the child when he cometh of age, or else the child to allow such costs as the Court shall think meet."

The widow Agnes, in her days of need and sore trial, found a ready sympathizer in this same Rockett, of Braintree, who took her to his home and his heart; and the boy John is now transferred to new scenes in Braintree, and, in 1643, is called to mourn the loss of his mother; she died, as the records state, aged forty-eight years, while Zachary died seven years previous, aged forty-six.

OLD ENGLAND IN 1635.

To understand the reasons why 35,000 loyal and respectable subjects of Charles the First should leave Old England for the New between 1620 and 1625, let us look, if we can, through a chink in the wall, into the state of affairs, civil, social, and religious, as they existed in the best land, and under the best government, the sun then shone upon.

Charles the First succeeded his father, James the First of Scotland, in 1624, when Zachary Bicknell was of man's estate, thirty-five years of age, and ten years before the settlement at Weymouth. The great, good act of James was the translation of our English Bible, known as King James's Version, a work which, for the exercise of learning. scholarship, and a zealous religious faith, has not been surpassed in any age. Take him all in all, James was a bigot, a tyrant, a conceited fool. He professed to be the most ardent devotee of piety, and at the same time issued a proclamation that all lawful recreations, such as dancing, archery, leaping. May-games, etc., might be used after divine service. An advocate of religious freedom, he attempted to on Sundays. enforce the most abject conformity in his own Scottish home, against the well-known independence of that section of his realm, and drove the Puritans to seek an asylum in Holland, where they might find liberty to worship God.

Even in our own county of Somerset, the old king consented to an act of tyranny which would grace the age of Henry the Eighth. One Rev. Edmund Peacham, a clergyman in Somersetshire, had his study broken open, and a manuscript sermon being there found in which there was strong censure of the extravagance of the king and the oppression of his officers, the preacher was put to the rack and interrogated, "before torture, in torture, between torture, and after torture," in order to draw from him evidence of treason, but this horrible severity could wring no confession from him. His sermon was not found treasonable by the judges of the King's Bench and my Lord Coke; but the unhappy man was tried and condemned, dying in jail before the time set for his

execution. Just about this time was the State murder of Overbury, and the execution of Sir Walter Raleigh, one of England's noblest sons, brave and chivalric, who, at the executioner's block, took the axe in his hand, kissed the blade, and said to the Sheriff, "Tis a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases." These and kindred acts serve to illustrate the history of a king whose personal and selfish interests overruled all sentiments of honor and regard for his subjects, and who publicly declared that "he would govern according to the good of the commonweal, but not according to the common-will. With such a king as James on the throne, is it a wonder that the more intelligent and conscientious of his subjects,—like the Pilgrims and Puritans,—sought a home on this side the Atlantic, where wild beasts and savage men were their only persecutors?

We are told that "the face of the Court was much changed in the change of the king" from James to Charles I.; "that the grossnesses of the Court of James grew out of fashion," but the people were slow to learn the difference. Of the two evils, James was to be preferred. Charles ascends the throne with flattering promises, attends prayers and listens to sermons, pays his father's debts and promises to reform the Court. Let us see what he does. The brilliant but profligate Buckingham is retained as prime minister. Charles marries the beautiful Henrietta Maria, the Roman Catholic princess of France. He fits out fleets against Spain and other quarters, and demands heavy taxes to meet his heavy expenses. Parliament is on its dignity, and demands its proper recognition. He dissolves it, and calls another. That is more rebellious, and that he summarily dissolves. Men of high and low degree go to prison at the king's behest, and the disobedient were threatened with severer penalties.

The people of England are aroused, as the king of the earth sets himself against their claims in behalf of the royal prerogatives. The king and the people are at war. Which will come off conqueror? There is only one answer to that question, for the battle is one between the pigmy and the giant. The contest grows sharper as the months go on, and the people are in constant alarm. Murders are common, and even Buckingham, the favorite minister dies at the point of the assassin's knife, and the murderer goes to the Tower and the scaffold accompanied by the tumultuous cheers of London. Soon comes the Parliament of 1629, in which the popular leaders make their great remonstrance against the regal tyranny. In that House sat a plain young man, with ordinary cloth apparel, as if made by an old-country tailor, "his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untonable," with "an eloquence full of fervor." That young man is yet to be heard from. His name is Cromwell, sometimes known as Oliver Cromwell.

His briefly-reported speech of six lines is destined to be weightier than the edicts of a king. The session was brief. Popery and Arminianism, unjust taxation and voluntary payment of taxes not ordered by Parliament were declared treasonable and hostile principles in Church and State,—so said Parliament. "You are a Parliament of vipers,"—so said the king; and, on the 10th of March, Parliament was dissolved, not to meet again in the old historic hall for eleven long years; until, in 1640, the majesty of an outraged people rises superior to the majesty of an outraging ruler. Now follow the attempted riveting of the chains of a despotic and unscrupulous power, which does not understand the temper of the common people, nor the methods of counteracting a great popular upheaval in society.

It is not easy to resist the iron pressure of a tyrant; but, to our ancestors, it was far better than to accept the peace and profit which might follow abject submission. To borrow the words of De Tocqueville, "they cling to freedom for its native charms independent of its gifts,—the pleasure of speaking, acting, and breathing without restraint, under no master but God and the Law." The Englishmen of the first half of the Seventeenth Century were the fathers of the men who fired shots at Lexington and Concord, "heard round the world."

But how do the royal prerogatives affect our ancestors in Somersetshire? Our fathers were of common mould, and feel the unjust demand of the tax-gatherer and the insolent demeanor of the crown officers, who threaten fines and imprisonment for a refusal to obey. The people are aroused and are united; some are hopeless, some hopeful. Crown seems to have its sway, but the far-sighted see the people on the coming throne of righteous judgment. What troubles our ancestors most is the interference with their religious life. Archbishop Laud is now supreme, and the Pope never had a more willing vassal. Ministers are examined as to their loyalty to the government, their sermons are read to private judges of their orthodoxy, the confessional is established, and the altar service is restored. It is a time when earnest men and women cannot be trifled with on soul concerns. Their property may perish or be confiscated, but the right to unmolested worship is older than Magna Charta, and as inalienable as life itself. What is to be Resistance or emigration? Which? Resist and die, say Cromwell and Wentworth, Eliot and Hampden. Emigrate and live, say the men and women who came by thousands from all parts of England during the reign of this monarch, and among them were the men and the women whom we honor by this day's celebration.

HOME, SOCIAL, AND CHURCH LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND IN 1635.

While the work of upbuilding the new plantation is going on, let us look within the rudely-constructed houses, and note the busy life led by our grandmothers of the olden time, and good-wife Agnes shall be our teacher. The kitchen utensils are of wood, iron, or pewter, with a few articles of tin, silver, and brass. All shine with a lustre born of daily use and daily rubbing. No butcher's stalls supplied their tables, and the best brands of Genesee, St. Louis, and California flours were slumbering beneath the unknown Western prairies. The butchered fatling, sheep, or swine was divided between the nearest neighbors, and these mutual exchanges and purchases were the simple market style of two hundred years ago.

The three meals furnish the regular daily rations to a hungry family which meets at the horn-call at seven in the morning, at mid-day, and at the close of the day's work in the evening. The ten-hours-a-day system, in or out of doors, would have been a strange thing to the fathers, however agreeable it may be to their children. Between the hours of cooking and the preparation of the meals, we may hear the merry music of the old-fashioned piano, — the spinning-wheel, or the flax-wheel; and if the sheep have left their fleeces for the family clothing. we may also hear the heavy clatter of the looms. After sheep-shearing came the washing, carding, spinning, and weaving; and many are the wondrous tales of industry and alacrity in changing the woolen coat of the sheep to the woolen coat or gown of some household wearer. even told us that the wool which was on the sheep's back in the morning was ready made in clothing for domestic wear before the day's sands had run out. What say you, blushing grand-daughters of to-day, to such feats of handiwork of your grandmothers of ye olden day? They spun the fireside yarn to a better purpose, if not with equal diligence, than those who spin street-yarn in city or country two-and-a-half centuries later.

Our ancestry of two centuries ago were a church-going people; and in the midst of rugged scenes and hard toil, they remembered the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. We have already mentioned the fact that the lot has been selected for a house of worship, and a rude log structure soon served the purpose of sheltering the congregation from wind, sun, and rain, though not from cold, for the stove and furnace are among the future inventions, and the foot-stove is the only protection against the chills of winter.

Go back with me in imagination to an October Sabbath in 1635.

You look out upon the little settlement gathered about King Oak Hill, Burial Hill, and the neighboring localities, and there is no appearance of business or pleasure. It is the Puritan Sabbath. The fields are green with their autumn verdure, the forests are brilliant with their changing foliage, the waters, the beautiful rivers and bay are unstirred, except by the gentle winds of the morning. Even the birds have taken on a meditative mood, as they swarm on the hills and in the groves for their southern flights. and repose rest on Nature, and God's works proclaim his glory. It is the delightful rest of the Christian Sabbath. There are busy men and women in those rude houses on yonder hills and by the quiet waters, but their business to-day is to worship God, and in His service is their delight. By and-by the stillness is broken, not by the Sabbath bell, but by the morning drum, which tells that the hour of service draws nigh. From our standpoint on King Oak Hill, let us note the congregation as they come up to worship. From the North come whole families, on foot, along the well-marked bridle-way, and Parson Hull leads the devout company, who, if they converse at all, only speak of the goodness of the Lord and his merciful dealings with his children, The young men and maidens form a goodly company as they come in groups; and now and then we see a group of only two, whose hearts and thoughts are evidently bent on devotional subjects, and, though the way were twice as long, would be twice too short for their mutual spiritual enjoyment. Along the path over the fording-place come two on horseback, a lady and gentleman, with a child in front. By their side, on foot, walk-man and wife, with whom the present riders by turns share saddle and pillion, for there are no roads now, and we must wait many a year for the first "calash" to stir up a wonderment among the people. The nimble boys and girls are going to meeting barefoot. and the older misses are carrying their shoes and stockings in their hands, and will put them on when they get near the meeting-house, and put them off again on their return home. They must wait two hundred years for supplies from Lynn and Weymouth ;-home manu-It's a pity there are no smooth roads factures these, however. or side-walks for their tender feet; but never mind, they have roughed it all the week, and the owners had rather scratch or soil their feet than those shoes just made. Only the sick stay at home to-day, and those who nurse them. Some, probably, are spurred to duty by the law, which declares that, "if any lazy or slothful person in any of the towns neglects to come to the public worship of God, they shall forfeit for every such default the sum of ten shillings, or be publicly whipped."

The congregation on horseback have dismounted, by the aid of the

horse-block in front of the meeting-house, and their horses have been tied to the nearest trees. After inquiries concerning the health of family and friends, they enter the sanctuary, of which, if they could not exclaim, "How amiable are thy tabernacles," could join most truthfully with the royal poet, "The sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, my King and my God."

Worthy Parson Hull enters, and the whole congregation rise and remain standing as he walks up the aisle and ascends the pulpit, in token of their respect for their pastor and teacher. The invocation ended, Mr. Hull reads an hymn from the only psalm-book in the house, or from the Bible, which contains a metrical version of the Psalms, or Tate and Brady's collection, and hands the book over the pulpit to one of the deacons sitting in the deacon's seat below, who reads one line, which all the people unite in singing, and after the slow ones are through, reads another line and sings it, and so on, until the whole hymn is sung to "Old Hundred," or some other grand old tune.

Parson Hull then reads the Scripture and then leads the people in the long prayer, never less than twenty minutes in length, and sometimes reaching on toward the end of an hour. The Word of God is read, with a faithful commentary on its teachings; and, after another hymn, an hour's sermon, by the hour-glass, is preached, unless the parson's ideas sooner run out. The benediction is pronounced, and the families eat their dinners about the premises, and wait for the afternoon services and sermon, which may be a continuance of the morning's discourse, with an "improvement" for practical thoughts attached. The afternoon's exercises over, the people scatter, as they came, to their homes,—the elder and more devout to study the Scriptures, the youth to learn the Assembly's Catechism, and to receive religious teachings from the Bible. Thus passed, in the main, a Sabbath in Weymouth in 1635. Tell me, has the added wisdom and experience of these generations found any better way to worship God or to reverence his sanctuaries? May we not fear that the truths of Increase Mather's noted sermon, entitled "Ichabod, or 'The Glory of the Lord is departing from New England," may yet dawn on us?

AN ORTHODOX STORY OF AN ORTHODOX FAMILY.

As the Bicknells are, always have been, and always will be noted as a religious family, paying the highest respect to all the essentials of an upright Christian life, it will not be out of order, and may interest many, to hear a real story in proof of the orthodoxy of our race a century-and-a half ago. You may not remember that John the First was the father

of eleven children, three sons and eight daughters. One son, Zacharv. born 1668, of his second wife, Mary Porter, removed to what was then called "the westward end of Swanzev." Mass., now Barrington, R. I., about 1705. He had six children,—Zachariah, Joshua, Hannah, James. Mary, and Peter. Zachariah and James began to be among the first men of Barrington from 1730 to 1735, and were members of the Congregational Church of that town. The Western emigration fever seized them about this time, and both moved westward, forty miles or more, to what is now, and was then, Ashford, Conn. Ashford was an orthodox town in an orthodox colony, and we find Zachary and James members of the church in good and prominent standing. In proof of their orthodoxv. Zachariah was a man of war, ensign of the train-band, before he had been a citizen of Ashford six months, and was promoted to the captaincy in less than two years; while James was a Deputy in the Connecticut General Court almost continuously from 1737 to 1756, and one of Her Majesty's Justices almost as long. Pure Pædobaptists only bore rule in those days.

In 1745, one Rev. John Bass, of Braintree, a graduate of Harvard College, was invited to become the pastor of the Congregational Church at Ashford. On examination, some dissatisfaction was manifested, but the Consociation was appealed to, and that body decided that Mr. Bass was a safe shepherd for that flock. Affairs went on quietly for four years or thereabouts; Mr. Bass preached acceptably; the people approved. A few, however, of the eagle eyed and rigid of his hearers suspected that he was departing from the "Calvinsian class," to which he claimed to belong at the time of his ordination. Jealousy soon arose from his neglect to preach some of the peculiar views of his great leader. and also from his advice to examine their religious principles as revealed in the Bible and not to take them second-hand. A churchmeeting was asked, to which Mr. Bass replied, "That as the people were generally in a ruffle, 'twas best to defer calling them together till they were cooler, and so fitter for action." Back went a letter to Mr. Bass, signed by James and Zachariah Bicknell and eight other brethren. saving, "There is great uneasiness among us on account of the principles you and some others hold, which we think very dangerous." If you do not warn a church-meeting to look into these affairs, you will put us under a necessity of taking some other course. Mr. Bass, in reply, asking for liberty in religious opinions, "was not in the least satisfactory," and was even hissed at, and these specific objections were presented, in substance as follows:

"The grounds of our uneasiness are,—First, We think you are gone from what you professed to the Council in the matter of original sin. You then professed that it was not only our infelicity, but our sin, that we fell in Adam; and now you seem to hold only the depravity

and deny the guilt; it appears to us in your preaching, praying, and conversing,—(1) You neglect to preach the doctrine of original sin. You seem to lay the chief stress of our salvation on our moral obedience (we hold obedience necessary as the fruit and effect of faith), but in the matter of justification to have no part. (2) You don't preach up the doctrine of election as it is recorded in Romans ii. 5, 6, and multitudes of other texts that plainly point out our personal, absolute, eternal election; also the doctrine of particular election and doctrine of perseverance. When you baptize children, you don't so much as mention one word of the child's being guilty of sin, or of Christ's blood being applied to the mystical washing from sin, or any other words that represent the child as being guilty of original sin. You also approve Mr. Taylor's book, which so plumply denies original sin."

James Bicknell's name heads the letter; and the probability is, that as Justice of the Peace, and a ready writer, he drew up this fearful indictment against Parson Bass. The church-meeting was called, the reverend minister was brought to the bar, and the following serious and awful question was propounded. It was called a "sifting question" in the Church records, and it proved such to the pastor: "Sir, don't you think that a child brings sin enough into this world with it to damn it forever?" On the answer to this most comprehensive interrogatory, put by the Justice to the suspected minister, hangs his orthodoxy. "I do not," frankly replies the minister; and, without further examination, the Church proceeded to vote, "That it held the doctrine of original sin, as set forth in the eighteenth question and answer of the Shorter Catechism, an essential condition of church fellowship and communion."

It was also declared that Mr. Bass had departed from the true theory of the doctrine of original sin; "that he denied a covenant made with Adam for his posterity; that he was deficient in teaching the doctrines of particular election, particular redemption, effectual calling, and the perseverance of the saints." Mr. Bass was advised to seek light on these topics. A Council was chosen, the case was heard, orthodoxy triumphed, and Parson Bass was bounced, going thence to Providence, as pastor of the Unitarian Church in that city. As a parting shot to the Consociation and the people, among whom were some of our ancestors, he wrote in the Church Records, June 5, 1751, "I was dismissed from my pastoral relations to the Church and people of Ashford for dissenting from the Calvinistic sense of the Quinquarticular points, which I ignorantly subscribed to before my ordination; for which, and all my other mistakes, I beg the pardon of Almighty God." *

^{*} See *History of Windham Co., Conn*, vol. i. pp. 544, et seq. Ellen D. Larned, Thompson, Conn.

A PART OF THE "OLD STORY."

The cards on the walls of this Church to-day reveal names that are household words in Bicknell homes: John, Zachary, Thomas, William, Noah, James, Luke, Humphrey, Otis, Jacob, Ebenezer, Daniel, Joseph, Nathan, Benjamin, Ezra, David, Samuel, Peter, Joshua, Nathaniel, are familiar titles of our boys; while Mary, Ruth, Naomi, Joanna, Experience, Elizabeth, Hannah, Olive, Amy, Alice, Emma, Sallie, Ella, Lucy, Nancy, Anna, Eliza, Clara, Elmira, Harriet, Rosella, their sisters,—not lost, but transformed by other names, in multitude like unto the stars,—were as good girls as New England families have seen; and in full testimony of which the Pratts, Dyers, Truphants, Bates, Richards, Turners, Maurans, Tirrells, Goodspeeds, Hayfords, Reeds, Vialls, Torreys, Orcutts, Blanchards, Frenchs, Shaws, Coopers, Carpenters, Forbes, Noyes, Watsons, Lincolns, Raymonds, Cranes, of this and other communities, bear swift and satisfactory witness.

John, our common ancestor, a ten-year-old boy when he came to America, grew to man's estate and married Mary, the daughter of ———, who gave him three children,—John, the first male Bicknell born in America, and two daughters, Mary, who married John Dyer, and Naomi, of whom we have no record. His first wife, Mary, died March 25, 1658; and December 2 of the same year, John married Mary Porter, daughter of Richard Porter of Weymouth. Six daughters and two sons were the product of this wedlock,—Ruth, who married James Richards; Mary, who married Maurice Truphant of Weymouth; Thomas, who married Ann Turner of Hingham, and removed to Middleborough; Zachary, who married Hannah Smith of Swanzey, and removed to Swanzey, now Barrington, R. I.; and Joanna, Experence, Elizabeth, and Hannah, of whom we have no records as yet brought to light

Our grand-sire, John the First, was a capable and an industrious man. As evidence of the capability, witness two wives, and eleven children, to all of whom he gave a comfortable support; and in his will, at death, a fair property. He was a carpenter by trade, and how many of the "lean-to's" of Old Weymouth and the adjoining towns grew up under his clever tools and skilled eye no one lives to tell. He was an orthodox carpenter, for he was employed by the Old North Church to make—"tite"—a leaky roof, and was selected by the town of Weymouth, to go to the Great and General Court, to help patch up her early legislation. Possibly his mechanical skill suggested some new plank in the platform of our socio-religio-civil Commonwealth. He lived respected, and died lamented, 1668, aged fifty-four years:

"An honored life, a peaceful death, And Heaven to crown it all." Of the three sons of John the First, only one remained in Weymouth to perpetuate the name and family. John, junior, lived and died in Weymouth, probably in North Weymouth, — as many believe, in the older part of the house now owned and occupied by his descendants of our name. He had five sons and two daughters. According to our historian, Mary married John Turner of Bridgewater, and Sarah married William Sargent; and his children and children's children still dwell in Weymouth, Hingham, Abington, Braintree, Quincy, Boston, and adjoining towns until this day. The headstone which stands above his grave on Burial Hill bears this record:

Here Lyes ye body of
MR. JOHN BICKNELL, SENR.,
Died August 4th,
1737,
In ye 84th
Of His Age.

In him we find the longevity of the family well established, a physical quality which has not departed from the race through these generations, and is to-day illustrated in John's descendants, some of whom are now in the eighties. Notably in that line were Nathaniel, who died at Abington in 1804, aged 79; Captain Nathaniel, the grandfather of Rev. George W. Bicknell, who died in 1872, aged 95; Noah, who died in 1872, aged 89; Luke, who died in 1870, aged 83; James, who died in 1862, aged 72; and William Bicknell of Hartford, Maine, father of William Emory of Weymouth and Boston (and grandfather of Edward Bicknell, Esq., the orator of tomorrow), who is now hale and hearty, at the age of 79 years.

The Bicknells of Maine and their descent are from the line of John, through the grandson Nathaniel of the fifth, and Daniel of the sixth generations, who located in that State in the early part of the century. His descendants are quite widely scattered in that State; some have come back to Boston and vicinity, while others have gone to the South and the West. Prominent among the descendants of John, now living, are Quincy, our historian of Hingham, Zachary, Robert, Francis, and others of Weymouth; Hon. Q. A. Tirrell, of Natick; William E., Edward, Emory O., Joseph, and James, of Boston; Albion H., the distinguished artist, of Malden; Alfred the poet, Rev. E. H. Wyman, Ph.D., of Malden, the chaplain of the day; William and his numerous and respectable progeny of Maine, one of whom graduated at Bates College in June last; the Rev. George W., of Lowell, whose ability and enthusiasm make him a welcome guest at the family board; Rev. William E., of Rowe, whose talented son has

completed the first year at Williams College with more first honors than are ordinarily given to two or three; another Baptist Reverend in Maine, from whom we have as yet heard but little; and A. J. Bicknell, of New York, who, as architect and publisher, has made a name in the world, and whose brother, Luke W. of Cummington, is a man of sound views, and probably one of those whom Governor Long refers to of our family as fit to be governors of the old Commonwealth.

Zacharv was the first Bicknell to come to Weymouth; and his grandson Zachary was the first Bicknell who was seized with a Western fever, and emigrated from Weymouth. Perhaps his good-wife, Hannah Smith, whom he courted in Swanzey and brought home to Weymouth. had a word to say about the beautiful lands on the Sowams and the Narragansett. Possibly land speculation, gold-mines, oil-stocks, clambanks, or some other attraction, led him to pack up his goods, and with his wife and four children, steer their course for "the westward end of Swansea." About 1705, certain it is they went, and they stayed. Zachary was soon a leading man in the town, not an unusual thing for our folks. In the year 1711 he, with twenty-eight others, petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts Bay to make a new town of that part of Swanzey. The reason was a good one, as you will see. Old Swanzey was a good Baptist town, founded by Parson Myles, Wales. It had a Baptist Church founded in 1663, but no orthodox church. Our fathers were thorough orthodox Congregationalists. Their petition for a new town opens as follows:

"The petition of us the subscribers, inhabitants on the westward end of Swansea, most humbly showeth, that among all the outward and external blessings with which the Lord of all mercy blesseth any people withall in this world, that of the House of God is among them; the Gospel purely preached, and the ordinances of Christ's kingdom duly administered, and fathers and children settled under pastoral watch: care, and government, under pious, learned, orthodox ministers, being in our esteem the greatest." The petitioners go on to speak of the "bitterness" they feel "for the very mention of no settled minister, learned and orthodox, no church of Christ settled in order, no pastor to feed Christ's lambs among us. This is, as we believe, an uncomfortable thought unto all the holy and reverend mininisters that know our So it is a heart-breaking thought to us to think, that when we are called out of this world to consider in what state we leave our posterity, exposed to a ruinating enticement from pure gospel and gospel ordinances."

"All which sorrow and misery either felt or feared, if the Honorable General Court do in mercy and pity prevent by granting a township according to the limits of Captain Samuel Low's military company in Swansea, thereby enabling us to settle and maintain a pious, learned, and orthodox minister for the good of us and our posterity, God will be glorified, Christ's kingdom enlarged, and will oblige your most humble servant, ever to pray.

Signed, Zachary Bicknell and twenty-eight others, among whom were Humphreys, Vialls, Pecks, Salisburys, Turners, and John Rogers, a lineal descendant of the martyr John of the Smithfield stake. The old Baptist town objects and protests, but in 1717 something must be done, for a Weymouth triumvirate is sent as agents to Boston for the society. It is Josiah Torrey, Zachary Bicknell, and Samuel Humphrey, who secure the ears and the votes of the General Court, and the new town, Barrington, is ordered and decreed to exist, as it has until this day.

Zachary of Swansea had four sons, Zach, James, Joshua, and Peter. The two elder sons between 1730-31 took to themselves wives, and with them journeyed into a far country, even the fertile valleys of Connecticut, at Ashford. Here they lived and died, and their names still live in their descendants in Eastern Connecticut. A reflex wave of this western tidal move flowed back upon Rhode Island, and the names of Bicknell in the towns on the west side of Narragansett Bay are descendants of James or Zachariah of Ashford. The more venturesome went westward, and more than a century ago settled in the fertile Mohawk valley near Rome, N. Y. Here we find to-day a sturdy stock represented by Rev. James Bicknell, a stalwart Baptist preacher, 87 years of age; his brother Moses, nearly as old (85); and his sisters. Martha Knapp and Hannah Smith, well on to or among the eighties. Of that stock was Hon. Bennett Bicknell, an eminent lawyer of Western, N. Y., who was the first representative of the Bicknell name in the Lower House of Congress. His picture, which I am glad to have, bears the Bicknell type, and I think you would all agree that he might be an honest Congressman. Of that line are James S., of Buffalo; Charles T., of Ohio; Henry E., in Chicago; Anson D., of Iowa; and John, of California. All are progressive, enterprising, intelligent people, and their interest in the family is strong and abiding.

Joshua, the next son of Zachary, inherited the paternal estate, and stuck by the stuff, and his descendants still dwell in goodly numbers and in respectable rank in the old home town of Barrington. Joshua died at the age of 64. The inventory of his goods and chattels was £6324, 148, 8p. Among the chattels were "My negro man Dick, and female negro child Rose," who were made free by his will, and each was given one hundred pounds as a freedom-gift. His son Joshua, my grandfather, was a man who served his generation well, and slept with his fathers in 1837, at the age of 79. He represented his town in the Legislature of Rhode Island almost continuously from 1787 to 1825.

and was a justice of the Supreme Court of the State 23 years. bore the office of Deacon of the church, and was the trusted treasurer of the society for 40 years. "Old Aristides" was the name his legislative associates gave him, and his name is now honored in Rhode Island, though he has slept peacefully nearly half a century. Of his sons. Allen represented his native town in the Legislature for several vears in the House and Senate, and two grandsons have occupied the office of Commissioner of Public Schools of Rhode Island, one succeeding the other, the services of the two covering over one-third of the period since the office was created in 1841. Three of Joshua's children still live. One, the youngest, in the house built by his father, is now in his eighty-second year; the next older, Elizabeth, is now in her eighty-fourth year; and her next older brother is now in his eightyseventh year. The average age of the four oldest children at death was 813 years. The average age of the three now living is 833 years. "With long life will I satisfy them and shew them my salvation."

Peter, the youngest son, lived and died in Barrington, but his children emigrated to Western Massachusetts and Vermont, and have left a goodly company of descendants in the Green Mountain and Bay States. Some of the most noted school-masters of Vermont were Bicknells, and of her Methodist Divines we have Rev. D. H. Bicknell, of Sheldon, whose interest in Bicknell genealogy is exceptionally strong. Our excellent friend Elra, who attends Bicknell Reunions as a religious duty, from real orthodox principle and convictions, is a chip of the good old block, well born from Peter, surnamed The Rock.

But what of that third son, Thomas? He married Ann Turner, and removed to Middleboro, where he died in 1719. Thence went a son. Japhet, to Attleboro, and Thomas to Worcester; and thence I cannot tell all of their wanderings through these years of honest toil and selfdenial. Suffice to say that of that branch we have in New York successful merchants in Joseph I. and his son George. An honorable ex-Congressman in Hon. Geo. A. Bicknell, now Judge Bicknell, of the Supreme Bench of Indiana; a faithful pastor in one son, and a lieutenant in the U. S. Navy in another. We have to-day two M.D.'s in the ninth generation from Zachary,—Dr. Charles V. Chapin, of Providence, and Dr. Emma V. P. Culbertson of Philadelphia,-and one in the eighth,-Dr. George W. Bicknell, of Beloit, Wisconsin. Of Dr. Bicknell's Syrups I have heard excellent reports, but I hope that none of our race will ever have occasion to use them. If you would like to try an experiment, eat green watermelons, and send for a bottle of Bicknell's Dysentery Syrup. A sure cure is guaranteed to members of the amily.

But enough, I hear you say: let us have a chance at the story our-

selves: and, dear souls, so you shall. My purpose is accomplished if I have assorted the families so that each will recognize his brethren of the seventh, eighth, and ninth generations. If any still wander in the mazes of a complicated genealogy, not knowing whither the thread of fate leads you, go directly to our historian, Quincy, and he will solve the doubt and unravel the mystery. I purposed at the outset to talk a little of our family history of New England two and one-half centuries ago; to tell you why and whence Zachary and Agnes came to Wevmouth; how they lived, what they did, when they died, and what they have left us. I love the story, "the old, old story, because I know 'tis true." and I want all of our descent to love it too. Make these old names familiar to the ears of the children of the tenth and the twentieth generations. They cannot think too often or too well of a Puritan ancestry. We may remove far away from their homes, but let us stick firmly to their sturdy principles of industry, truth, virtue, and honor. It was noble, HEROIC to stand for principle when weaker souls fainted or fell away. It was grander still to plant a family on American soil. whose name, through two hundred and fifty years, is everywhere a synonym for manly and womanly character and Christian living. We stand united on the platform of purity in the family, temperance in the life. freedom and honor in the State. No prison-door ever closed behind one of our name, and the dram-shop has not eaten up our hard earnings. Industry, and her twin sister Intelligence, walk by the side of our men and women in all their walks, be they humbler or higher, and a good hope of a reunited life beyond, animates us.

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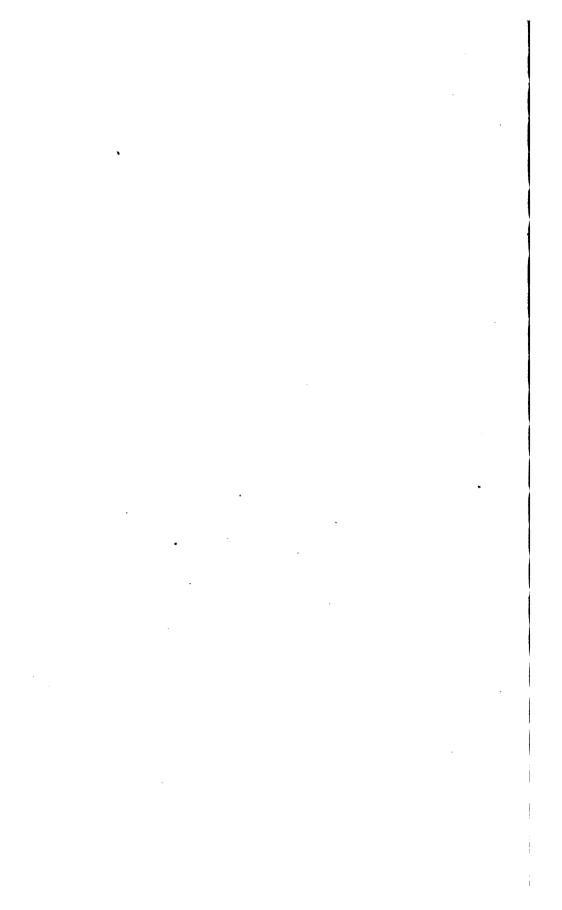
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AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE BICKNELL FAMILY MONUMENT AT BURIAL HILL, NORTH WEYMOUTH, SEPTEMBER 21, 1882,

By EDWARD BICKNELL, A.M., of Boston.

Near the close of a most charming as well as thoughtful lecture which Canon Kingsley delivered some years ago, there occurred a sentence that embodies the thought which has brought us here to-day. He said that it is by sentiment rightly understood that nations live. That sentence crystallizes the ideas that our nobler feelings are but the higher sentiments; that a love of country and of heroic bravery, that a reverence for our ancestors on account of their virtues, are simply sentiments nobly developed, and that, inspired by such sentiments, a nation grows and prospers; that without that inspiration it decays and dies. The monuments which, since the war, have sprung up all over our country are utterances of the same thought. We Americans are such a practical people that we need something apparent to our external senses to recall to us those sentiments which are really worthy the devotion of our lives.

In this spirit we have assembled here to-day to dedicate to the memory of our common ancestors this memorial stone. The simplicity of the model, the purity and the substantial quality of the material, typify well the virtues of that couple who we fondly believe were worthy members of a noble company. We know not just the manner of man, in the lesser details of life, Zachary Bicknell was, but we do know that no common man could have been one of the Pilgrims; we do know that no weakling, no man of spasmodic energy, could have taken his life in his hands, braved the terrors of the unknown seas and the bleak coast of wild New England, for a principle. And of her who was his companion, who bore so well the unequal struggle which wore out so many of the women of early New England, we can well believe she had all the virtues of a Puritan woman, and all the graces, too, that strict living, patient forbearance, and purity of character always give. Rarely do we think of what life must have been in Zachary's house. The ac-

counts that we have of home-life in those days are so exceedingly meagre that it needs a sympathetic imagination to picture it. Agnes' life was an earnest one, or she could not have been a Puritan. Thoughts of amusement for the sake of amusement were too rarely, if at all, in her mind. Her books were few,—the Bible, a few sermons, a catechism, and the like. Yet the Puritan woman had a charm which draws us to her after all these years. It was the charm of intelligence, of earnestness, of character. The daughters of New England now set no limit to the possibilities of their acquirement of knowledge; no art or science which cannot claim a disciple among them. All this is well, but with only their religion and their duty to their families for their constant thought, the mothers of New England reared a generation the impress of which has been felt all over the world.

The Puritans came here to stay, and they brought their families. with Zachary and Agnes came their son John, whose whole life, practically, was passed around the spot where we stand. New England can claim all of him for her own, and to him and his family also we dedicate this monument. In his family we find somebody we know something of. His son John was the first Bicknell born in this country. He became a prominent man, and in those days sterling merit was the only recommendation which secured advancement. And we do not forget that other member of Zachary's family, the serving-man, John Kitchin, type of character peculiar to New England. The religion of the forefathers found a practical illustration in the way they treated all who were dependent upon them. He was a member of the family, and shared in The same rules of conduct, the same inspirations, the same desire for self-improvement, animated the master and the servant; and in later years we find this same serving-man's descendant a graduate from the University at Cambridge Indeed, we dedicate this monument to the memory of the first Bicknell families who lived upon these shores. Their bodies have crumbled into the dust of earth, but this gathering of their children in peace and plenty amid the scenes which saw the lives and labors of two-and-a-half centuries ago shows us that they themselves can never die. In the family they created, in the sturdy independence they bequeathed to us, in the virtues they were examples of, they live forever.

There is something peculiarly appropriate in asking one of the younger members of the family to take a prominent part in these exercises, and it was probably with this idea that your committee placed upon me a duty which could be performed so much more brilliantly and satisfactorily by others. It is to the young people that this monument should especially speak. The memories and sentiments that hallow this spot are the links which bind the founders of this family with the generations here

and to come. Those of you who are in the midst of life's struggle, and those who, having borne the brunt of the fight, are now resting from your labors, need the inspiration of the noble deeds of the past less than do the young recruits. We who come after you must have held up to us constantly the high standards our forefathers bore. Never must we be allowed to forget that this country was founded in virtue and stern self-sacrifice; that its growth and prosperity have been because of those same old-fashioned virtues which Zachary and Agnes must have been examples of.

I need not rehearse the well known history of those early years in which Zachary and Agnes lived. It has been told and retold until it is a household story. The particulars of the career, public and private, of our own ancestors have been told you elsewhere, and however appropriate to this occasion a rehearsal of them might be, I prefer to omit it.

It was no holiday-trip that brought the Pilgrims here. The shores of New England were no enchanted isles, and the Puritans didn't dream that they were. No greed for untold wealth lured them hither. gave up their homes, their material prosperity, to found a colony consecrated to their principles of religion, and they never turned back. Through the dangers and sufferings of those early winters they kept steadfastly on. It was the principles they believed in, the purity of their intentions, the greatness of their purpose, which inspired them. No doubt thoughts of old England came over them. Plymouth, Wevmouth, and the other names in this new world, show how their thoughts and affections turned toward the old world they had left behind more in sorrow than in anger. Memories of the old places at home, the pleasant and ancient villages where they spent their chilhood, grew up to manhood, won their wives and reared their children, must have filled them with tender recollections, and made the stern reality of their present existence all the harder, but they never faltered. We, the descendants of so noble an ancestry, honor ourselves in building this memorial of them, and we are unworthy of such an honor if we allow ourselves to be unfaithful to the ancient traditions of our people. It was the sacred flag of Mahomet which inspired his followers with his own enthusiasm so that they did deeds almost superhuman; it was the helmet of Navarre which filled the army of Henry the Fourth with his own courage; -may this memorial inspire us with the earnestness and fidelity that characterized the noble men and women of New England; may this stone continually remind us of their devotion to principle for the sake of principle, and be, as it were, our oriflamme in the conflict which is always going on with meanness and hypocricy and corruption, in public and in private places; may it always keep before us the idea of a perfect and noble manhood and womanhood. So animated, none of us, no matter what may come, will ever bring disgrace upon our name. But no matter how well they wrought, no matter how enduring their work may seem,—unless we, in whose hands the results of their labors are left as an inheritance, take up the work which they laid down, their lives were in vain. Mere admiration on our part amounts to nothing. To sit at home in our easy chairs, before a cosy fire, and read of the cold and the want of those early winters in that struggling colony, and how through earnestness and perseverance they triumphed over the difficulties which beset them, is a waste of time unless, refreshed and encouraged by the perusal, we be up and doing

On vonder hill stands a simple column in honor of the patriotic dead of Weymouth. Those men who died, died for a sentiment. Its upward-pointing shaft tells us there is something more worthy of the devotion of our lives than a selfish enjoyment of this world and its posses-That monument is a silent though effective teacher of our duty to our country in the time of danger; it is an enduring reminder of the fact that heroism lifts a man higher than the common crowd. are some who sneer at memorials of the past, and smile when we talk of the effect of a monument commemorating a heroic deed. But who can say that thoughts suggested by these monuments of the past.—thoughts of this country founded amidst the struggles of our fathers and cemented with the blood of brave men,—will not inspire our descendants to noble endeavor? Who can say that these very memorials of the brave days of old do not nourish in children ideas of bravery, of patriotism, of country, which in after-life will make them worthy and zealous citizens? Who can say that without such memorials, appealing at first to the curiosity and then to the natural sympathy of childhood, they would become sordid, base, mere money gatherers? Is it presumptuous to believe that this monument which we dedicate to-day may inspire us to deeds of noble daring? It should stir all there is in us of family pride and honest emulation. No patent of nobility could honor any of us so much as to be worthy descendents of a true man and woman,—a couple who walked their way on earth in the fear of God, and whose bravery and heroic endurance nothing could break down. We do not have the same work to do. We may not find a martyr's crown or a soldier's laurel; but peace hath her victories. The same country which our forefathers founded, which these soldiers fought for, is left to us to preserve. With its increasing years and prosperity have come new dangers and greater responsibilities. We must do our part to be worthy successors of an ancestry of workers. That same steadfastness of purpose should control us which controlled them. The brave soldiers whose death is so fittingly commemorated there are honored because they served their country well. We may not serve it like them,

but we can use the power that is in us to make its government purer and better and nobler. To do less than that is to show that we are not able to feel the grandeur of a life animated by high principles, and that as far as taking up the work our fathers began we are failures, and but cumber the ground.

There is a place in Arabia made sacred by some incident in the life of Mahomet, where in old times the devout Mussulman must take an oath of fealty to the prophet and his holy religion before he could become a knight. Just as those wild fanatics, if you will, but yet men true to high sentiment, journeyed there to take an oath never to desert the cause of the holy prophet, and just as they gained new strength and courage and devotion to the cause by a sight of the holy place, so may we find this place a never-ending source of noble sentiments. To that cause we dedicate this monument; and may we, as did those knights of old, kneel before this stone hallowed by the lives of noble men and women, in a place sanctified by the ashes of so many of their descendants, and swear that when we go forth to do battle.—as fight we must with the giant wrongs that menace the future of our country,—we will never falter, but strike home; that never will we be lured by bright promises of selfish and dishonest gain, but keep steadily on with only one thought.—to stand by, at any cost, the principles we believe in. We can better afford to fall before the wrath of the multitude for an honest belief, than to be praised by others only to despise ourselves.

These thoughts which I have advanced are entirely practical. Were the sentiments and the principles illustrated in the lives of the Pilgrims the rule rather than the exception, public men would not wish, much less dare, to pursue the sinuous path they now follow in their blind devotion to party and personal politics. A devotion to principle leads men in a straight path to the end; it is only time-servers who puzzle us by the intricacy of their course. Nobler men would come to the front, and we should be spared hearing of incidents that make us blush for our country. John Hampden and men like him were inspired through and through with the sentiment of liberty, and because they were so inspired we now enjoy rights known then only in theory.

A sincere devotion to principle, an earnest love of country, a perseverance which only smiles upon obstacles, are what it seems to me a study of our ancestors teaches us. If this offering to the memory of Zachary and Agnes Bicknell and their family will create and keep alive the sentiments which are at the bottom of those old-timed virtues, this monument will not have been reared in vain.



A CHAPTER OF FAMILY HISTORY.

By QUINCY BICKNELL, Esq.,

FAMILY HISTORIAN.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Bicknell Family Association:

Honored by your kindness in the position I occupy as your historian, obligation to the duty imposed and respect to your honorable preferment call me to give some account of the service which such obligation and preferment demand. In accepting this service you will remember that I promised to do only what many pressing prior engagements would enable me to do, and that what I might accomplish in the matter of our family history would be incident to the work I was already engaged upon. With this explanation, I will repeat briefly what has been accomplished in gathering the materials out of which such a history must be composed.

Mr. Ellery Bicknell Crane, of Worcester, the compiler of the Crane genealogy, very kindly prepared a circular of questions, embracing the facts necessary to be known of each individual family, Hon. Thomas W. Bicknell, the president of our association, caused to be printed in a neat form, suitable for circulation. I have mailed one or more copies of these to every member of the family known to me, whose record I had not previously obtained. From many of the persons thus addressed. I have received answers. These answers are more or less full, as the recipients had the necessary means for determining, or caught the whole scope of the questions presented. From quite a number, however, I have had no response, owing perhaps to the want of sufficient data, or time to collect the same. I trust, however. that this delay in answering may not be final on their part, but that they will send such information as they may now possess, and leave the perfecting of the record to such time as they may be able to complete the same.

I would here suggest to such members of the family as have already furnished as full records as possible, to remember that our work of compiling a family history is one likely to consume considerable time, and that the constant changes taking place in our families by the interesting event of marriage, the joyous one of birth, and the sadness of death. are such that the historian should be apprized of, so that he may continually keep his record abreast with these events. I have now the record of more than four hundred families, comprising from sixteen to eighteen hundred names. A full and complete record, carrying down the lines of descent, both in the male and female lines, would probably call for more than twenty thousand names. A genealogical work which should wholly ignore the lines of the females would be very incomplete, and would subject it to the very just and deserved criticism which our already published account, in the brief history of the family, received from one of our ladies of Bicknell descent, when she raised the inquiry "whether the compiler thought that the Bicknell children were all boys,"

To this implied charge, the compiler must plead that he has very distinct knowledge to the contrary on this point, from the time when his scalp-locks suffered as the result of certain boyish pranks to that other time when the roughness of that uncouth period of life became mellowed into admiration and respect for the beautiful developments of life and character which have marked the girls of the family. The reason that they were not named in the "brief history" was because there had not been time nor opportunity to trace them out. As the girls, as yet, change their names by marriage, it becomes more difficult to follow their descendants, as they must be picked out from all other descendants bearing their husbands' respective names. I would suggest to the women of our descent that they turn their attention to this matter, and see what they can accomplish. To them belongs the honor of this descent, and to them I trust may be due the credit of rescuing it from oblivion.

In my experience in tracing the lines of descent, I have found that in all that constitute worth, intelligence, and honorable position, won by labor and merit, the balance will be in the line of the female descendants. We cannot have all this eliminated from our record. But I hear all around me the more pressing inquiry, shaping itself into asking: "Have you nothing but dry statistics of the dates of births, marriages, and deaths to give us?" "Tell us what the many members of the family did during the two centuries which have elapsed from the landing of Zachary on these shores. What great enterprises in Church and State did they project, and lead to successful completion? Who among them were the learned ministers and councillors of the land?

Who were the warriors along the flaming lines of battle that rescued the land from peril? Who were the orators, surcharged with eloquence, and swaying the deepest emotions of the mind, as the forest bows before the rushing storm." History records none of our name in the catalogue she has written. The lives of the members of our family can be seen only between the lines of history. And it is only as the history of New England takes loftier attitude in the receding march of time that we can begin to measure the character and importance of their work and lives. They were among the humbler toilers in the fields, and builders in the towns and cities, heeding the command, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

John Bicknell was a carpenter, a man in constant requisition in a new settlement, so soon as saw-mills began to convert the forests into lumber, and the more commodious dwelling house to take the place of the primitive log hut. He was quite an extensive land-holder, as his will and the early possessions of his sons show. His was the task, with lhis companion immigrants, to wrestle with the problem confronting our first parents as they left the Garden of Eden. Around them, these hill-tops, valleys, and plains were covered with the forest-growth of centuries, and out of their subdual must come the provision for all their necessities for food, shelter, and raiment. How well they worked their problem to solution the comfortable condition of these early immigrants at the close of the first generation bears testimony. Amid all these pressing necessities they took upon themselves provision for the sustenance of the minister, and such provision for instruction of children as their means afforded. They had little time for the amenities of literature, and the minister was generally the only well-educated person in the community, often combining in his duties the four-fold work of minister, physician, lawyer and school-master.

John Bicknell's sons were brought up in habits of industry; his two older sons being husbandmen, and the younger son, Thomas, a black-smith. So effectually had the work of subduing the wilderness of old Weymouth been accomplished, that Zachariah and Thomas, intrusting the task of perpetuating the Bicknell name in the old town to their older brother, John, struck out into new fields of labor, selling their estate of inheritance; a portion of the same going to Stephen French and others in trust for a parsonage.

Of the eight daughters of John Bicknell,² we have the fact that three were married, and bore the respective names of Dyer, Richards, and Trufant. It would be of exceeding interest, would those now bearing these names, in these several lines of descent, prepare a correct account of the same. Of the other five daughters we know nothing, and for them the records seem to be silent. And now in the male line,

the Bicknell history becomes dissevered, — John³ remaining in Weymouth, Zachariah³ going to Barrington, R. I., and Thomas³ to Middleborough in Plymouth county.

John³ attained the venerable age of 83 years, and at his death he left quite a large estate, as his will and inventory will show.

Of Zachariah³ and what he accomplished in his new home, I am not so well advised, but know that he maintained a respectable and honorable position in the community, and so interested himself in the welfare of the people as to give out of his estate a lot of land for the site of a meeting-house.

Thomas³ died at the age of 47 years, leaving a repectable estate for the times, and four orphan children, one son Japhet,⁴ and three daughters. The mother dying a few years after, these children were then doubly orphaned.

The death of these three brothers closed the first century from the immigration of Zachary, and so had they and their fathers wrought and impressed themselves upon their descendants, that there went out from these lines into the world of work, for the next century, a swarm of laborers in the field, and builders and workers in the cities.

John⁴ was a cordwainer. He went to Abington, and in the foundation of the prosperity of that town, in its peculiar line of work, we shall expect to find John Bicknell's lap-stone. His family record, however is open to the criticism which the ladies have passed upon our former record. His children were all boys, three of them, John, Joseph, and Nathaniel. This record is, however, rectified in the families of these three sons by the advent of a number of girls. It would be impossible to indicate here the descendants from these sons. The woods of Maine were once full of them, and having subdued these woods, the younger generations have come back into Massachusetts, to show us how a constant migration of a race, with the attendants of enterprise and industry, can improve and elevate it.

Zachariah⁴ remained in Weymouth, and was a weaver by trade, and from him and his brother Benjamin⁴ have descended those bearing the name now resident in Weymouth and its vicinity.

Benjamin⁴ was twice married, and left only one son. His three daughters married, respectively, Dyer, Pratt, and Burrell.

Zachariah,³ as we have seen, finding the limits of Weymouth too narrow for the family gathering around him, sought ampler room and opportunities on the shores of the Narragansett Bay. These quarters, however, soon proving insufficient for the enterprise of his sons, they soon reached out for larger opportunities, and found an untried wilderness in the northeastern part of the land of steady habits, where Zachariah⁴ and his wife Katherine so improve these opportunities that they

saw gathered around them fourteen children, equally divided as to boys and girls,—stalwart boys and industrious girls,—helpers in converting the forests into fruitful fields, and in consuming the fruits of industrious labor. From this nest, so prolific, went out the earlier settlers of New Hampshire and Vermont, ever seeking new contests with uncultivated nature, and rejoicing in new and constant victories gained over the same.

Japhet, left doubly orphaned by the early death of father and mother, gaining lessons of self-reliance by the pressure of stern necessity, goes into the world of traffic near the borders of Rhode Island, and with such success that his descendants have become our successful manufacturers and merchants, making the name known and felt in the communities where they lived, and in these later years taking position among the distinguished of the land in the learned professions and in halls of legislation.

You will see by this brief resume that our fathers, in the first two centuries had too much to do of important work to take much concern of such trifling matters as literature and science. In fact, so far as I can gather from recollection and tradition they were inclined to regard any tendency in this direction as indicating an infirmity of mind and purpose. I would not have you infer that they were not educated, but it was the education wrought out in the field of thought amid their hard They could all read the Bible, and understand the docdaily labor. trinal distinctions drawn from its interpretation, and from what we know of them, they governed their lives by its precepts. A distinguished judge once said in the trial of a case, when the reputation of a witness was called in question,—to the answer to the question, What did you ever hear said about the reputation of the witness? "I never heard anything said about it."—that "this was the very best reputation that could be had." We at least can boast of all the virtues of this negative reputation, so far as history is concerned with our ancestors.

But since the close of the second century, some departures have been made from the line of work that the fathers had so tenaciously clung to. I think they crept in by very small beginnings. When some of the boys gave indication of a want of physical robustness, sufficient to follow the fathers in their hard lines of labor and enterprise, they gave them a few more weeks of schooling, in hopes, if they could do no better, they might, perchance, make a schoolmaster or a minister out of the unpromising material, and thus lessen the burden of their support upon their abler brothers. I never could find that they thought much of mere book-learning. The question with them was not "What does he know?" but "What can he do?" I call to mind one of those sturdy old patriarchs, when he had occasion to prepare some notices of an

auction,—this was before printing-presses were common,—who commenced the word "Public" with a large and well-executed capital "B," having evidently the elder Weller's fondness for the family initial.

Could we have kept the wandering emigrants around and near the old hearthstone. I doubt not we might have staved the conversion of so many good farmers and mechanics into ministers, lawyers, doctors, school-masters, merchants, manufacturers, legislators, and poets, who have come back to us from the woods of Maine, the mountains of Vermont, the lakes of New York, the great plains of the West, and even from that little State of Rhode Island where there was not room enough for them to swing their growing ambition around in, to stir us up in wonder at their learning and accomplishments, their sagacity and their enterprise. But that is not the worst of it. Instead of relegating them again to the work of the fathers, we are beginning to take pride in them. We are talking of the power they exert in our Christian churches by their spoken word and consistent lives. We are asking the lawyers to help us manage our weighty and intricate affairs, and if specially gifted, asking them to speak to and for us, on high and solemn occasions. And when infirmity and pain come to us, how gladly we hail the doctor, if, peradventure, we may haply find one of our name or lineage. For our school-masters, do we not denude our fields of their most precious and hard-won crops, to buy the piles of books our children are hardly able to carry to school, and stand mute and wondering where heads can be found to carry all they know? And when duty calls one of them to the very front in educational labor, how exultingly we gaze upon the wide swath he carries through the ripe and heavy harvest of his work. Do not our very trowels beat music to the manufacturer's call for large and magnificent buildings, and our crops find ready purchasers from the hands of our merchants? And we almost bow down to the grandeur of their success, forgetting that from our contributory streams all this affluence flows.

And what shall we say for our poets?

"'Taint every man can be a poet,
No more than a sheep can be a go-at."

I have wondered how this element of power and beauty got into the work of our family. I know that poetry is allied to music, and all the Bicknells are musical. They have been leaders and teachers of it. They can all sing. I have somewhere a dim hint of a tradition of one of those old leaders of a progressive tendency who liked to keep poetic expression in harmony with musical surroundings. He tried his good minister. I believe it is somewhere incident to the work of the ministry

to be tried and vexed by choirs and choristers. Well, this leader had often brought his emendations to his minister for his sanction, but did not get much encouragement. On one occasion he brought the following lines from Watts:

"Oh! may my heart in tune be found, Like David's harp of solemn sound,"

with the suggestion that, as harps were obsolete instruments in a musical choir, the lines might be changed and brought more into harmony with existing instruments, and handed the minister the following:

"Oh! may my heart be tuned within, Like David's sacred violin."

The good minister was aghast at the sacrilege, as he thought it, but finally told his respected chorister that he thought he could improve that. So he wrote the following:

"Oh! may my heart go diddle, diddle, Like Uncle David's sacred fiddle."

Suffice it to say, our leader got small encouragement for his efforts. Now, would any one, from such discouraging beginnings, undertake to write a policy of insurance for success? And yet success in our family has come in through the insurance department, and at least one of the worthy presidents of those invaluable institutions will fire up at any suggestions as to the value of the policies he can issue.

But right here, I know I shall offend no one when I again assert that the highest attainments come in where there are girls in the family. Have we not the sweetest of all songs ever written for a family gathering? I hear, as I meet the various members of the family who were not with us when it was read, expressions of the liveliest pleasure and the greatest satisfaction, which they have derived from its perusal. It is the rhythmic chant of all the ages, from old Zachary's embarkation, heard in the waves dashing upon his ocean-bound bark, taken up on the forest hills of Weymouth and carried in sweeping accents all through the migrations of the generations, and at last finding its appropriate expression and voice through a daughter of our household.

And now, Mr. President, permit me to close by reading a few lines written by one of Bicknell descent, who is fobidden by our customs to give voice to it on occasions like this:

POEM

WRITTEN BY MRS. H. A. FLETCHER, OF HINGHAM.

In the sweet beauty of this autumn day
We gather, as before,
And friends and brothers meet again,
And hands are clasped once more.

We come from hill, from dale, from shore,
From many a distant plain,
Glad to obey the call to greet
The dear old home again.

No strangers' faces here we see;
All, all are kindred here;
The tie that binds us is the same,—
The name we all hold dear.

The name they bore, whose lives we trace Back through the far-off years, Whose hearts were filled with courage true, Who knew no idle fears.

They left their home beyond the seas, Trusting in Heaven's own care, And planted here the goodly seed That fruitage rich now bears.

Their annals show no lofty deeds;
They humbly tilled the sod,
And bravely toiling, loved their homes,
Their country, and their God.

Tomorrow's sun shall see unveiled
Our tribute to their praise,
Whose years were filled with earnest deeds,
And steadfast all their ways.

What is the lesson of this day,
So bright with autumn flowers?
What lesson should we teach again
By every deed of ours?

That vain is wealth, and fleeting fame, And pride of lofty birth; Better by far, a thousand times, The pride of honest worth. Then let us to our good old name
Our highest homage render;
May all our youths be strong and brave,
Our maidens, true and tender.

May peace and plenty crown our day, May no harsh discords sever; And while the future years roll on, The *Bicknells* live forever.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF EZRA BICKNELL, OF HINGHAM.

Since our last meeting the angel of death with his spreading wing has cast a shadow upon some of our households. I know not how many have passed under this shadow. One whom I have known all my life has since that time closed his earth-work, and entered into his rest. Ezra Bicknell, of Hingham, died last June. He was my cousin, and I know of no one who, in life and character, could stand so conspicuously and could so completely represent the ideal I have formed of the worth and virtues of the earlier generations.

His was a life of indomitable and persevering industry, with large ability in execution. In character he was a model of integrity, whose word was as good as his bond. He was open aud outspoken in his opinions, but never disputatious, carrying the largest charity for all dif-In heart and feeling, his was the tenderness of an infant, quick to respond to all demands for labors of love and service to his neighbors. In his family circle, a model husband and father, filling his household with the tenderest ministrations of love and duty. when infirmity and sickness came in his old age, and years of pain preceded his departure, he reaped largely in those ministrations of tenderest care, from wife and children which a life so rich in love and duty In the support of all our valuable institutions, religious and charitable, his gifts always equaled his ability, and he was always ready with hands and heart to sustain them. He was some years my senior, and I early learned to love and esteem him.

With such records as this may the annals of our family be filled, more enduring than those of brass and stone.



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